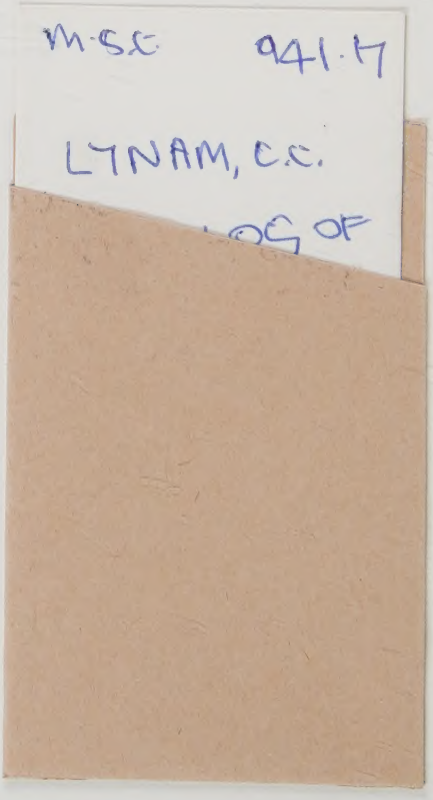
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THE LOG

OF THE

'BLUE DRAGON'

1892–1904

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THE LOG

OF THE

'BLUE DRAGON'

1892-1904

ST PANCRAS
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WRITTEN BY VARIOUS HANDS
AND NOW REVISED AND SET FORTH

BY

C. C. LYNAM, M.A.
OWNER AND SKIPPER

ILLUSTRATED

Second Edition, revised and enlarged, with additional illustrations

LONDON
FRANK SIDGWICK
47 GREAT RUSSELL STREET
1908

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Richard Clay & Sons, Limited,
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C., AND
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR BOSUN

MAURICE RICHARD CHURCH

Killed at Hartebeestfontein,

February 18, 1901

'Qui ante diem periit,
Sed miles—sed pro patriâ.'

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PREFACE

It may be as well to explain at once the genesis of this book and my reasons for publishing it. Every cruise of the *Blue Dragon* has been logged faithfully, from her launch in 1892, until she was sold early in 1905 and a larger boat obtained; and I was thus possessed of a mass of material which I now publish, if only for the purpose of reminding my fellow-voyagers and myself of many delightful sails, scenes and incidents. Possibly, too, others who love the sea, and cruise over some of the waters traversed by my dear little ship, will like to compare notes, and perhaps to gain some knowledge of passages and anchorages which otherwise they would miss. My cruises may be unique in the fact that I have sailed the same little boat from Oxford, where she was built, down the Thames and round Land's End and right up to Stornoway and Cape Wrath; I have never had a paid hand on board, and never but once signalled for a pilot. I have usually had two or three friends with me on board (sometimes my wife and boy and girl), have often sailed entirely single-handed—even in winter,—have sailed in December and January and April, as well as in full summer, and finally have been into holes and through narrows where I venture to say no yacht has ever been before.

For my part, I buy and read every record of actual cruising that I hear of or see advertised. The interest of such publications (which are astonishingly few in number) very largely depends on their simplicity and their good-temper. "Trying to be high-flown, but can't," is a school-boy's crude but true criticism of some I have read; and constant grumbling, generally at the weather or the natives, is another characteristic that spoils them. Some log-writers, again, fill up their pages with views upon politics, theology,

philosophy,[1] or with historical extracts from local guide-books; my experience is that these are usually skipped. At one time we had a craze for geology, and perhaps too much of this has been allowed to remain in the book; but after all geology *ought* to be one of the subjects of a liberal education, even if it is often omitted.

The greater part of these logs—at least of the earlier ones—I have revised and rewritten from the quaint screeds compiled by various hands during the respective cruises. I have found that the principal subjects for excision were gastronomic—the ingredients of the famous "skipper's stew," the mate's land expeditions to procure mushrooms and kidneys, the mouldiness of three-weeks-old loaves, the varieties of jams and puddings, the digestibility of curries and hare-soups—all these interesting and valuable details have been somewhat reluctantly cut out, very much in deference to my assistant editor, whose soul soars above soups.[2]

Possibly, dear reader, you think these things are not of the least importance to the Corinthian cruiser. If you have a paid hand on board, who does all your cooking and washing-up, you naturally scorn commissariat details; but if you and your friends do these things yourselves, as has always been the case on the *Blue Dragon*, they assume a considerable importance. Moreover, I would point out that this absence of paid hands is one of the great advantages of this sort of cruising. It drives us from our too-accustomed grooves; for a schoolmaster, a parson, a writer of books, an undergraduate, or a business man[3] to have to get the grease off a plate covered with the cold gravy of the mutton-chop; to compound to the satisfaction of his friends the porridge or the soup; to keep the cabin decently tidy and clean—each of

[1] Nevertheless, these and other high subjects are discussed on board the *Blue Dragon*, often with results that deserve record in the log.—*Assistant Editor.*

[2] Not when he is aboard the *Blue Dragon!* Besides, you don't seem to have cut them *all* out; see Index.—*Assistant Editor.*

[3] All these professions have been represented aboard the *Blue Dragon*, sometimes all at once.—*Assistant Editor.*

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP
(Port Meadow, Oxford)

UNDER PLAIN SAIL

[*Preface, p. xii.*

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these humble employments is excellent for the understanding and the temper.[1]

The skipper will be forgiven for putting a few personal notes into this preface. His love for the sea was first developed at that most delightfully unconventional school (I speak of it in the seventies), King William's College, Isle of Man. Games there were not then compulsory. Occasional roll-calls were things of scorn; and from noon till 6 p.m.—and sometimes even 8—it was possible to sail the sea in a "loaned" harbour-master's boat or a friendly fisherman's larger craft, to climb the mountains, to fish the streams, and even to make first efforts at sketching and geology, inspired by a charming old volume, Cummings' *Isle of Man.*

At Oxford the old-fashioned Una centre-boards taught one a great deal. Single-handed, and with a puffy westerly breeze, it requires no small patience and even skill to sail to Eynsham and back when the current is strong or the river low. When the Oxford University Sailing Club was in full swing, there was plenty of exciting racing, sometimes on the flooded meadow, sometimes at Kennington. The skipper's first sailing-boat was an old second-hand centre-board sloop, which was smashed to pieces at her moorings in Colwyn Bay. This was replaced by a similar boat, the *Dragon.*[2] She was fitted with a high, square, coach-roof cabin, and a standing lug. At the same time Theo. Smith built for the skipper the *Snake*, the first of the Oxford canoe yawls. She was a fast boat, built on lines at that time novel, and she won many prizes, beating the champion of the Royal Canoe Club at Hendon. When the B. C. A. met at Falmouth the skipper sent thither the *Dragon* for cruising and the *Snake* for racing. With Harry Vassall as crew, he beat all the boats in the Falmouth Regatta by forty minutes, after a narrow escape from capsizing in a heavy gybe when rounding the *Ganges.* Next summer, the *Dragon* and the *Snake* found their way to the Broads; and finally, in 1891, the *Dragon* was wrecked on the Happis-

[1] *Vive l'instruction!* How the pedagogue peeps out in the best of us at times!—*Assistant Editor.*

[2] The first, or *Yellow, Dragon;* not our *Blue Dragon.*—*Assistant Editor.*

burgh Sands, the skipper and his crew, Maurice Church, being rescued by the trawler *Primrose.*

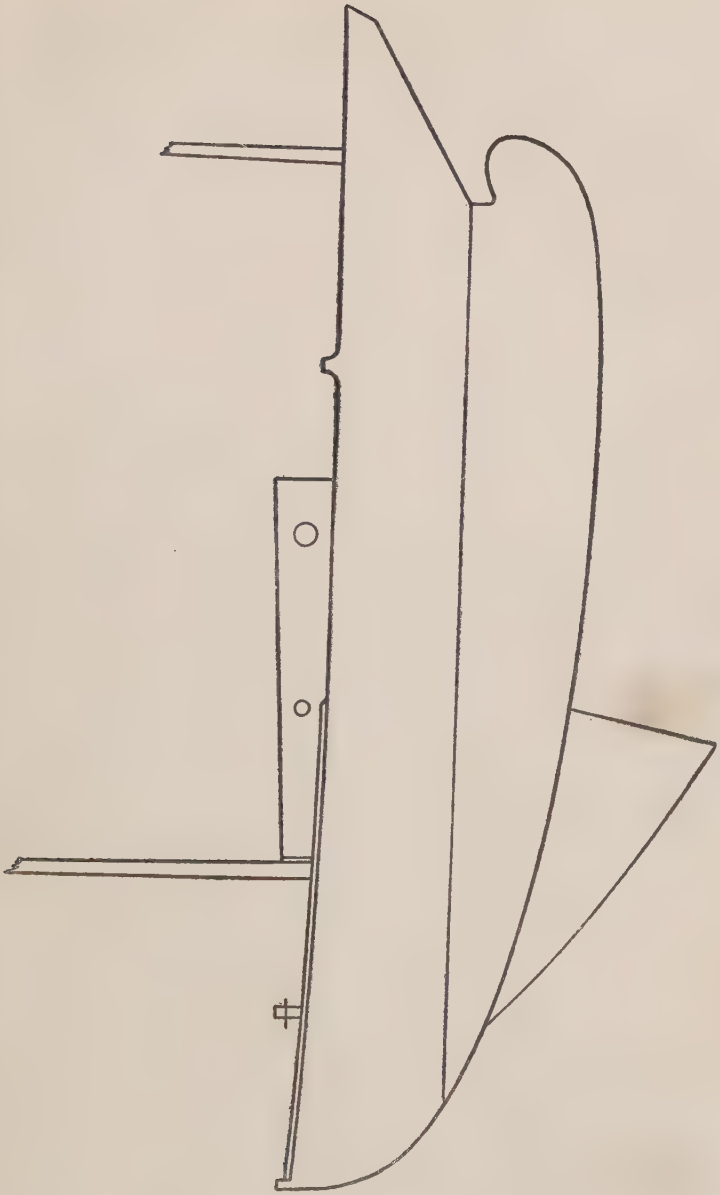
It was to replace the old *Dragon* that the *Blue Dragon*—the subject of these logs—was built by Theo. Smith at Medley, on Port Meadow at Oxford, her keel being laid in November 1891. I will say nothing of the unbusiness-like financial arrangements which brought her total cost up to about £250, nor of the delays experienced during her construction ; she was not launched until April 1892. But I will say that her build has been the admiration and wonder of every boat-builder who has seen her. Though her planks were only three-quarter inch, they were so narrow and so well fastened that she proved much stronger and much tighter than many a more heavily-built craft. The following were her exact measurements :—

	FEET	INCHES
Length over all . .	25	0
Length on water-line .	19	6
Maximum beam . .	9	0
Maximum depth deck to keel . . .	5	4
Draft of water, plate up	2	9
„ „ down	5	3
Long edge of plate .	7	0
Short „ . .	3	0
Cabin-top ; length .	8	0
„ breadth forward	4	6
„ „ aft	6	6
Well ; length . .	4	0
„ breadth forward	2	9
„ „ aft .	2	0

	FEET	INCHES
Spars—		
Mast, truck to step .	27	0
Lower crance to deck	15	3
Boom . . .	14	2
Gaff	10	9½
Mizzen-mast . .	13	0
Hoist to deck . .	8	2
Mizzen-yard . .	7	8
Topsail-yard . .	9	8
Bowsprit . . .	17	4
Spinnaker-boom .	18	6
Weight of centre-plate .	1 cwt.	
„ outside ballast .	10 cwt.	
„ inside . .	4 cwt.	
Tonnage (Lloyd's) .	7 tons	
(displacement = 2½ tons when in sailing trim.)		

*** *See further description on p.* 167.

The chief alterations made to her have been these :—Luke at Hamble doubled the depth of her rudder and gave her dead wood aft to counteract her tendency to run into the wind on the top of a short wave ; Sam Bond at Birkenhead gave her a lug mizzen instead of a leg of mutton sail ; Robert Banner at Gourock fitted her new mast and jib,



ELEVATION OF THE *BLUE DRAGON*.

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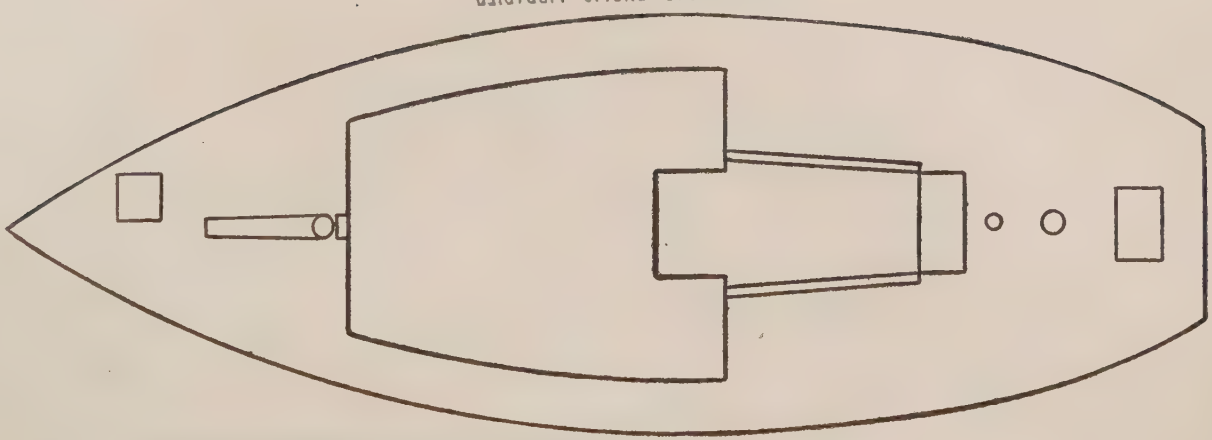
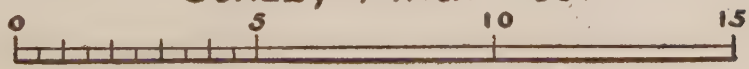


DISPLACEMENT, 2.2 TONS.
LENGTH OVER ALL, 25 FT.
BETWEEN PERPENDICULARS, 20 FT.
BEAM, 9 FT. DRAFT, 2 FT 9 INS, EX. CENTRE PLATE,
WITH CENTRE PLATE, 5 FT 3 INS.

SCALE, ¼ INCH FOOT.



DECK PLAN OF THE *BLUE DRAGON*.

spinnaker, and a new topsail, whilst John Munro at Oban has given her a new and stouter mast, mainsail and jib; Harry Smith of Wyvenhoe sent me a boom fitted with roll-reefing gear, the advantage of which will be referred to in due course.

Her rolling jib was a great success; and when later a rolling mainsail was put on her, she was very easily handled. In fact I cannot imagine a more suitable all-round craft for single-handed work. The centre-plate several times saved her from destruction, as will be recounted in the book. The chain and key-hole arrangement was very handy, and the plate could be raised or lowered as was required with the greatest ease. One thing lacking was a coke-stove; but we managed very well with various oil and spirit stoves, of which the "Defries" (known on board as Nebuchadnezzar) was perhaps the best.

No boat of the *Blue Dragon's* size ever had such accommodation; four grown-ups and a boy could easily sleep on board.[1] She was a very lively craft, and though, owing to her low free-board, she was swept by the spray, she rarely took it in green, except in a tide-rip; and she would run dry before any following sea.

Of her voyages, feats, and escapes the logs must speak for themselves. But there is one triumph that has not been hers; and that is the one anticipated in the following verses, written by one of my old "K. B.'s," and already familiar to many friends scattered over the western coast of Scotland and the Hebrides.

[1] But they could not always sleep easily. Cabin-boys who slept with their heads against your feet have suffered during your nightmares, skipper!—*Assistant Editor.*

THE AMERICA CUP

(A Vision of the Future)

I

It was the yawl *Blue Dragon*, and she sailed the Scottish sea;
The skipper had taken the steward and mate to bear him company;
Seven tons were all her register (but she really approached to eight
From the bulk of the skipper's learning, and the bulk of his friend the mate).

II

They have ta'en their breakfast in Gairloch Bay, and drained the large tea-cup,
And the steward has rubiconed the mate, and the latter has to wash up,
And the skipper takes a pound of tobacco to fill his pipe so light,
And reads in a Glasgie paper left by the *Clansman* overnight.

III

"Here's news of cricket and golf," quo' he, "and marriage, and death, and birth,
And Balfour saying that Chamberlain is the greatest statesman on earth,
And Chamberlain saying that Balfour is a sensible man, and——look!
For *Shamrock the Hundred and Twenty-Eighth* is beaten at Sandy Hook."

IV

The mate he lit a large cigar and murmured dolefully:
"Oh where is the boat to bring that Cup once more across the sea?"
The skipper he smote the cabin table, and answered loud and clear:
"You ask me where is the boat," quo' he, "why, shiver my timbers, here!"

* * * * * * * *

V

It was Sandy Hook of an autumn morn in Nineteen-Twenty-Three,
And the skipper had sent his entry in, and bought a new burgee,
And the mate and steward had combed their hair, and curled their three-months' beard,
And the Yankee commodores gathered round, and woundily they jeered.

VI

"Ho! David and Goliath!" quo' they, "the bantam and eagle matched!
Was the dam a ten-foot dinghy that so mighty an offspring hatched?
We ha' beaten Lipton six-score times: and yet, Johnny Bull, do ye hope?
I fear the umpire will mark ye not withouten a microscope!"

VII

The skipper answers never a word, tho' the blood within him boils,
But finishes painting a simple sketch of Sandy Hook, in oils;
Then he turns and faces the Yankee skippers in all the pride of their hearts:
"Ye ha' beaten a grocer," quo' he; "now try an Oxford Master of Arts."

VIII

They have worked her down to the starting-line, and the crowds are there to see
The match of the mighty *Stars and Stripes* and the English yawl *B. D.*
And the betting's 100 to 1 on the *Stripes* and her commodore Iselin,
(But a Trust has been formed to buy up the bets: so nobody stands to win).

IX

The President stands by the starting-boat and shouts across the foam:
"'Tis a dead beat out to the turning-buoy, and then a straight run home!
Then bless you both! May the best man win, and remember me to your wife,
And vote for the straight Republican ticket, and live the Strenuous Life!"

X

They are off in the teeth of a freshening breeze and the gloom of the coming wrack,
And the *Stars and Stripes* heels grandly over to take the starboard tack,
With her faultlessly-costumed commodore, and her fluttering crests and flags—
But the skipper holds the *B. D.'s* helm in a sweater and flannel bags.

XI

The mate he turns to the steward, and his looks are wan and white:
"They are leading us! they are leading us! O, skipper, sail her aright!"
The steward turns to the cabin-boy, and his looks are sad and blue:
"They are leaving us! they are leaving us! O, skipper, sail her true!"

XII

The skipper he answers never a word, but smokes unending pipes,
And worries the old *B. D.* along in the wake of the *Stars and Stripes;*
And his thoughts, if they wander at all, go back to Vergil, Aeneid Five,
And ancient views on sportsmanship, which strike a modern as naïve.

XIII

And now the waves grow angry and white beneath the whistling gales,
And the *Stars and Stripes* with a two-mile lead begins to reef her sails,
But the skipper laughs: "No reefs for us, tho' the thin-flanked Yankee reel!
If the mate will kindly sit to windward, we'll keep on an even keel."

XIV

Loud comes the shriek of the rushing squall, and its breath is fierce and strong:
But the mate he sits to windward, and the *B. D.* speeds along;
Now beat on beat they are creeping up: three lengths—now two—now one—
And neck and neck they round the buoy, and turn for the homeward run.

XV

The skipper's teeth are clenched and set in the fury of the chase,
And a look of iron resolve distorts his otherwise genial face:
And mile on mile he works her up, and the finishing-post is near,
And the *B. D.* gains the half of a yard and shakes the Yankee clear.

XVI

We are close, we are close to the finishing-post, when—crack! the foresail's gone:
And the commodore smiles in triumph, and the skipper is pale and wan;
But the mate he seizes the steward's bags and a sheet of the *Daily Mail*,
And pins them together and hoists them up in place of the missing sail.

XVII

It is neck and neck into Sandy Hook, and massed crowds roar and shriek,
But the skipper smiles in silence, and murmurs a line of Greek;
It is neck and neck into Sandy Hook, and the massed crowds cheer and chaff,
But the skipper merely makes a joke, and the mate gives vent to a laugh.

XVIII

Up rises the sea on that terrible sound to a mighty foam-topped hill,
And the *Stars and Stripes* it lurches and rocks, and the commodore's taken ill:
But the skipper turns to the swell of the wave, and lifts her up and up—
Down drops the *B. D.* over the line and wins the America Cup!

The illustrations in this book are from my photographs and sketches, and lay claim to no artistic merit, but are simply pictorial records; possibly they may stimulate other cruisers to "try their hand." The maps show the various anchorages, and may be more useful than the usual "reduced charts"—reduced so small as to be useless.

My best thanks are due to three of my old pupils—Leonard Campbell Taylor,[1] who has been good enough to paint the frontispiece and design the cover, and Frank and Hugh Sidgwick ("steward" and "K. B." of old days), who have supplied most of the verses scattered through the book; and to my friend C. E. Burton, who has contributed two poems. I am told that these are intended solely to relieve the reader's mind from the severity of the various prose styles. But most of all my thanks are due to my assistant editor Frank Sidgwick, my pupil of old days, without whose able and enthusiastic help I should never have faced the ordeal of publication.

Probably orthodox yachtsmen will find fault with many of the expressions and phrases the log-keepers have used. I am very ignorant of correct nautical terms, and my yachting has always been most amateur; and so of course my various sailing-mates, male and female, have not been trained in the strict school of nautical lingo.

Finally, I love the sea and sea-folk; I love the west coast of Scotland, its islands and its people; and above all I love the free life of the amateur cruiser.

C. C. L.

[1] While this book was in the press, the Chantrey Trustees have purchased his picture *The Rehearsal* for the nation.

APOLOGY BY THE VERSE-WRITERS

(*Lines* 13 *and* 14 *are for Ibsen students only.*)

If we have played the fool too much
In these slight odes which follow,
And marred with sacrilegious touch
A theme that fits Apollo,
Yet take our word in truth, *B. D.*,
By all that binds a Briton,
That in disdain or slight of thee
No single word is written.

For all, who through the islands fair
On the *Blue Dragon* wended,
May smile to think that such days were,
Must mourn that they are ended;
When we have danced our tarantelles
The Third Act follows after,
And underneath the cap and bells
There is not only laughter.

So in respect and memory,
Long wandering *Blue Dragon*,
We raise our bell-crowned cap to thee,
And drain our deepest flagon;
And, thinking of the days gone by,
With steps that pause and falter,
Bring, for remembrance, rosemary
To lay upon thine altar.

THE LOG
OF THE
'BLUE DRAGON'

EASTER CRUISE, 1892
FROM OXFORD TO PORTSMOUTH

LECTORIBUS

Readers all, whoever you be,
This is the log of the yacht *B. D.*
Written by several others and me.

Kindly note, our narrative's *true*,
Backed by the witness of the crew.
(Truth's such a rarity nowadays, too.)

Secondly, note the general tone—
Sober, but with a charm of its own,
Like a translation by Mr. Bohn.

Thirdly, notice the style and diction
Carefully tempered with wise restriction,
So as not to resemble Fiction.

Fourthly—but that's enough for to-day.
Bearing these warnings in mind, you may
Turn to the maps and start away.

LOG OF THE *BLUE DRAGON*

EASTER CRUISE, 1892

FROM OXFORD TO PORTSMOUTH

THE *Blue Dragon* was ready on Monday, April 4. The whole end of Smith's barge, in which she had been built, had to be removed before she could be got out, and she had been hauled on to the meadow, where her keel and centre-plate were fitted and her rigging set up. The launch took three hours; ropes and chains were broken in the effort, and at last it was only by shutting off the weir that she was floated. We took in stores, finished rigging, and shot through Medley Weir at 3.30 p.m. on April 7.

Our company consisted of C. C. Lynam, skipper; R. B. Lynam, mate;[1] J. W. Lynam, cabin-boy; and F. Lukis, apprentice. The skipper's wife and small son came on board at Osney, and sailed with us down to Abingdon. The weather was lovely and the river at its best. Nuneham Woods were just putting on their fresh spring foliage and the birds were singing their sweet spring songs. We carried away the truck of the mast in shooting Iffley railway bridge, not having lowered quite enough. The passengers left us at Abingdon, and we sailed and towed in the moonlight down to Culham, and moored below the brick-kilns in a familiar spot.

Next morning we towed down to Clifton, past Appleford, before breakfast. Then sailed and towed, lowering the mast (all sail standing) at every bridge. Of course the fore-stay

[1] Mate *pro tem.* only: in all subsequent cruises this important position was worthily filled by H. Vassall.

was not set, and we lowered by means of the jib halliard. At Wallingford we took Miles Hopkinson and his sister on board, and sailed them part way to Hartswood in the moonlight. Here we tried the Defries stove, which has been a great success and has done us well for many a cruise. We christened it "Nebuchadnezzar," as it was a "roaring fiery furnace." Shakings never seemed to trouble it, and the oil and wick left in at the end of one cruise were always ready and willing at the beginning of the next.

April 9 was the day of the University boat-race, which Oxford won. We ran hard aground opposite the Roebuck and only reached Caversham. At Maple Durham, the lock-keeper, who came from Norfolk, took great interest in our mast tabernacle. In the morning the doctor (R. G. Lynam) joined us, fresh from the University chess match, which Cambridge won. At Marsh Lock we narrowly escaped drifting down the weir. With dying wind we reached Medmenham, and visited the ruins by the lovely moonlight.

Next morning was glorious, and we tacked amongst the islands to Hurley and Temple Lock, and had a fair wind by Bisham Abbey to Marlow. At Bourne End we exchanged greetings with some old friends, *Tee-to-tum* and *Olive*. The wind dropping, we rowed under Cookham Bridges and then sailed pleasantly past Cliveden Woods, the prettiest reach on the river, the budding trees and the graceful weeping willows fringing the banks. We were enjoying a delightful tea on deck, as the ship floated on before a gentle breeze, when, crash! down came the mast; being slightly checked by the skipper's arm it came full on the noble brow of the doctor with force enough to smash an ordinary skull. After clearing the wreck and mast-heading the mate for careless belaying, we sailed past Boulter's Lock and on to Maidenhead, where we parted with the doctor, whose humorous table-talk had been but slightly interrupted by the accident.

In the morning a delicious breakfast was somewhat marred by the capsize of the frying-pan, containing eggs, all over the skipper's knees and bunk; the methylated spirits flamed to the cabin roof, the mate came to the rescue with a bucket of water, and the crew had the audacity to impute

the catastrophe to the carelessness of the indignant skipper, who of course censured the long handle of the frying-pan and the slowness of the mate in passing a fork!

Near Clewer a strong breeze headed us, and we had to tow under the hideous viaduct which so spoils Windsor from the river. Meanwhile the cabin-boy and 'prentice went to see the sights of Eton.

Towing carefully past the well-remembered shallows above the Victoria Bridge, the skipper got left behind, checked by a locked gate. Climbing the embankment he saw a funny-looking gentleman in a top-hat with a white rim, who fixed him with strange black eyes, and extending a long, slim hand demanded tragically, "Whither goest thou, O offspring of a marine chef?" The skipper incontinently fled without avenging the insult to his father.

Passing the Bells of Ouseley and Magna Carta Island we were hailed by Timms at Staines, "Is that Theo. Smith's new boat?" and he chaffed us about the launch. Here we expected to find the Oxford folding boat which Smith had promised us in three days three weeks ago, but we only found a wire saying that the "collapsible leaks badly, and will send her to Lewis, Westminster."

Next morning was cold and wet, and the cabin roof leaked. We put on oilies and towed, but ran hard aground at Walton, and had to haul off with an anchor. At the landing-stage below Molesey we were hailed by a fellow-canoeist—Youle of the *Cockyolly Bird*—and after a yarn and exchange of good wishes we moored opposite the Albany Hotel and turned in supperless.

On Tuesday, April 14, the *Blue Dragon* first sailed on tidal waters, passing through the lock at Teddington. Here we set the mizzen. We moored below Richmond Bridge, and the skipper had a long yarn with Timms, who was building a canoe like the *Battledore*, for Mackenzie of the Newcastle Canoe Club. With the ebb we drifted down the 'Varsity course, shooting the bridges in fine style in the gathering darkness, and finally moored just below Putney railway bridge aft of a solitary barge. Just before midnight a grating sound warned the skipper that we were aground. He

roused the mate, who with many a groan turned out, and in his sleepy condition, as we sheered off, he sent both sweeps adrift, and they slowly disappeared in the darkness. We cast off and punted after them, and in half-an-hour found them both. In the early morning the violent swell of a tug disturbed us again, so we were not ready to start till 9.30 a.m. instead of catching the early ebb. At Wandsworth we ran hard aground in the middle of the river close to the bridge, got the warp round a buttress, and tried without success to haul her off. So we strutted her up with a mop handle on the port side and turned in to laze. Suddenly the swell of a passing steamer hurled her over on the starboard side. Everything flew across the cabin, the stew capsized all over the mate, the kettle and stove reversed positions, and the cabin-boy was deposited on the top of the lot. We floated again at 1 p.m. but had to wait till 4 for the ebb. As we sailed down to Westminster the skipper showed signs of *migraine*, which the mate impertinently declared to be another name for sea-sickness. The skipper was coldly received by the landlady of Anderton's Hotel, but on paying a deposit for his room she passed over his beard and bedraggled condition.

On Saturday, April 16, the skipper had recovered and sent off the boys, who had spent the morning at the "Zoo." The *Blue Dragon* had drifted badly in the night, but was rescued by Lewis and securely moored. In the evening, the skipper, having seen *Henry VIII* at the Lyceum, went aboard late.

On Sunday he took a visitor for a short sail, then had tea and a chat on a barge with the bargemen. But after sailing back in a snow-storm the skipper failed to get his moorings above Westminster Bridge, with the result that the *Blue Dragon* ran into the wall, smashing her bowsprit and bitts, her mizzen jamming under the arch. However, he managed to clear her and moored her below the bridge. It was a dirty night, and at midnight she listed over in the mud and things rolled about as usual.

On Easter Monday skipper left the ship and went to Hendon to see a Royal Canoe Club race. *Stella* (G. E. Webster) was first, *Lassie* (Nicholl) second, and *Battledore*

(Hinckley's new boat) third. The air was too light for *Battledore*. It was pleasant to hob-a-nob with these three old friends. R. A. Hinckley and the skipper started on Tuesday, April 19, from Lewis' landing stage. The companionship of Hinckley was very pleasant and useful, as he was an old college chum and knew a good deal more about sea-sailing than the skipper, and also tempered the rashness of the latter.

The skipper learnt many "tips" and lessons from him which came in usefully on subsequent voyages. Hinckley's coolness and patience made him one of the best sailors and racers that the skipper has ever met. Moreover, cruising together, as we did, is an excellent test of good temper, and his, at all events, never failed. It was perhaps remarkable that when we sailed together in the same ship we were most harmonious, whilst when in separate yachts we cruised in company, we were always more or less at variance.

Well, with good wind and tide we ran down to Erith, where Harold Jones, who was "monkeying" in his new yawl, the *Tern*, met us and took us to the Corinthian Club House, where we lunched. Then we sailed on with a dying breeze, but as it came dark and we almost crashed into a big buoy, we moored astern of an anchored barge below Gravesend.

In the morning we were both suffering from sore throats, but set sail with the ebb and a strong N.W. wind. We got through the "Swash way" and then pegged up the Medway against the tide, past Hoo and Gillingham. Major Leggett hailed us off the Chatham gun wharf, and we finally anchored off the Stroud pier below the bridge at 3 p.m. A fussy boatman moored us and then wanted to change our moorings, so we drove him off and went up to dine at Delce Grange and were put aboard again by the police boat.

Eric Leggett (a cabin-boy in subsequent cruises) came to breakfast, and we sailed him and his father and brother down to Gillingham. Here Major Leggett left us and we took the boys as far as Queenborough.

In the calm of a lovely evening, with mauve and golden sunset lights in the sky, we sailed through the Swale and finally moored off Faversham Creek. The Coastguardmen came off, and began to fuss as usual about our moorings, saying we

were too near in ; but as they had no idea of our draught of water we took no notice, and of course were all right where we were.

On April 22, Hinckley got the ship under weigh whilst the skipper cooked breakfast, and we sailed with a light air from the west for the Foreland. A fishing-boat pursued us for a long way, and then, putting off in his dinghy when we were becalmed, he wanted us to buy some wretched little flukes, but we gave him some 'baccy and a flask of cherry brandy, which he finished promptly. Off the North Foreland we had a fluky air sometimes off shore, sometimes right ahead. Off Broadstairs a man put out and told us we should not make Ramsgate that tide, but we held on and, getting a fair breeze, we moored at 3.30 alongside the *Sorceress*, R. H. Y. C., in Ramsgate harbour.

Leaving Ramsgate early in the morning with an off-shore wind, we tried to cheat the tide by keeping well in Pegwell Bay, but the wind went round and we had to beat out. Soon it fell dead calm, and we should have been drifted by the tide past Dover, unless we had toiled at the sweeps, and even thus it was only a light on-shore air that disappointed a boatman who came out to tow us in. At Dover we went into the harbour and moored by the dock gates. The skipper sketched the Pharos and church, and on returning we found that the *Blue Dragon* had been invaded by boys. As she was bumping against the harbour pier we got out a kedge, and she lay very comfortably.

On April 24 we set sail at 3 a.m. for Dungeness. It then came on thick and we mistook Langley Point for Beachy Head, and Hastings for Eastbourne ! and found we had a long fifteen-mile beat to the latter place. The wind coming strong from S. W., we reefed and made tacks in shore, and anchored off Eastbourne pier about 5. The skipper went to church and heard an eloquent discourse on "Dust thou art and to dust shalt thou return."

Next morning the rain came down steadily, the glass was low and falling, and the weather looked very dirty. The exposed bay at Eastbourne not being desirable in bad weather, we tied down two reefs and tacked away to Newhaven in two

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and a half hours. The little ship showed how well she would go in a high sea and strong head wind. After about three hours of it the day cleared up somewhat, and we made Rottingdean, but as the tide turned against us we wore round and ran back to Newhaven, where we anchored alongside the *Merry Maid.*

Next morning we made Shoreham with a light head wind at dead low water. At the skipper's determination to cross the bar Hinckley said, "Very well, wreck your own ship," so we lowered mainsail to go in gingerly, but grounded on the bar; however, we punted over it and then took the ground in the harbour. When the tide floated us we moored to the west pier. The harbour-master told us to move and we said we would after visiting the post office. So we left him and tried to find the post office, but darkness coming on we wandered over beds of shingle and sand till we found a chemical works, and induced the night watchman to post our letters. It was a dismal locality, but at last we came across the lightkeeper hob-a-nobbing with a woman in the Government stores. We got him out by knocking at the window, and he put us across in a boat to the *Blue Dragon*, which the harbour-master had moved and moored by a timber yard. Two men came and wanted money for mooring her. But we shut the cabin door. Having dismissed our ferryman with a dose of whisky, we waited till the tide turned at midnight; then with the falling tide, hearing shouts as we cleared the harbour, we sailed off to Littlehampton and Selsea Bill. The wind was now getting up from the S. W., so we made a long board out and then headed straight for the Looe Channel, through which the tide carried us like a mad thing. It was our first experience of a stiff tide rip. We reached straight between the two buoys and through the roaring overfall. It was splendid! Two or three big waves came aboard, but nothing to hurt. By this time the wind had got much stronger and we had it almost a-beam, with a nasty sea which swept the *Blue Dragon* constantly and delayed us.

The water was over the floor boards in the cabin and we had to keep the pump going. Hinckley's berth was pretty well a-wash, and the stove, books, etc., were flying all over the

place. It was a long and weary drive through wind and rain, spray and green seas, and we seemed to get no nearer to the forts, which marked the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour. We took down three reefs in the mainsail, and rolled up the jib, but the tide was against us now, and we found the seas very high, and broken over the shallows, and so were much relieved to get into snug moorings in the harbour at about 6 p.m. We saw a large fishing-boat aground at the harbour mouth, and a twenty-ton yacht, having put out close reefed, and with spitfire jib, not liking the looks of the sea outside, ran back again. We went ashore for a square feed, having had nothing since early morning. On returning, as usually happens on the south coasts, we found the *Blue Dragon* had been officiously shifted. These watermen always say you are in a dangerous place, and shift your boat merely to get a *douceur*. We were specially glad we had given them nothing, when we found that we were in a decidedly dangerous position in the morning. A strong tide against the very strong N. W. wind, had swung us about till we dragged our anchor, and soon were foul of a big, moored, rowing-boat, and on to the bows of a schooner yacht. With great difficulty we got clear, got up some jib, and broke loose from the moorings of the row-boat. Up anchor and off to fresh moorings, under jib and mizzen. The skipper, when securing the mooring, was within an ace of going overboard. At Portsmouth the skipper left the ship in charge of Hinckley, who sailed her about single-handed for a fortnight, and finally left her in charge of Luke, at Hamble in Southampton Water. Luke made good several obvious defects. She steered wildly in short seas, and showed a decided tendency to broach-to when running. These were cured by doubling the depth of the rudder, and giving her a lot of dead-wood aft. The drum and gear of the rolling jib was not satisfactory as fitted by Smith, but we substituted an endless line, which rolled and unrolled it more satisfactorily. We found her very stiff and a good sea-boat, but her cabin leaked badly. We had no dinghy this cruise. Smith had sent the Oxford folding boat to Lewis', but as soon as it was put in the water it filled, so we promptly sent it back.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1892

FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO BIRKENHEAD

SHAKESPEARE ADAPTED

Who's the Skipper—what is he
  That all our seamen know him?
Ruddy, weather-tanned is he
  From merry winds that blow him
Everywhere on every sea.

Who is Mate? A giant he,
  In flannel bags and sweater,
Learnèd in geology;
  Who could wish a better
Than the jovial large H. V.?

Who is steward, who K. B.?
  Ah, that is certain never;
Sometimes you and sometimes me.
  They are thine for ever,
Mate and Skipper, oh *B. D.!*

SUMMER CRUISE, 1892

FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO BIRKENHEAD

THE skipper's company consisted of M. R. Church,[1] rated as crew from Southampton to Caernarvon; the cabin-boy, Eric Leggett, who left at Penzance; the doctor, who cruised with us in the Solent; the mate, H. Vassall, who joined us at Weymouth and left at New Quay; and R. B. Lynam, who joined at Caernarvon and finished the cruise with the skipper.

A seven-foot Berthon dinghy had been purchased for £5 second-hand, and enabled us to get ashore without boatman's aid. The little craft was too small to carry more than three at a time, especially when one of her passengers was the mate. Moreover she leaked between the skins and was very heavy to haul on board. She was discarded after two or three cruises for a nine-foot "James," which has proved most satisfactory.

We sailed from the Hamble to Cowes on July 25. The weather was delightful, the wind easterly and the glass high—everything propitious for sailing. A good deal of swell came into Cowes Bay, and we rolled about uncomfortably, the doctor staying at the Gloucester Hotel. In the morning we found that the Berthon had got adrift, and an old waterman said he had found it high and dry on the beach. Whether for a reward he had cut it loose or not I do not venture to say, but such things are not unheard of in this locality. Anyhow the skipper and crew carried it half-a-mile over mud and sea-weed. The doctor came aboard and we had a sail up Southampton Water and lunched on the *Tina*, twenty-ton cutter, belonging to J. Arthur Brand of the O. U. S. C. We sailed gaily across the Brambles with the ebb to Yarmouth (I. of W.). Whilst entering the river we were run into by an unmanageable trawler, to the dismay of the cabin-boy. On

[1] Afterwards bosun.

Wednesday, having feasted on Yarmouth lobsters, we sailed up the Lymington river, managing to clear the mud flats, and moored alongside the quay. We then walked with the doctor through part of the New Forest. In the cabin-boy's words, the doctor "caught many a rare and beauteous specimen of entomological interest," including two hornets fighting for a blue-bottle. We had tea with a genial party of otter hunters. On the 28th we said farewell to the doctor, and with a grand breeze and splendid weather sailed past Christ Church and Bournemouth and on to Poole. The bar was boisterous, and in crossing it the skipper's best yachting cap went overboard and was lost. We moored at the pilot-boat moorings and had a good look at the harbour at low tide. This, however, did not save us from the consequences of trying a short cut in the morning, for we stuck hard on the mud. However, we got off and sailed out of the harbour and through the St. Alban's race, which was not in very good form. Then, the wind dying, we rowed past Kimmeridge Bay and the Mopes Rocks, and finally, getting a light air, made Lulworth Cove, perhaps the prettiest spot on the South Coast. It is a treat to get away from the chalk scenery and to see red rocks instead of white chalk and mud. Landing at Lulworth, we walked up the hills and saw many glowworms and a glorious sunset view.

There was a thunderstorm in the night, but a fine morning followed, and we walked to Lulworth Castle and visited the East End Boys' Brigade Camp. Then we made a boat expedition to Dardham Cove, where even the cabin-boy bathed.

On the last day of July we sailed late, with light and variable wind, for Weymouth, where we moored alongside a wall, but just as we were going ashore a man came and shifted us, as usual!

Next morning Harry Vassall, the mate, came aboard, and we sailed before a strong wind back to Lulworth, whose beauties we thought he ought to see; moreover, we didn't fancy beating against the strong breeze. The skipper letting fly the main-sheet skinned his wrist in a nasty manner.

The mate's first night aboard was not very comfortable,

OLD HARRY ROCKS
(Near Swanage)

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as he was disturbed by nightmares on part of the skipper and cabin-boy. The mate soon found that these were quite ordinary occurrences, and even encouraged them. We bought four live lobsters and tried to boil them—whilst sailing—with but partial success, as the saucepan capsized and the lamp flamed up. The crew and mate both felt rather queer, owing to cooking lobsters in sea-water in the cabin. The mate's moral was "Buy lobsters ready cooked, or not at all." The wind was baffling, W. and N. W., but we managed to beat up to Portland Bill and to moor in a corner between the Bill and the breakwater.

In the early morning we watched and pitied the convicts at work, and then sailed on round the Bill against the tide, keeping quite close to the rock. The race was quiet, but was ominously suggestive of what it might do if it liked. We had a fair puff into West Bay, and then it fell calm, and we anchored off the Chesil Beach in five fathoms and were rolled about all night in a nasty swell, not at all conducive to comfort or sleep. Of course it was a most foolish thing to anchor there at all, and to turn in without a watch for change of weather. I have often looked back upon it (and so has the mate) as one of our very worst anchorages. We might easily have dragged and been smashed upon the great pebble beach.

We made an early start on August 4 with a nice off-shore breeze. The skipper cooked a magnificent stew of hare-soup, curried fowl, rice and onions, which with strawberry jam to taste, was highly appreciated, especially as our bread had run out. We were a long time passing Lyme Regis and Seaton. At 6 p.m. we divided the last three biscuits, tossed up for two halves of a hard-boiled egg and scraped out the last pot of jam. Then, in the after-glow of a glorious sunset, a nice breeze springing up from the north, we boomed along the shore of the bay with topsail and all sail set, beating a large yacht which was farther out. We passed Exmouth, Dawlish, and Teignmouth, and on to Torbay; the great Thatcher, the Pope's Nose, and the Owers Rocks looming formidable and mysterious in the gloom, for the red moon was just sinking behind the western shore of the bay as we reached the harbour. As the wind was off shore and a clanking steam

crane was at work at the end of the pier, we anchored outside at 2 a.m., after eighteen hours' sail. The cabin-boy had slumbered since 10, and no rattling or stamping on deck had disturbed his sleep.

In the morning the skipper and cabin-boy fetched provisions, including Devonshire cream and hot rolls for breakfast, but later on the skipper developed *migraine* and had to go to the Queen's Hotel, a small boy who rowed him ashore asking, "Are you always like that at sea, sir?"

The others all went a long walk by Babbacombe. Next morning we sailed with a nice southerly breeze for Dartmouth. The cabin-boy fished and caught a gigantic lobsterpot which nearly pulled him overboard, but he stuck to the line until it cut his thumb to the bone.

As we entered the harbour we found a yacht race going on, and went aboard the *Tina*, which lay at anchor. We were much amused with the pet monkey, which snatched a swagger pipe from a visitor, and after trying to smoke it, spat and threw the dirty implement overboard. We of course shifted our moorings, this time by order of the harbour-master.

On August 7 we took the tide up the Dart to Totnes. It was a grand sail up, gybing and tacking and occasionally striking on the mud. The skipper and crew went a long walk through a lovely lane and got a grand evening view of Dartmouth. Returning, we attended part of the service at the fine red-sandstone church, and finished up at the Gospel Tent. Next morning we left the ship, took train to Ashburton, drove to Two Bridges at Dartmeet, conversing with the old Afghan soldier who drove us. We found the pub. full, but got a shake-down in a cottage. The crew fished gallantly in the rain. The skipper's picture of Dartmeet was greatly admired, but mistaken for Two Bridges.

Next morning we did a great walk across Dartmoor to Moreton, the mate and crew going round by Chagford, whilst the skipper, being deserted by the cabin-boy, who mounted a led-horse at Half-way House, trudged, groaning, the long weary walk alone, sketching Tors to console himself on the way. We all arrived at Totnes in time for an evening cruise

down the Dart. The tide being high, everything looked different; landmarks disappeared, mysterious islands and straits bewildered us in the darkness; we narrowly missed losing the Berthon, which collided with a post, and succeeded at last in striking on the mud off Disham, but got off and anchored at midnight.

In the early morning we sailed down to the *Britannia* and went aboard, and then sailed off with very little wind for Salcombe, but the effects of a heavy swell taking us broadside-on so upset the ship's company that we wore ship, and slowly with shame returned to Dartmouth.

On August 11, after the skipper and cabin-boy had had a very chilly bathe in a pretty cove, we set sail. We drifted on to a huge buoy and got off, by the crew's exertions, with loss of paint. We then sailed gloriously round the Start, through the race, past great cliffs and the wreck of a great steamer, but ran on to Prawle Point in a fog, and finally moored in Salcombe Harbour, having been much impressed by the splendid coast scenery between Prawle Point and Bolt Head. At Salcombe we made the acquaintance of potted pilchards.

In the morning the crew wasted the last precious drops of fresh water for toilet purposes, for which he was justly censured, and punished later on by a strong dose of citrate of magnesia and soda-water.

It was a glorious day, and we ran before a nice S.E. breeze, with topsail set and foresail spinnakered, passing between the Mewstone and the shore at great speed at low water, three and a half feet between us and sharp rocks, the bottom being clearly visible for half-a-mile. Then we got into the line of fire from the fort, and narrowly missed being blown out of the water. A round shot from a hundred-ton gun boomed with an awful whirr a few yards from our stern; the targets were floating just beyond us, and of course the firing soldiers did not expect a yacht to come inside the Mewstone. We gaily anchored in the Catwater. Here we took in fresh water, and visited the Hoe. Our patriotic nerves thrilled at the sight of the historic spot where Drake received the news of the coming Armada of Spain. The grand statue of the grim circumnavigator made an impression which time has not effaced.

The hero seems to have just received the long-looked-for news—a gleam of prospective triumph and revenge upon his nation's foe lights up—— (Here the cabin-boy found a triple-barbed fish-hook imbedded in his third toe, and the skipper's rhapsodies were effectually terminated by the necessity of performing a surgical operation). It must be recorded that the cabin-boy caught two mackerel and a pollock during the sail.

The wind was strong from S. S. W., so we tied down two reefs and beat out of Plymouth Harbour, but as there was a heavy sea in the offing, and the glass was low, we put into Cawsand Bay.

On Sunday, August 14, we set sail again and rounded Rame Head and made Fowey in a strong breeze, nineteen miles in three and a half hours. As soon as we were moored it came on to blow hard, and a wild night followed. The skipper and cabin-boy went across the harbour to church, and had an exciting row back to the *Blue Dragon*. The mate and crew walked out to Gubbin Beacon.

As the storm had somewhat subsided we set sail for Falmouth next morning under two reefs. But against a head wind and heavy sea, we made little progress, and put into Porthmelan, a pretty cove near Mevagissey. It cleared up in the evening, and we watched the fishing-fleet put out to sea.

A boat manned (shall I say?) by two little girls, came out to us, and they came aboard in the most friendly fashion, and had tea with us.

On Tuesday morning the wind had gone round to the S. E., and the skipper roused the company for an early start. We got a beam wind right round the Dodman to St. Anthony's Head, and moored in Falmouth off the Customs Quay. We went ashore and had hot baths. Next morning we started for Penzance with a light westerly air. By 2 o'clock we had reached the Manacles, at six we were off Black Head.

After a nineteen hours' sail we entered Penzance Harbour at 4 a.m. At one time we altered our course, mistaking the port light of a ship for the harbour light. In the strong swirl by Penzance pier, we were only saved from crashing into the breakwater by the herculean efforts of the mate. At 7 a.m.

we suddenly listed over, and a bottle discharged its contents over the mate's face. We had taken the ground at dead low water, but soon floated again.

On Thursday we drove out to Prussia Cove, hoping to take T. T. B. for a sail, but saw him just disappearing in a brown-sailed fishing-boat.

On Friday morning we lost our cabin-boy, who had to go breakfastless or miss his train.

At 1 o'clock we started for the Land's End, with a fair N. W. wind. We passed the Runnelstone buoy at 3.30, and put into Porthgwerra, a little rocky cove just E. of Land's End. We went ashore at the picturesque little port, wandered over the desolate headland, watched an orange sunset, and returned on board with six fine lobsters. The coast is broken by many curious holes in the rocks, once used by smugglers, now by the fishermen, to haul up their boats in bad weather.

Saturday, August 20, was a lobster day! Lobster for breakfast, lunch, and tea. After bathing in the lovely clear water we passed the Longships and the Brissens. As the wind increased, we lowered topsail and took down a reef, and made St. Ives successfully at 1 p.m. and moored in the little bay. The St. Ives fishermen much admired our roller jib and canvas boat.

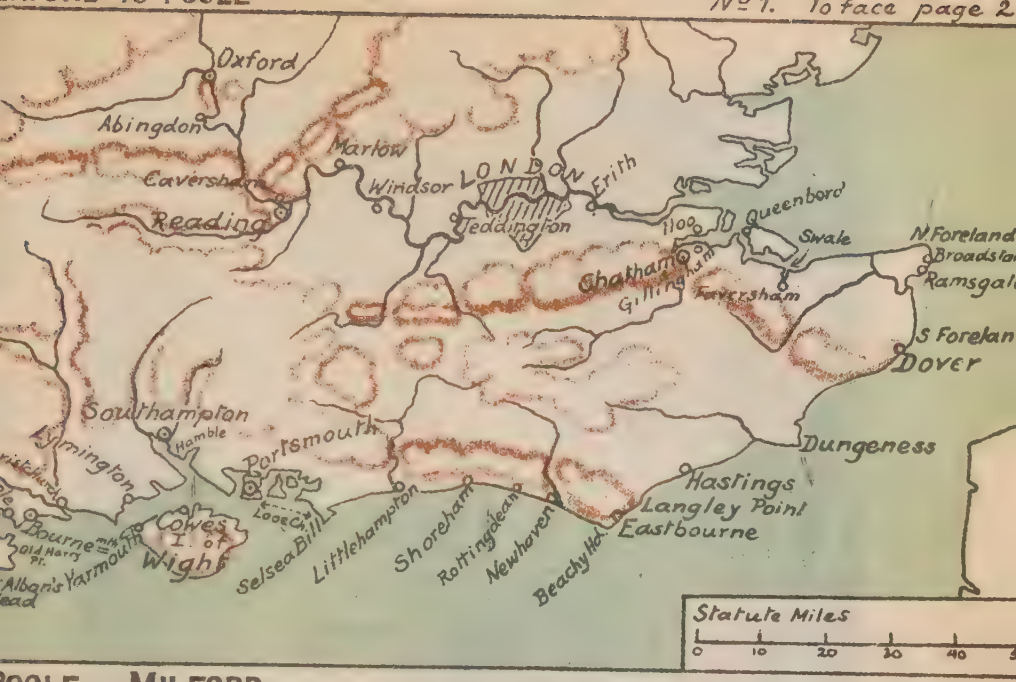
Next morning we had a fine run before a sou'wester to New Quay, passing the *Man and his Man*, rocks on which the waves were wildly breaking. In the bay a boatload of 'longshore men boarded us uncivilly, and we kicked them out. We found afterwards that they suspected us of coming to carry off the local prizes in their regatta, which was to take place next day. Assuring them that we knew nothing and cared less about their regatta, we made peace and entered the little harbour. Here, during the night, thuds against the quay spoilt our sleep. Next morning, August 22, we reluctantly parted with our mate, who had to go to town to settle football accounts for the Rugby Union.

The skipper and crew sailed off for Padstow, but went on to Boscastle. It got dark and the wind came squally off the shore, so we burnt a blue light, as we could by no means make out the entrance. A pilot boat came off, and by rowing

and towing through a queer winding passage, a grand smuggler's haunt in old days, we moored to a jetty. The pilot asking "Have you ropes?" we showed him our ground tackle, but he laughed at them and produced moorings as thick as a man's thigh. But when the tidal wave came rolling in, we saw how necessary they were. She first went astern with a crash which would have smashed our cable, and then hurled herself forward with a still more violent shock. Next morning the skipper sketched the harbour, a most picturesque and inaccessible place; and then we sailed for Lundy Island. We anchored under the S. E. corner, behind Rat Island. We had some difficulty in beaching the Berthon, owing to the swell. From the top of a cliff the skipper and crew watched the white foaming waves roaring and breaking over the black Shutter Rock, and pictured the scene in *Westward Ho!* where the great Spanish vessel crashes on the rock, and Amyas Leigh's vengeance is baffled, not by the hand of man. We lingered long to watch a gorgeous, but wild-looking sunset over the Atlantic, and finished up the evening in pleasant talk with the lighthouse keepers and George Thomas. The latter, they told us, was the hero of Lundy. On the night of February 19, 1892, a large steamer, the *Tunisie,* was wrecked on the island, in a terrible night of snow and gale. Thomas improvised a rocket-line from his fishing gear, and brought the crew of twenty-one ashore in a coal-bag. For this he received a medal, but no more substantial reward, though that might still come, and we greatly hoped, for the sake of the good name of the owners, that it would. There are a few farmers on the island, but he is the only fisherman. We were tossed about a good deal at our anchorage. The tide races round the island make it very rough.

We sailed off at 6 a.m. with a strong southerly wind. We took a reef down as we ran through the "Hen and Chickens" race, the crew getting soaked as he performed evolutions on the bowsprit. We managed to escape a worse race, the "White Horses."

We made out the two lighthouses on St. Anne's Head at 11 a.m. The tide set against us, and we got to leeward of



POOLE to MILFORD

Wanbishire, Oxford, 1907.

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RAT ISLAND, LUNDY

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Milford Haven, and only anchored off Milford Town at 4.30 p.m. We went ashore, and had a square meal.

On August 25 we beat out of the harbour, giving a tow to a mercurial fisherman, who gave us instructions in the art of sailing, especially commending the use of the mizzen, which we had rather despised. We had been unable to get any charts at Milford, or sailing directions, though we had one big small-scale chart of the west coast, and this had to suffice us. The man told us that the tide did not flow outside till three hours after high water in the harbour, and that we ought to avoid Jack Sound, and go outside Skomer Island. So we waited in Dale Harbour till 3 p.m. Then tacked westwards in-shore past St. Anne's Head.

A furious tide race hustled us through Jack Sound. A steamer hailed us in St. Bride's Bay. Ramsey Sound was even worse than Jack Sound; though the wind was strong we were whirled completely round in an eddy, and narrowly escaped a sunken rock.

Very soon it grew dark, and a stormy night began. Of course we ought to have left Milford with the early morning tide; but experience had not yet impressed upon us the "grand secret," as old Lewis used to call it, of starting early. After rounding St. David's Head we ran E. by N., with the wind getting ever stronger, and blowing on our port quarter. So we sailed on during the night, and were glad to see the sun rise behind the Welsh mountains. He gleamed on a line of brown bathing machines and golden sand. We thought it might be Towyn; the skipper soon recognized the Bird Rock and Aberdovey. We had to haul in our sheet to make Barmouth, crossing over a ridge of sand where the waves broke wildly. We eased our sheet and ran at great speed over the bar where the seas were raging, and then we rushed towards the railway bridge on a tremendous tide. We were tired and reckless, and dropped our kedge, which dragged until it fouled a mooring and brought us up within a hundred yards of the bridge. We had sailed the ninety miles from Milford to Barmouth in seventeen hours.

August 26 was the anniversary of our shipwreck in the old *Dragon* off the coast of Norfolk. We went for a walk

along the Dolgelly road and hailed an old boy, Bertie Gray, who was coming along on a bicycle. He took us for two tramping ruffians, and our guise quite excused his mistake. He jumped from his bicycle in alarm as we stood in his path, and was preparing to "hand-over." However, we introduced ourselves, and he took revenge by sketching us. We lunched together at Half-way House.

At Barmouth we found other friends—the Freybergs—and lunched with them next day. The two boys and Rouse Rowell came aboard for tea. All day we had driving rain and strong wind, but it cleared up in the evening, and the skipper sketched Cader Idris. The crew dived at low water and cleared the fouled anchor.

Next morning we set sail at 6.30, the wind strong and southerly. We cleared the bar and ran on through Bardsey Sound, finding the race, about which we had received many warnings, quite a tame affair as compared with Jack and Ramsey Sounds. We had grand views of the mountains all day, and late in the evening anchored in what we thought was Porth Duilleyn, after fifteen hours' sail.

In the morning we found that we must have narrowly missed a ridge of rocks in the darkness, and almost run into a beacon. We were close to a little cove. It was pouring with rain and there was a strong, gusty wind. We found there was very little on board to eat. We set sail closely reefed and ran before a strong wind which increased to a gale, so we lowered mainsail altogether and ran on under jib and foresail, amidst sheets of spray and blinding rain. We knew we ought to sail outside a buoy which marked the south side of the passage across the bar, but it was so thick we could see nothing but breaking water. The skipper told the crew to put the bar across the inside of the cabin door. Whilst he was finding the bar a huge breaking wave pooped her and flooded the cabin, but Church was equal to the emergency. Though up to his knees in water, he jammed his back against the door, and put his feet against the centre-board case inside the cabin. Another and another wave came, half-drowning the skipper and filling the well, then just a slight bump was felt as her plate, which was only half down, touched the sand, and next moment we were in

smooth water! It was a very narrow thing. If we had had any mainsail set she must have broached-to, and if she had drawn a foot more water she must have been smashed to pieces. We ran past Caernarvon to Griffith's Crossing, where the British Canoe Association had been camping. Here we moored and had a welcome tea in Percy Nisbet's tent, and yarned with him. And so ended a stormy and adventurous day.

On Tuesday, August 30, Church had to leave the ship, and the skipper wired for brother Dick to help him to sail to Liverpool.

Five men of the B. C. A. came aboard, and we had a grand beat down to Caernarvon, and moored in the harbour. Dick came aboard in the evening.

On the 31st we got under weigh rather awkwardly at low tide, fouling a yacht and a schooner, and running aground. No damage was done, however, and we had a grand sail up the straits, through the Swellies and under the bridges, with but a dim idea of the dangers of that notorious passage. It was certainly a wonder that we escaped all the sunken rocks between the bridges. The wind was strong but fair, and we moored off Beaumaris for lunch. We finally moored in a nasty spot off Llanfairfechan, after bumping a good deal on the sands.

In the morning we got her off the sands, at 4.30 a.m., with some difficulty, and sailed on to Penmaenmawr. Here we anchored in a nasty swell; but our cable parted, so we set sail for Conway. On entering the river, we kept too close to a perch, dragged over a reef, and finally stuck on the mud. Here we waited till the tide floated us, and then moored off Conway. We spent the afternoon and the next day with the Thompsons of Tan-y-ralt, at their house in the pretty village of Dwygyfwlchi, visiting with them the Aber waterfall, which was in splendid form after the rain, and getting grand views of Snowdon and the Carneddi.

Next day we walked up Snowdon by the Pen-y-gwryd route, had tea at the top, and came down by Llanberis. We dragged our anchor in the night, and in the morning were bumping up against a barge. Our anchor had fouled

and we had great difficulty in clearing it by sailing round and round.

It was a dead beat up the narrow channel out of the harbour and across the bar. We sailed with a fine breeze, W. N. W., round the Great Orme, and steered a compass course E. ¼ S. for the entrance to the Mersey. After having some difficulty in threading the Horse Channel we moored off Rockferry at sunset. On Monday, September 5, we left the *Blue Dragon* in Sam Bond's hands at Birkenhead.

WINTER CRUISE, 1892-3

ATTEMPT UPON THE ISLE OF MAN

BY ORDER

This is the shortest log of the lot.
Read it, whether you like it or not.

WINTER CRUISE, 1892–3

In the winter of 1892–3, the skipper essayed a cruise to the Isle of Man. He tried to pick up a friend in Liverpool calling on Bickerton, Paul, and Hayward, of the B.C.A., but they were all away. So he induced a shrimper called Mat to come aboard. Now Mat professed to be a teetotaller, and as the skipper was, for the occasion, ditto, no alcohol was taken on board. But it soon appeared that the methylated spirits ran short, and on investigation the discovery was made that Mat had a strong liking for that pungent liquor; and this rather shortened the cruise.

On Saturday, New Year's Eve, we sailed off for the open sea, before a strong S.E. wind, passed Crosby, Formby and the Bar Lightships. It began to snow and to look dirty, so we beat back to the Formby and then by the Mud-wharf Banks we sailed to Southport, and moored in the Bog Hole, a nice place wherein to spend New Year's Eve. The skipper landed at the pier head and walked along the mile of deserted pier, and climbed the palings at the end. In the night the water froze all around the *Blue Dragon*, grinding and scratching and keeping us awake. With some difficulty we cleared the floating ice which came down the Ribble, and as the wind came very strong from the north-west, and the snow was blinding, we ran back to Birkenhead.

Next morning we sailed part way up the Manchester Ship Canal. On Tuesday, January 3, we took a friend on board and beat out to the Bar Lightship and ran back; and on Wednesday, 4th, laid her up in Bond's yard, and departed south.

EASTER CRUISE, 1893

ISLE OF MAN—ROUND THE MULL OF GALLOWAY—AYR—GOUROCK

NOTE

And this is the shortest log but one;
Read away; it will soon be done.

KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, ISLE OF MAN

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EASTER CRUISE, 1893

On Good Friday the skipper and Hinckley set sail from Birkenhead; but whether it was the inauspicious day or not, the wind, which had been fair, came strong from the N. W., and having beaten against it for a few miles, we ran back and moored off New Brighton. Here, by Hinckley's advice, we purchased a large red bowl of *papier-maché*, which stood us in good stead on many a voyage. Next morning we beat through the Formby Channel close along shore, and anchored off Blackpool. Easter Day was lovely, but with very little wind, and that ahead, as we wanted to get to the Isle of Man. So we coasted past Rossall School and Fleetwood, got a nice breeze across Morecambe Bay, were becalmed off Black Coombe, and then off the Selker Lightship it went to the N. E., and we steered all night for the island. A glorious sunrise found us off the Bahama Lightship, and we were becalmed and tide-drifted all day, nor was it till 4.30 next morning that we anchored in the outer harbour of Douglas. The skipper's mother and youngest brother were staying at Onchan with the vicar, and they all visited the *Blue Dragon*. The vicar's wife is the skipper's eldest sister, and they entertained us royally. Next morning we sailed round Langness to Castletown, ran the ship into the harbour, and went up to King William's College, the skipper's old school. We had heard sounds of cheering as we sailed across the bay, and found that the school sports were going on. We also visited Mother Quayle and had tea there. She was delighted to see an old customer. On Friday the vicar joined us and we sailed past Port St. Mary and through the Calf Sound, and on to Port Erin. Next morning, with a strong westerly breeze we made Peel, after carrying away

the jib. The skipper had to climb the mast in a rolling sea and repair the damage.

On Sunday, April 9, we set sail for Ireland, but the breeze died out and headed us; so we sailed round the Point of Ayre and anchored in Ramsey Bay at 10 p.m. Ramsey Harbour dries out and is crowded with fishing-boats, but we got a fairly snug berth. Here we visited Pilkington, who was staying at Sulby Glen, and he provided us with trout. We took him a sail to the Point of Ayre and back.

On April 13 we set sail for Scotland. With a fair, though light breeze, with topsail set and foresail spinnakered, we got to within a few miles of the Mull of Galloway, when it fell calm and came on thick. We drifted about all night, and in the morning saw a rock which we thought was the Mull, but which turned out to be the Scart Rock. This gave us our course, and during the day we drifted and sailed round the Mull and past Port Logan, but were becalmed just south of Port Patrick. The night fell very dark, but with a light S.W. breeze we steered into the harbour. It must have been just dead low water, otherwise the strong run of tide must have driven us upon the rocks at the north of the entrance, or upon the ruins of the breakwater. It looked a fairly ghastly place in the morning.

We stayed here for two days, visiting Dunskey Castle, and then sailed north, getting some heavy squalls off the Heads of Ayr. We found the *Blue Dragon* stood up to them splendidly. Finally, in dusk and rain, we sighted the buoy off Ayr Harbour. Again we had to beat up to an unknown anchorage in the dark, with a fitful, gusty, off-shore wind. Suddenly we ran into a great hawser mooring a big steamer; luffing up, we touched the ground. We wore ship and got off, just touching some piles with the bowsprit. At last we managed to get her moored in a fashion, stem and stern. After visiting a hiring fair, the modern substitute for a slave market, we sailed to Ardrossan and, contrary to our usual habit, anchored before sunset.

Next morning, April 19, was perhaps the best sail of the whole cruise, and we finished up with a final anchorage in the dark in Gourock Bay. Banner, to whose care we entrusted

the *Blue Dragon*, told us we had managed to pick out the best spot in the bay. In Banner's yard Hinckley first saw the five-tonner, *Spray*, which he afterwards purchased. This was our last cruise together, and the skipper must acknowledge his indebtedness to Hinckley for many useful lessons in seamanship. The *Blue Dragon* has since often cruised in company with *Spray*, and afterwards with *Umbra*, a larger cutter which Banner built for Hinckley. Only three rainy days occurred during the three weeks' cruise.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1893
FROM THE CLYDE TO STORNOWAY

"D. K."

(*With apologies to Henry Newbolt.*)

Mate he's in the cabin, and his thoughts are far away—
(Skipper, are you sleeping or alive?)
Hung up in a dead calm, upon a summer's day,
And dreaming all the time of tea at five.
Shiants upon the starboard, Stornoway to port,
Summer sun a-sinking very low,
With the seamew crying, and the black shag flying—
O who will out the dinghy, and volunteer a tow?

Mate he reads the paper—the advertisements as well—
(Skipper, are you sleeping or awake?)
Comes an effervescence, and a methylated smell,
Commingling with the fragrance of a cake.
Hand me up the Swiss-milk, perforate the lid;
Sugar is a-clinking in the cup;
With the Steward stewing, and the good tea brewing,
O life is worth the living still, so, gentlemen, wake up!

SUMMER CRUISE, 1893

FROM THE CLYDE TO STORNOWAY

[The story of the first four days has been told by the doctor, and we give it in full. The company at first consisted of the skipper, the doctor, Church promoted to the rank of bosun, and Hale ranking as crew. The mate (H. Vassall) joined us at Tarbert, Loch Fyne; whilst the friend alluded to was W. Day.]

The Doctor's Account

This is a record more or less true of the first four days of a cruise amongst the lochs on the west coast of Scotland, from a landsman's point of view, and the incidents of these four days may be taken as fair examples of those of the whole voyage, so long as the yacht remained in fairly sheltered waters.

First day. Tuesday, July 25.—It was raining, and the wind was high. The skipper, bosun, crew and I, walked through Gourock to the "slip" on which the *Blue Dragon* had been laid up since Easter. The yacht was raised up on a rough wagon, the wheels of which ran on a pair of rails, which led down a steep slope into the sea. Around, lounging about without their coats, in the rain which they appeared to find refreshing, were a number of natives, whose accent was strange and unintelligible. After some delay, we all took our places on board, and, by means of levers, the wagon was set in motion and, carrying with it the boat, was shot down the hill into the water. It was like the "chute" at the Wateries Exhibition, only more so. Then the props were knocked away, and we were afloat, held into shore by a rope. The Berthon, a little dinghy, which we were to tow behind us and use for landing purposes, was also launched and attached to the stern. It was a canvas boat, collapsible—could be shut

up flat and taken on board—and was thus very convenient. But it was alarming, for it always seemed to be wanting to show that it really could collapse, and this at most unpropitious moments, when it contained several persons and was being rowed towards shore; then the seats were also collapsible, and had a pernicious habit of letting one down suddenly; in fact I never felt thoroughly at home in that Berthon.

There was another small yacht in Gourock Harbour—the *Spray*, which we were pleased to find contained Hinckley, an old Oxford sailing club friend, who soon came aboard us, and suggested that we should cruise in company as far as possible. The *Spray* was very clean and spruce, and her owner was like unto her. He always appeared in correct yachting costume, and conceived a strong objection to our skipper's hat. I did not care much for our skipper's hat myself. It was of straw and had been sat on; the rim was broad and ragged, and the ribbon was set at an angle, projecting above the crown on one side; when well wet, it looked scarcely respectable; but the skipper said we must be educated up to that sort of thing, and he clave to that hat. As has been previously mentioned, it was raining, there was a stiff breeze blowing, and outside the bay we could see white horses, which topped the waves. I revolved earnestly in my mind excuses which might put off the sailing until fine weather, but could find none satisfactory, so I dissembled; I helped to get up sail, remarked pleasantly on the splendid breeze, and off we scudded, making for Rothesay. Soon we reached open water, and began to get very wet, and to experience the pleasures of sailing. The bosun stood in the cabin; his head alone rose above the deck, and he rested his unshaven chin on the hatch. The water swirled over and around that uncovered cranium, but it scarcely blinked; now and again one could catch, in a lull of the wind, the words of a weird, monotonous chant which issued from his lips—

> "Roll on, thou broad and dark *Blue Dragon*, roll,
> A thousand seas sweep over me in vain."

The bosun was always fond of poetry, and I remember once, on Loch Katrine—but that is another story.

The crew, too, was happy ; he had a new set of oilskins, and was only too pleased to be able to wear them. As for me, I had only a mackintosh and a cloth cap ; when the water came over the deck, I ducked my head, and most of it went down the back of my neck ; I was also sitting in a pool, and only waited in impatience till I could consult Bradshaw as to the first train back to England. Far away on our left we could see *Spray*, heeling over marvellously ; as for the scenery around, I suppose there was some, but took no manner of interest in it that day. The skipper held on to the tiller, and did not say much until we had rounded Toward Point, and were getting under the shelter of Bute ; then he remarked with great cheerfulness, "Well, we have had a very fair dusting for the first day." I made no reply but still thought of Bradshaw. We reached Rothesay Bay after about five hours' sail, cast anchor, and I went ashore to find a hotel and a Bradshaw, but after a good dinner at the former, things looked rosier, and I decided to leave the latter alone, and went for a stroll instead round the bay, in the direction of the *Blue Dragon's* mooring. I saw the skipper and all hands in the Berthon, making for the nearest convenient landing. This happened to be the bathing-place, an enclosure where the beach had been cleared of stones. Here they landed and drew up the Berthon high and dry, when suddenly a large, white-headed, and uncompromising Scotchman appeared, and said "Gae back." "But," said the skipper. "Gae back." "Whose bathing-place is this?" "Mine ; gae back." Mild argument was succeeded by denunciation—no effect. "Gae back" was all the reply. "I suppose you get your living out of the public," shouted the skipper. "I do not ; gae back." This was highly irritating, but there was nothing for it but to submit, or to cause an unseemly riot, so slowly, and with much objurgation, the Berthon was carried back to the water, and the crew was sent off with it to another landing-place, the skipper and bosun remaining on shore. "Gae back with your boat," said the stony voice ; but this was too much, and skipper and bosun stalked up the bathing-place, and climbed over the wall, in defiance of the wrathful proprietor, who was, I suppose, the McNab of

that ilk, or some such high personage, and imagined that he was defending his native shores against the invading Southron. I found the two somewhat ruffled, but after a short time they recovered, and we strolled round the town and inspected the castle, a well-preserved ruin; rather too well preserved, for it is carefully cleaned up, and surrounded by high iron railings, while the old moat has been improved and modernized, and cut into a pattern like a little bit of ornamental water in Regent's Park. Altogether, Rothesay, notwithstanding its pretty bay with Loch Striven opening out in front, is scarcely an ideal dwelling-place. It is evidently a happy hunting-ground of the Salvation Army, which discourses sweet music every evening, mingling with the strains of rival religious bodies at no great distance. The town also possesses a Royal Aquarium and Menagerie combined, a quaint institution. The Aquarium consists of a number of highly-coloured pictures of fish, and a tank containing three very dirty seals, which have lost most of their hair, and blink mournful and motionless at visitors; the Menagerie comprises nine unpleasant monkeys, and a collection of stuffed beasts in attitudes of combat with Indians. The lion, tiger, or bear, as the case may be, is always standing on his hind legs, and glaring ferociously at his Indian, who holds the animal by the throat with one hand, and thrusts a spear through him.

The next day, Wednesday, July 26, we set sail for Loch Long, in fairly smooth water, with a delightful breeze, and scudded away merrily for an hour or two. Behind us we were leaving Bute and, standing out grandly in the background, the rocky Isle of Arran. Having studied the guide-book previously, I pointed out to the skipper how like the contour of the distant rocks was to the recumbent profile of Lord Brougham. The skipper looked, and caught the likeness with great interest, and proceeded to sketch it: under his pencil, the resemblance grew much more pronounced, but I was disconcerted to find that I had imagined the face the wrong way up, and that what I thought was the beard was really the noble brow of the statesman. However, it did very well either way. Soon on our left we

saw Innellan, a watering-place much frequented by the people of Glasgow. Looking at this place through the glasses, I noticed that we did not seem to be passing it very rapidly, and remarked upon this fact to the skipper, who replied as cheerfully as usual, "Oh yes; we are in a dead calm; often happens." Well, there we stayed, without moving, although I several times rebuked the skipper rather strongly for wasting our time like that. At last it seemed to dawn on him that I was insulting his vessel, and then I thought it prudent to get up and stroll forward. Then I found the bosun, standing with his arms folded, leaning against the mast, and gazing dreamily into vacancy. He made some snarling remark about passengers being always in the way and obstructing him in his laborious duties; and it was with some difficulty that I convinced him that I was an officer of the ship. However, at last he said "Ay, ay sir," quite properly, and then we went below to play piquet till the calm should cease. We had just reached an interesting part of the game, when the skipper shouted, "All hands on deck—there's a black squall coming." It came, and I was just thinking of hoisting a signal of distress on my own responsibility, and firing a gun or two, when another dead calm arrived with surprising suddenness. That is the beauty of sailing on Scotch lochs, you get so much variety of wind, and it comes in all directions too, so that you are seldom quite sure which way you are going. That day, we were specially favoured with specimens of this variety, black squalls and dead calms succeeding one another with great regularity; at last, however, we reached Hunter's Quay, a charming little place at the entrance to Holy Loch. This is the yachting centre for the crack Clyde Club; they keep a splendid hotel, and a first-class sunset. The picture of Holy Loch was perfect: dark hills in the background, with the *Dragon* and other yachts lying in the smooth, reflecting water in front, and was alone well worth the journey to Scotland. The crew, however, had a soul above sunsets, and stayed in the cabin, sucking peppermints.

Next morning, Thursday, July 27, broke really fine, and with a lovely breeze, before which we scudded up Loch

Long, basking in the sun, and enjoying ourselves hugely. As we went on, the mountains on either side became higher and more rugged, and the scenery grand; round us, we saw the great, black, shining porpoises, rolling, and turning noiseless somersaults; sometimes they rose close to the boat, and we occasionally tried shots at them with a revolver: without effect except magnificent echoes. The bosun, in the exuberance of his spirits, dived off the bows, and caught the boat by the stern as she passed—a rather risky proceeding, for if he had missed his hold, he would probably have been left to himself in the middle of that loch for a considerable time, running as we were before a strong wind.

After a dozen miles' sail, we passed, on our left, the entrance to Loch Goil—the "dark and stormy water," which rhymes with Lord Ullin's daughter. Down by the shore, we could see the old ruined castle of Carrick, and to the north of the entrance rose out of the sea the little island called the Dog Rock. "Why Dog Rock?" asked the crew. "Why, of course," replied the bosun, "it is exactly like a dog," and I agreed, but afterwards we found that he thought it was the entire animal, and I only the head. Above this point the loch becomes narrower and more picturesque, while the mountains are wilder and more deserted for miles, and we saw no signs of habitation, and no living things except the sea-birds and the porpoises, and a heron, which the bosun perverted into an osprey. Late in the afternoon we reached the very head of the loch, and cast anchor before the little village of Arrochar. Here we went ashore, and spent a lovely evening in climbing to the top of a high hill with a cairn, whence we got a splendid view of the peak of Ben Lomond, with a glimpse of Loch Lomond far below, and very glad we were on the morrow to have done so, for the rain had come again, and clouds and mists obscured the "Queen of the Scottish Lakes" (see guide-book). That morrow was a distinct experience. Early in the morning (Friday, July 28) we drove over the two miles of country which intervene between Loch Long and Loch Lomond, and took the steamer down the latter. How it rained! The

skipper turned out in oilskins, and a sou'wester, and sea-boots, and looked like the Ancient Mariner. A cockney tourist mistook him for a deck-hand, and imperiously ordered a camp-stool, and got himself snubbed. We steamed along amongst the hundred islands, and saw as much of them as appeared through the rain, and finally we reached Balloch, at the southern end of the lake. Here we were to meet a friend who was going to cruise with us for a few days, but he had not arrived, and as we had an hour to wait before the steamer could take us back, we decided to go a few miles by rail, and see Dumbarton. But we were not pleased with Dumbarton. I think I never heard any place so abused, as we abused that dreary town. There was certainly a dirty ruin of a castle on a hill in the docks, but all the rest was squalor. I can imagine Swinburne alliteratively apostrophizing thus—

"A rain that is wetter than water,
A town that is dreary and dank,
Sick streets that don't smell as they oughter,
Fresh fish that are fetid and rank;
And the children are soapless and shoeless,
And hatless and hideous the hags,
And the cats in the gutters mourn mewless,
And gnaw noisome rags."

We left Dumbarton, shaking off the dirt from our boots and returned to Balloch, where we met our friend. Then again we steamed up Loch Lomond, landing at Inversnaid, on the east side. Here we were to meet coaches to take us to Loch Katrine; but we found the coaches already filled, and standing amongst them an American and his wife declaiming loudly against the coach proprietor. When he only smiled in reply, the lady turned on her husband, and upbraided him in no measured terms for bringing her to such a place. Then the crew showed himself the man of the hour; he stepped forward to the irate lady, and flattered and soothed her with such success that in a few moments she was all smiles. An extra carriage was provided, in which we five and the two Americans took our places, and we drove off. How that fair American talked! She was very

fat, and had short hair; she never looked out of the carriage, scenery did not interest her, but she conversed fluently on every subject under the sun, and she never stopped for breath. Most of us were a little exhausted by the time we reached Loch Katrine, but the crew was equal to the occasion; he not only accepted the full brunt of the conversation *en route*, but when we arrived at the lake he took the lady on board the steamer, and monopolized her for the voyage. The lake was lovely even in the rain, and raised in the bosun a longing for a volume of Scott's poetry, which he gratified at an extravagant price;—the steward of the steamer seemed to be lying in wait for that sort of longing, and kept a small library. Having passed Ellen's Isle, we reached the opening of the Trossachs, and going ashore walked along the gorge for a few hundred yards, and considered that we had seen it; but photographs afterwards convinced us that we had missed the finest part. The Americans passed us in a coach, which the crew pursued, eagerly waving his hat. He was rewarded with a few coppers by charitable persons on the back seat.

Here the Doctor's account ends. The rest of the voyage must be described in more prosaic style.

On July 29 we found the wind blowing right up Loch Long. It took us thirteen hours to make Helensburgh. In a squall a can of milk was upset all over the skipper's bunk. We rowed the last mile and a half to a late anchorage. On returning aboard after the landing, the doctor, the bosun, and crew found, to their amazement, the skipper performing acrobatic feats on the cabin roof.

Our next anchorage was Rothesay, where we took the steamer up Loch Striven, a gloomy and squally loch. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, the doctor came aboard at 10.30 and found us at breakfast! the skipper's watch being 1½ hours slow. We sailed with a fair breeze past Loch Striven, but met the tide coming out of the Kyles of Bute. As the tide slackened we ran through the south channel, and finally moored to an anchorage in drizzling rain off Tighnabruaich.

The billiard-table at the hotel having a loose leg, the skipper beat the doctor.

Next morning was bright, and with a N.W. breeze we rounded Ardlamont and beat up to Tarbert, Loch Fyne. The entrance is difficult to one who has never been in before, but we managed it successfully, and greatly admired the picturesque harbour, with its old castle ruin and many islands, and the fishing-fleet which put out at sunset.

In the morning the skipper took the steamer to Gourock to meet the mate, and brought him back to Tarbert in the *Iona*. We had a fine sail, setting our new spinnaker, to Ardrishaig in company with the *Spray*, Hinckley's cutter which he had purchased from Banner, and was sailing with a "boy." We moored in the sea-lock and the doctor left us. Early next morning we found that the ship was half full of water, and after pumping her dry discovered that the advent of the mate had lowered the pump hole in the centre-board case below the water level, so with pitch and a piece of leather we patched up the hole and pumped direct from the bilge for the rest of the cruise.

The skipper and bosun took it in turns to tow with the mate through the Crinan Canal. It is nine miles long and there are fifteen locks. We saw the Seaforth Highlanders on the march, and a cyclist corps. We had some difficulty in getting out of the canal on Sunday morning, but the lock-keeper was at length persuaded, and we sailed off to Oban with the *Spray*. There was a strong southerly wind and it raised a nasty sea in the Dorus Mhor. Not having a large scale chart we gaily took a short cut, Hinckley keeping the proper course and expecting to see us strike a rock every moment, but we got safely through the dangers, ran past Pladda, took no heed of buoys in Kerrera Sound, and anchored in Oban Bay at sunset—a good, though risky sail. The crew narrowly escaped falling overboard in the Dorus Mhor, and was somewhat alarmed at the skipper's information that in such a case he (the crew) would have been inevitably drowned, as at the pace we were going through the tide race we could not possibly have picked him up.

We had now reached the glorious scenery of Loch Linnhe, Mull, and Morven; and we lost no time in sailing for Loch Etive. With the wind aft we sailed half-way up the Connel

Falls, only to drift back time after time; at length we gave it up and anchored off the Ferry. The sunset was green, gold and pink over Morven. Next morning we ran through the falls with a strong flood tide; passing a wreck buoy, we sailed through the narrows past Taynuilt, and, pursued by *Spray*, anchored in good time at the head of the loch. The crew started to climb a mountain and was three hours absent. The skipper and mate were just about to form a search party when he reappeared, staggering and wet, not having got anywhere near the summit.

Next morning the wind kindly went round and blew right down the loch, so setting topsail and spinnaker we outsailed *Spray* and anchored in a bad place off Taynuilt pier, the tide swirling us about till at length we took the ground and had to get out the legs in the middle of the night. The mate found friends at the little town and had tea with them. We took a train to Loch Awe, and a steamer down the loch amongst the lovely islets—a grand place for a canoeist. It was a beautiful evening and Cruachan looked grand.

Next morning the weather looked unpromising, and we ran back down the falls and anchored in Cull Bay; then the strange lights on the clouds and the warm, heavy air, and the dark clouds driving up against the wind proved true portents of a tremendous thunderstorm. Vivid pink and mauve lightning flashed over the mountains and lit up the dark loch, whilst crackling peals of thunder echoed down the valleys. We had moored just in time, but had to shift our anchorage.

On August 11 we had a fair sail up Loch Linnhe through Corran Narrows and into Lochaber. We lowered topsail in a squall and moored opposite Fort William in Camusnagaul, a lovely little bay from which we could see Ben Nevis. The crew was promoted to the rank of steward, a berth which he filled with greater satisfaction, and so no longer had we to play picquet to settle who should do the washing-up. We had not yet discovered that the simplest plan is for each man to keep his own table implements and do his own washing-up if he thinks it necessary.

After visiting Old Inverlochie Castle, the scene of Mont-

rose's victory, we beat down Lochaber, got the ebb through Corran Narrows, and rowed and drifted to Kintallen, the best and most accessible anchorage in these parts, open only to the north. A most gorgeous sunset behind the Morvern Hills would baffle the powers even of William Black.

On Sunday, August 13, we paid our first visit to Glencoe. The Macdonald who drove us was pointing out the ruined houses and the rock from which the signal for the massacre was given on that terrible winter morning two hundred years ago, when the steward innocently asked, "What massacre? who was massacred?" The scorn of the driver at the results of a Charterhouse and Oxford education must be left to the imagination. "Who in the world was Flora Macdonald and the Prince Charlie you keep talking about?" was a subsequent question in Skye.

That evening we sailed south in the dark, and anchored in Cull Bay, not without a heavy bump on the pebble shoal off Ardsheal, which threw the steward out of his berth and made him consult *Murray's Guide*. This was the result of too closely hugging the shore in the dark.

We arrived at Oban after a glorious calm day at Loch Corrie, where we basked in the hot sunshine and sketched and admired the glorious views. Here the steward, who pined for tennis and the domestic circle, left us, and we had news that the vicar would join us at Portree on Tuesday, August 22. So skipper, mate and bosun, after a desperate but successful struggle between the mate and a heavy mooring-chain of which we were foul, sailed off up the Sound of Mull. We did the twenty-five miles in under five hours, running recklessly through the Dorlinn Narrows, where we found two perches instead of the one marked on the chart. This puzzled us, but we did not touch, and moored off Tobermory—the Well of Mary—a delightful harbour well known to us in subsequent cruises. What more delightful cruising ground can there be than these waters? Old ruined castles, Ardtornish of the Lords of the Isles, Duart with its grim tragic stories, Aros, Conn and Mingary; lovely Loch Aline (pronounced Arlin, the accent on all Gaelic names, unless compound, being on the first syllable), and Loch Sunart

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winding far amongst the mountains can be explored; from Salen you can walk easily across to Loch na Keal and get lovely cliff and ocean views; you can anchor a small craft in numberless sheltered spots, and the natives are all friendly and hospitable, giving help when help is really wanted, not fussing and cadging like the long-shoreman on the south coast. As I am somewhat digressing from the straightforward log, I should like to say something here about a certain book of sailing tours on the west coast of Scotland. Without being ill-natured, I cannot thank this writer for his book. His knowledge of the west coast and its people is gathered from two hurried cruises and merits rather the name of ignorance. As an instance of Highland manners and hospitality, he quotes a conversation between a ferry-inn keeper and a traveller. But unfortunately he shows that he does not realize that there is any difference between a Highlander and a Lowlander. I have known many Highlanders, but never yet heard one say, "Aweel, aweel, nae doot, ye can gang and speer for yersel, ye's get gude tea and eggs." Treat a Highlander civilly and respectfully and you will find him the best of gentlemen and the noblest of friends. As regards sailing directions, this book contains nothing useful that is not taken from the official Sailing Directions, and as to the reproductions of charts (all atrociously copied from the Admiralty charts), they can only be used with a microscope. The author has confessedly not sailed in many of the places he describes, and as to the numberless snug anchorages for a craft of small size, he knows nothing about them. I will give a few examples.

He has not sailed to Iona round the south-west of Mull, and says nothing of the useful anchorages on the way, *e.g.* Carsaig and E. Chalman, but is evidently frightened by the Torran Rocks. "The less said about Tiree and Coll the better," is the writer's remark. Not having been to either island, he quotes from the Sailing Directions that there is only one good harbour, Loch nan Eather (always known as Arinagour, though he does not say so). The islands are most interesting from a geological and antiquarian point of view,

THE SCUIR OF EIGG

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and there are several snug places. Again, he knows nothing of the Outer Isles except Stornoway, and does not mention the convenient little anchorage in the Shiants. If weather-bound or becalmed off Ardnamurchan, what could be more useful than the little port where the supplies for the light-house are landed—a snug hole where a small yacht could ride the winter through—but the author has never heard of it from the local fishermen, and it is not mentioned in the Sailing Directions. The author is evidently a bold and skilful sailor, and has a good style of writing, but he is too much of a grumbler for my liking, and he knows very little of the west coast.

On August 18, we rounded Ardnamurchan for the first time, and sailing past Muck—"Mull was astern, Rum on the port, Eigg on the starboard bow"—we ran in through the narrow passage between Eigg and Eilean Castel and anchored close in to the rock breakwater. Of course we explored the Macdonald's cave, where two hundred of that clan were suffocated by the Macleods. Here we made our first acquaintance with Sandy Mackinnon who works the big red boat that puts off to the *Claymore*, and Dugald Macleod who then kept the Temperance Inn. We also caught a glimpse of the venerable proprietor, Dr. Macpherson, who was sitting in his sunny garden. We climbed the noble Scuir and enjoyed the glorious view, Coll and Tiree to the south, Skye and the Cuchullins to the north, the Outer Hebrides to the west, and the great mainland mountains to the east; and all around the glorious sea. The sunset behind the Scuir reminded the skipper and bosun of a famous one seen from Lundy.

Sandy's sister brought us milk and eggs in the morning and smiled in farewell. With a strong S.S.W. wind we steered for Loch Scavaig, Skye. A heavy rolling sea aft caused us to lower the spinnaker, and soon we had to drop the peak. It was a grand sail, with lovely views of the islands, Rum's grand peaks and the Cuchullins wreathed in mist. Loch Scavaig is hardly a place for strangers to rush into under full sail, so we snugged down and crept into the lovely little anchorage behind Eilean Glas, narrowly escaping a dangerous rock right in the middle of the passage. After

lunch we walked along the shores of dark Coruisk, the most desolate valley in the world; its glacier-worn hummocks strewn with gigantic boulders, *roches moutonnées;* backed by frowning mountains whose jagged peaks loomed out mysteriously through the drifting mist. In later visits we explored the *gabbro* rocks and climbed the mountains; but this time we only stayed the night, and set sail at noon on Sunday, August 20. We reefed down and beat out of the loch successfully, and at 8.30 rounded the Point of Sleat. In the dark we found our way into Armadale Bay, guided by a cutter's light. Next morning with a hard S.W. wind and driving rain we put into Isle Ornsay for the tide, and in the evening dashed through Kyle Rhea, passing a lugger with her sail torn and flying loose from the yard. A tremendous blast through the Kyle reduced us almost to bare poles. We rounded the beacon and hoped to bring up in Cailleach Bay, but the jib fouled and for once refused to roll up. Not even our two anchors with all our cable out would hold us in the squalls, which were terrific, and we dragged in the dark right across the loch until we at last pulled up at 10.30 at a cable's length from a rocky point. A heavy sea and rocky lee shore gave us an awesome night, which the skipper and mate spent playing picquet and trying to make the best of things, the bosun sleeping calmly through it all. When the dawn broke we were forty yards from a big reef off Aird Point, just east of Balmacara. The skipper hauled up what was left of the anchors: the right bower with thirty fathoms cable had parted at the shackle, the left bower head had parted company with the shaft. By the time the skipper had set foresail and mizzen, the dinghy astern was actually on the reef and the mate and bosun were rowing might and main, but gradually, with four yards to spare (the bosun actually taking one shove from the rock), we hauled off and reached across to a sheltered bay on the other side.

At Balmacara we picked up the vicar. He had been to Portree by the "swift steamer *Gael.*" At Oban he had spent the night in looking for a hotel—rather a needless search one would think in that town. He had met a honeymooning couple emerging from a hotel where they could not get a bed:

SANDY MACKINNON OF EIGG [*P.* 50.

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"What the Devil——" "Dear, so soon, and you promised me you would never swear again." "Oh, darling, don't you know they call the 'boots' devil, in Scotland?"

We replaced a lost anchor at Kyle Akin, wetting the bargain with whisky made "in the hills," and produced from under the mattress of a bed. Then we sailed with a fair wind past Longa, Scalpa and Loch Sligachan, up Raasay Sound, through the narrows and into Portree Harbour in the dark. Here we moored alongside the *Spray*. It had been a lovely day, and a delightful sail.

On Friday, August 25, with a baffling wind, we sailed in company with *Spray* through Rona Sound, were becalmed and tossed about in the swell of the inner sound, and finally made Loch Torridon at midnight, groping along and exploring every cove as well as we could, till we made out Loch Craig. In the morning we found we were in a lovely spot, a quaint fishing village called Kenmor close aboard. Later on we sailed up to the head of Loch Torridon, racing the *Spray*. The mate was sailing with Hinckley. When the *Blue Dragon* was towing her dinghy *Spray* went ahead, when we cut our dinghy adrift the *B. D.* was slightly the faster. *Spray* is rather longer and cutter rigged, with four tons of lead. Going to windward she naturally left the *Blue Dragon*, but with a fair wind the latter could quite hold her, and the possession of sweeps often got us ahead to an anchorage. The *Blue Dragon* was undoubtedly the more comfortable. She sailed on an almost even keel when the *Spray* was heeling over enough to make comfort an impossibility. Of course Hinckley was rarely below when sailing, and as he never berthed more than one or two, the heeling was no drawback.

On Sunday, August 27, we sailed at midday from Loch Craig, intending to land the vicar at Portree, whence he was to take the morning steamer south, having to officiate at the wedding of the skipper's sister on Tuesday. If we had been more used to the climatic conditions of the west coast, and its uncertainty, we should have started at least twenty-four hours earlier. As it was, we were becalmed in a fog all day and night, off South Rona Lighthouse. We had given up all hopes of catching the steamer, and the skipper was just

turning in, in despair, when a light breeze came from the north; we set topsail and spinnaker, and hoped to catch the steamer at Broadford. The air was light and at times died away altogether, also it was very thick; however, just off Broadford we heard the "paddles chunkin'" on our starboard quarter, and soon the *Gael* hove in sight, close enough for us to hail her that we had a passenger. She waited whilst the bosun launched the dinghy, bundled the vicar and his belongings on board, and rowed mightily to the pier. In the hurried launch the dinghy seat got adrift and was lost, but the vicar got south in time to officiate at the ceremony. Meanwhile the *Blue Dragon* was sailing right at the pier. The skipper went forward and lowered spinnaker, shouting to the mate to haul in the mainsheet, and run her into the wind. "I *am* hauling," replied the mate. "Haul harder," shouted the skipper, as we were close to the rocks. Bang went the boom! and then the skipper remembered that he had lashed the boom to the shrouds during the run! We fished the boom with the boat-hook and anchored off Broadford for the day.

August 29, we sailed for Loch Carron on a lovely morning and negotiated the difficult narrows to Strome Ferry, beating the *Spray* in the light breeze. At 8 p.m. we were rash enough to beat through the narrows in the darkness to Plockton.

It was very difficult to distinguish the many rocks and islets, and buoys and perches; but having bumped on a rock and banged into a perch the moment afterwards, we anchored in the middle of the bay. In the morning we realized the dangers, and found we were just off the funny old mud and stone town. The bosun went on board *Spray*, and the skipper and mate beat out of Loch Carron, hoping to make Rona Sound, but we eventually sailed through Caol Mhor (which is usually calm, but we got some heavy gusts), and anchored behind Scalpa in the dark. Here, in the morning, we made our first intimate acquaintance with a crofter's cottage. An old lady, Catherine Macdonald, gave us eggs and let the skipper sketch the interior of her cabin. The plan is very simple. A low wooden partition divides the single room into two. On one side is a bed, on the other a long wooden seat, and a hearth with peat

fire. The smoke comes out blue, through crevices in the heather and straw thatch, kept down by grass strings with stones attached. The bed is home-made, the roof open, with a few black beams across. The hens stroll in and out at pleasure, and the little highland cattle sniff about. It took us all the rest of the day to reach Portree, and we moored just after midnight. The highland games had taken place, and we watched the rockets reach a black canopy of cloud, above which they burst. As we rowed and drifted, the searchlight of a big yacht helped us in.

On September 1, we beat *Spray* to the little harbour of Acarsaid Mhor, in South Rona. We led the way in, and Hinckley followed us, sounding. Next morning we beat all day, and made eleven miles in as many hours. The skipper sketched the strange basaltic rocks (called the kilted rocks) of North Skye. We saw a big whale (our first). She was spouting close to us. Finally we put into Loch Staffin, and read accounts of the fearful currents and whirlpools of the North Minch. *Spray* put into Kilmaluag and sailed round the North of Skye for home, whilst we went on north. We sailed all next day, or rather drifted, at a knot an hour, reaching the Shiants at 11.30 p.m. The mate and bosun rowed 4,000 strokes, whilst the skipper towed in the dinghy. The sea was glassy, and we had long views of the outer isles and the rocks off the north of Skye.

Our anchorage was very weird, and we found in the morning that we were off a low isthmus joining two gigantic rocks, whilst a quarter of a mile to the north is the second Shiant, an inaccessible basalt plateau four hundred feet high, and about a quarter of a mile long. We landed on the isthmus with some difficulty, and found two old men (one a "dummy") with four women and children, the sole inhabitants of the group. One said "tobacco," and the skipper said "milk." Taking him on board the *Blue Dragon* in the dinghy (a risky passage, as he did not realize its tricky ways), we gave him a "dram" and some tobacco. The skipper and bosun went ashore with him, and he gave us some warm milk, all the morning milk of his cow, and a quantity of good potatoes. One woman could say "Fine day." The little girl was blue-

eyed and golden-haired but had "no English." We left these lonely people, whose further acquaintance we made later on, and sailed the sixteen miles to Stornoway in three hours, with spinnaker set. Here we made the acquaintance of Mrs. Macivor, whose son Angus drove the skipper and bosun to Callernish, to see the wonderful "standing stones." It is a desolate country that we drove through, bog and innumerable lakelets, and barren rocks. We passed a crowd of peasants, round a poor woman who had fainted, and offered her a lift to Stornoway, but no, she would trudge on barefoot to Carloway, twenty-five miles away. In the evening we had a long yarn with Mrs. Macivor, who took the skipper and bosun for brothers, and asked if we were farmers or clerks! Next morning we took Ella, and Angus, and Donald for a sail, out beyond the lighthouse; arranged with Mr. Æneas Mackenzie, the chief potentate, to lay up the *Blue Dragon* for the winter, in charge of a gamekeeper on Lady Mathieson's estate, and went home in the *Clansman*, Wednesday, September 6.

Thus ended a most delightful cruise in new and interesting waters, and amidst lovely scenery. Many people grumble at the Scotch climate. Our first experience of it gave us no cause for discontent: plenty of sunshine, lovely sunsets, unrivalled cloud effects, very few days of persistent rain. We had one severe blow which nearly shipwrecked us in Loch Alsh. Otherwise we suffered rather from calms than from too much wind. We bathed every morning, but often we started too late to make an anchorage before dark; and when we look back we consider that we were very lucky not to come to harm when entering dangerous places in the dark.

STANDING STONES OF CALLERNISH, LEWIS

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EASTER CRUISE, 1894

STORNOWAY—TANERA MHOR—ULLAPOOL—
GAIRLOCH—PORTREE

LIST, YE LANDSMEN

A lieutenant went sailing
  With Skipper and Mate;
But how unavailing
  To struggle with fate!
They kindly supplied him
  The smooth and the rough of it—
Two days satisfied him,
  And that was enough of it.

EASTER CRUISE, 1894

THE crew consisted of the skipper, mate, and bosun (George Lynam, vice M. R. Church who had gone to British Columbia).

On the railway journey to Greenock, April 5, the skipper fell a victim to a blob-nosed professor of the three card game, but the formidable appearance of the mate and bosun, and the threats of the indignant skipper, made the sharper refund in preference to be given in charge at Carlisle. On this cruise, the skipper took a "Frena" camera purchased at Glasgow. We sailed to Stornoway on the *Claymore*, and made the kindly accquaintance of dear old Captain MacKechnie, who had passed us when we were running into Stornoway last year, "carrying on awful," as the captain said. The bosun photographed the landing of highland bulls at Loch Nevis.

At Portree the skipper sketched the snow-clad Cuchullins. On arriving at Gairloch we left the steamer for a walk across the peninsula to Poolewe, getting a glimpse of Loch Maree. The inn, though unlicensed, provided some excellent bottled Bass. The skipper, having been asked by an antiquarian friend to get a Scotch handmill or *quern*, asked the landlady for one. She sent for a boy who produced a "corn" or sickle, to the mate's huge amusement.

At Stornoway we extracted from the hold of the *Claymore*, and launched, our new "James" collapsible boat, 9 ft. long. The old "Berthon," which had a double skin, and was intolerably heavy when the water (as often happened) got between the skins, we sold to Æneas Mackenzie. We found that the latter had well looked after the *Blue Dragon*. We had

brought with us two new stockless anchors, 32 lb. and 40 lb., obtained from the Columbia Liquid Fuel Company, I. of W. These anchors we have found very serviceable, except on a hard bottom, but they should always have a fair scope of chain.

On Tuesday, April 10, we set sail, but as a heavy sea was running, and the wind was ahead, we put back. Our idea was to sail round Cape Wrath, and to pick up a friend—Cousins—at Thurso. This, however, we failed to accomplish; for on setting sail next morning we were becalmed in the Minch, and then, getting a N.N.E. wind, we reached away to Poolewe. Another calm came on and a thunderstorm, with vivid lightning, and it was 3.30 a.m. next morning before we dropped anchor in Slaggan Bay. But we had gone too near in, and at 5 a.m. turned out on finding her bumping in the swell on the sand. It was only after carrying out a kedge and undressing, and shoving her with all our might that after an icy quarter of an hour we got her off. Though very tired we sailed right on to Loch Broom under two reefs, getting some hard squalls off Priest Island that laid her well over. After tacking amongst the many rocks and islets that stud the entrance to the loch, we anchored at last on the east side of Tanera Mhor. It blew a gale all night and we kept watch ready for emergencies. In the morning we made the acquaintance of George Maclean, the king of the island. At one time his large, tumble-down, haunted house was the centre of a considerable fish-curing industry; but now he works his croft and the lobsters, which he sends in large quantities to Billingsgate. The skipper sailed across to Achtil-abuie in Maclean's boat, an open lugger, ballasted with stones which shifted. The reef in the sail also blew out, and we had a thorough wetting. The skipper purchased in the little village a saucepan, here called a "goblet." He also wired to Cousins to meet us at Ullapool. Next morning the gale was still strong, and we failed in our attempt to beat up to Ullapool. Off Horse Island we got some nasty seas and heavy squalls, and so ran back under jib and mizzen. We visited the old burial-ground, which was used, as our host told us, when there were wild beasts as well as wild men on the

GEORGE MACLEAN [*P.* 58.
("King" of Summer Isles)

THE *BLUE DRAGON* [*P.* 58.

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mainland. There is a school kept by two young women who teach the few native children English. We saw a melancholy-looking man who, Maclean told us, had had a fever in the fishing and had walked over the hills home with the fever on him. Since that he had been "afflicted." His mania took the form of a passion for each school-mistress that occupied in succession the slate-roofed house near his croft. Complaints were made and two policemen were sent in disguise to capture him. They asked him to ferry them over, but on reaching the other side they jumped on him, but he shook them off and escaped to the hills for a week, after which they left him alone. He was a tall, splendidly-built man, and seemed all right but for his melancholy. We reached Ullapool at 8 that evening and found Cousins, whom we dubbed "Lieutenant." We sailed next day to little Loch Broom, hoping to see *Spray*, and on the 17th set sail rather late, anchoring off Ewe Island at 10 p.m. On the 18th we ran over to Ault Bea, and hove-to whilst the bosun and lieutenant went ashore, and then beat out of Poolewe. The sea was heavy and the lieutenant succumbed to the motion. Off Ru Rhea we got becalmed in the tide race. With all sail set we could only just hold her up against the flood tide, and the flopping sails, rolling boat, and banging boom, reduced the lieutenant to agonies. It was 3 a.m. before we anchored off Longa Island at the entrance to Gairloch.

The poor lieutenant had travelled from Rochester to Thurso, thence to Garve. From Garve he had driven forty miles to Ullapool in a mail cart, but after two days' sail he had had enough cruising, and after giving us a grand dinner and singing us songs at the hotel, he drove off thirty-five miles to Auchnasheen and thence trained south. After revisiting Loch Torridon, where we met *Spray*, we sailed on April 22 across the Inner Sound. With the fair wind we easily beat *Spray*, especially as the skipper, in the excitement of racing, disregarding the mate's warning voice, ran through a dangerous passage between the rocks north of Rona and the lighthouse. *Spray* kept a mile away, and we beat her into Portree by an hour. Here we left the *Blue Dragon* in charge of John Nicholson, after sailing across with Hinckley in *Spray* to

Pladda Harbour and back. We had a rough night in Portree, dragging our anchor on the hard bottom, but we pulled up not many yards from shore and took a line out to a mooring buoy. We went south by the *Gael* and the Highland railway from Strome Ferry.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1894

PORTREE—OBAN—TOBERMORY—ROUND MULL
—RUM—DUNVEGAN—PLOCKTON HARBOUR

EXHORTATION TO BATHE

(*Soliloquy.*)

The sun is high on the Scottish isles,
  And the tea is in the cup,
And the Mate and the Skipper, sleepy-eyed,
With a thundering splash go over the side—
  Get up, you brute, get up!
For that is the eight-o'clock August sun,
  And this is the old *B. D.*,
And to-day, they say, we mustn't delay
  To go over the sea, the sea.

The inferior race that lives on shore
  May lie, if they will, in their beds,
And groan as they think of their collars and ties,
And the shave that awaits them when they arise,
  And the hard hairbrush for their heads;
But that is a terror confined to the land,
  And this is the old *B. D.*,
So have done with your fun, you son of a gun,
  And go into the sea, the sea.

The cabin roof is dewy and cold,
  And the wind whips round the legs;
And there isn't a ladder to climb in by,
And you mustn't go into the cabin to dry,
  For fear of spoiling the eggs.
But that is enough of these craven fears
  (For this is the old *B. D.*),
So now, I vow, by the bow I will ——ow!
  I am into the sea, the sea.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1894

THE skipper and cabin-boy (Eric Leggett) arrived at Portree on July 25, just before midnight, *via* the *Clansman*. We sailed on Thursday 26, reaching Kyle Akin in the dark. Failing to get through the narrows against the tide, we anchored close to the rocks off the lighthouse; and next morning sailed to Balmacara, where the skipper found his sister, who was staying with Lady Douglas. We took the party for a sail up Loch Duich, and pottered about till Sunday morning, when, in company with *Spray*, we sailed and drifted as far as Glenelg, almost colliding with *Spray* in the eddies. The cabin-boy sailed the *Blue Dragon*, as the skipper was seedy. On Monday 30 we made Loch Nevis and anchored off Scottis, the weather continuing very fine and calm, with light, variable airs.

On Tuesday we only made three miles, and anchored in Maleg Beg; but next morning, with a nice N.E. breeze, we raced *Spray* to Ardnamurchan. But the breeze had by this time worked round, and we had a long tossing in the swell close to the point, and it was midnight before we reached Tobermory. On Thursday, August 2, we had a grand run with spinnaker and topsail set, both of which we had to take in on reaching the race off Lismore, which was in fine form. We anchored at Oban, off the south quay, at 4.30 p.m. During this cruise from Portree, the cabin-boy had proved himself a thorough sailor, and had been most useful. He rowed the skipper across the bay in the dinghy, in a nasty sea, on August 3, and brought the mate (H. Vassall) on board in Munro's boat, towing the dinghy.

Saturday, August 4.—Got mop, cotton waste, air cushion (skipper's fad). Wind E.S.E., sailed with wind on quarter round Lismore Light, the race was somewhat turbulent, we

hugged the north of the channel and so escaped the worst of it, though it seemed as though we should get carried on to the rocks off the lighthouse. Then set spinnaker and ran before it to Loch Corrie, reaching the entrance a hundred yards ahead of *Spray*, whose 'hand' was of course at the helm (he always was when we beat her). A pleasant stroll by a swollen torrent in the evening.

Sunday, 5.—Started with intention of going round north of Lismore Island and by the east of it to Oban. Very flukey wind inside Loch Corrie, but when outside we found it blowing hard from the south, with a nasty short sea. *Spray* stayed in the loch. Just as we were nearing north end of Lismore, sailing gunwale under, our two most recent purchases, skipper's fad and mate's mop, were washed overboard. Lowered mainsail and ran for Shuna Sound, took down two reefs. Tea in Shuna Sound. Then ran for Ballachulish. Heavy rain and strong S.S.W. wind all day.

Monday, 6.—Not the best of days. Mate went by 10 a.m. steamer to Oban to meet and bring back the doctor. Went ashore in afternoon with intention of getting provisions; however, having walked about six miles to P.O. we found that neither of us had any money, so had to return empty-handed. Then we thought we'd go for a sail, took down a reef and prepared to start, but the anchor refused to leave the bottom (notwithstanding the fifteen elephant-power applied), so we decided that it was foul, and left it for the mate, who turned up with the doctor. (Mate brought up anchor, weed, and a large boulder next morning.)

(*Log continued by Medical Officer.*)

Tuesday, 7.—Skipper, medical officer (M.O.), and K.B. drove to Glencoe. Found a good many Macdonalds, who had survived the massacre and retained a taste for "bawbees."

Ruined cottages, chieftain's house, rather unimposing; signal rock more so. Driver gave information, said he had seen three eagles in the pass the previous day, but failed to produce one when requested.

Very rainy. Started in afternoon for Fort William. Did not get there because, although there was a breeze at first, it

soon dropped. However, we sped up Loch Linnhe under full sail, making about ·0001 knot per hour. After sailing eight hours at this terrible pace we found it was nearly 11 p.m. We had made ·0008 of a mile. We decided, however, to forego this advantage, and drifted back again with the tide to a little behind Corran Lighthouse. Here the skipper anchored with some skill, and we made ourselves more or less comfortable for the night. K. B. had a falsetto nightmare. M. O. was not happy. It was his first experience of a night on the *Blue Dragon* and the conditions were unfavourable; it rained steadily for more than twelve hours. The odours of paraffin oil and methylated spirit pervaded the confined atmosphere. In the morning it still rained.

(*K. B. continues narrative.*)

Wednesday, *August* 8.—Fair breeze aft, set spinnaker, sailed up Lochaber past Fort William; gybed and ran to Corpach, entrance of Caledonian canal, rain all afternoon. In the evening doctor, skipper, mate walked up to Banavie Hotel and saw Jacob's Ladder or Neptune's Staircase, the nine lochs forming entrance to canal. I stopped on board and washed up (first time this cruise); bent burgee, did general monkeying. Happened to look up and saw to my astonishment a light right above me. A huge passenger-steamer just caught sight of *Blue Dragon* in time to clear her. Some one on board sang out "Where's your light?" I, thinking he said "Good-night," replied affably "Good-night," at which he repeated his inquiry with emotion. So I promptly hung out riding-light.

Thursday, 9.—Quite a nice morning. Doctor came aboard early, and we set sail with decent breeze from the north. Opposite Fort William we hove to, skipper rowed ashore in "James" (which he nearly capsized getting into), came back with salmon, bread, butter, cake, scones, shortbread, melons, greengages, kippers and beer. Back again to Ballachulish, breeze strong, dead aft, set topsail and "busted" through narrows against tide. This, it says in sailing directions, should on no account be tried by sailing-boats. Into Loch Leven—

went a short distance down, then beat back again to old anchorage near steam yacht *Aline*. Heavy rain in evening.

Friday, 10.—Fine morning, wind N.N.W. Doctor and mate took steamer for Oban. Skipper and I set sail for same place about noon. We had a splendid breeze, squally. Ran into Shuna Sound for an interval for tea. Then started off again with one reef down, "busted" over bar in fine style, seeing bottom just underneath us. Past Fort Appin and neighbouring rocks at a rare pace; brought up at Oban at 6.30, to the great surprise of doctor and mate, who did not expect us till next morning and had missed a glorious sail.

Saturday, 11.—Doctor and mate went off by steamer to Iona and Staffa.

Sunday, 12.—Skipper had to turn out at 2.30 a.m., for we were bumping against *Spray's* bowsprit. Skipper very "shirty" at being disturbed; second anchor let go. Blowing hard all day, nasty cross sea in the bay and back-send from pier. So we took down a reef and had a fine sail across to Ardentrive Bay, where we lay quiet under lee of Kerrera Island. In getting off the mate found anchor hard to get, and when with skipper's additional help (twenty-five elephant-power in all) it was got up, they found it was foul of *Spray's* anchor, a 40 lb. Trotman. Both anchors being up, the yachts bumped together, and with some difficulty and much skill we were extricated from the mess, just touching the shore. We were very snug in Ardentrive Bay, notwithstanding the squalls, which were *terrific*.

Monday, 13.—Mate and skipper went ashore to see doctor off. Meanwhile my cooking operations were disturbed by the *Blue Dragon* bumping into a white boat. Got kedge out and took it to s.s. *Bohemia*, and hauled off. In middle of breakfast *Bohemia* said he was going farther out of the crowd; so we asked them to tow us too. Off we went in grand style; but when they had gone far enough they dropped anchor and went slowly astern to pay out cable. Then of course we collided and nearly squashed their dinghy, and our hawser got foul of their propeller; by cautious reversing they got it off, cut in four places, and we finally settled down to a cold breakfast.

BEN NEVIS FROM CAMUSNAGAUL [*P.* 66.

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Strong S.E. wind, heavy sea, wet sail through Lismore Race, anchored in Scallasdale Bay, dragged anchor; made snug anchorage in Loch Aline.

Wednesday, 15.—Tried to thrash up the sound against a strong gale from N.W. and heavy, short seas. After six hours of it ran back with two schooners to Loch Aline. *Spray* managed to get to Tobermory, but carried away the block of her mainsheet. Large waterfall coming over top of cliff went upwards instead of down, blown clean away like a big cloud of smoke by the gale.

Thursday, 16.—K. B. at the helm for six hours: beating up the sound. Strong wind and heavy sea, two reefs in mainsail. After spending a day at Tobermory to recruit, we sailed for Loch Sunart, went across Sound of Mull very fast, with nice beam wind (still northerly), went through a passage so narrow that Fry could have jumped it. Bumped hard on a rock unmarked on chart, carried away centre-plate chain, reached Salen, and with difficulty got plate up. K. B. spliced rope for chain, and mate, with much toil, took top off centre-plate box, damages repaired. Sailed back to Tobermory. K. B. taking a course of detective literature, encouraged by the mate.

The log is now getting too long, so we must summarise subsequent events. *Tuesday*, *August* 21. Chaplain turned up at Tobermory. Went to Kilchoan on north shore of sound, just under Ardnamurchan Point, lovely weather. *Wednesday*, *August* 22. Grand sail to Staffa, topsail and spinnaker, on to Sound of Iona. Thence inside Torran rocks, sailed all night, light airs at times, sometimes stronger. Anchored in morning (*Thursday*, *August* 23) at Carsaig. *Friday*, *August* 24. Calm and light airs to Loch Buy, nice breeze on to (*Saturday*, 25) Oban. Just a week circumnavigating Mull. Up Sound of Mull once more to (*Monday*, 27) Tobermory; heavy sea off Ardnamurchan, passed (*Tuesday*, 28) *Claymore*, Eigg; saw wreck of *Glenelg*. Made L. Scresort in Rum (*Wednesday*, 29), got large supply of lobsters, saw a huge stag strolling about on shore; (*Thursday*, 30) chaplain left by steamer *Staffa*. Under two reefs sailed for L. Bracadaile, anchored in L. Harport, took ground. K. B.

rolled out of bunk midst wreckage of stove, plates, bottles, etc. Next day (*Friday*, 31) eight hours' dead beat to Camus Ban; anchored, but found we were surrounded by dangerous reefs at low water, so had to put off at midnight, dead beat, to (*Saturday*, *September* 1) Dunvegan Head; got almost across to Harris, moored off Dunvegan Castle; fresh supply of lobsters.

Sunday, *September* 2.—Strong breeze, sailed from Dunvegan to L. Eynort, comfortable anchorage, reprobated in Sailing Directions. *Monday*, 3. Across to Rum. *Tuesday*, 4. K. B. departed for England *via* Oban, in *Staffa*. Skipper and mate, with strong N. wind, sailed across and up Sound of Sleat to L. Nevis. Anchored off Scottis (*Wednesday*, 5), up Loch Hourn (*Thursday*, 6), two reefs down off Isle Oronsay, after anxiously passing Rock Ulibhe, whose perch had been carried away. Up to Glenelg, beat with tide through Kyle Rhea, passing a labouring old schooner and three wrecks. Anchored off Balmacara, on (*Friday*, 7) through Kyle Akin. Beating through the narrows we shipped some heavy seas and had to run the gauntlet of three schooners and two steamers, all coming through the narrows together. Saw a large whale spouting close to us. Anchored in Plockton Harbour, where we entrusted the *Blue Dragon* to Donald Mathieson, Esq., J.P., and returned to England by Highland Railway, Saturday, 8th of September.

[During the EASTER CRUISE, 1895, the skipper, mate, and quarter-master (G. L.), sailed the ship from Plockton, Loch Carron, to Gourock. We hoped to round the Mull of Cantire, but the weather was very stormy, and we only got as far down the Sound of Jura as East Loch Tarbert, out of which we had an exciting beat in a heavy sea, only just clearing a big rock in the entrance. We had, too, one very bad night in Loch Alsh at anchor off Glas Eilean. The dinghy was swamped and we lost the sculls. The mate and quarter-master towed her through the Crinan canal. One of the incidents of the cruise was that whilst collapsing the dinghy in Tarbert, L. Fyne, the mate fell overboard, with it on the top of him, and was with much difficulty hauled out by the skipper and quarter-master. On this voyage we were somewhat pestered by live stock, which must have found their way on board when she lay on the mud at Plockton. Several gigantic sea-lice were captured and slain by the mate, whilst the quarter-master spent the night watches in massacring huge fleas. The *Blue Dragon* leaked rather badly, and the odour of marine glue constantly pervaded the cabin. We finally left her in the hands of Banner at Gourock.]

SUMMER CRUISE, 1895

ROUND MULL OF GALLOWAY TO ISLE OF MAN AND BACK TO GOUROCK

TO E. L.

Will you read this little rhyme,
Our K. B. of olden time,
There in India's sunny clime?
(Exiled, alas!)
Still we sail the old *B. D.*,
Still we bend the old burgee,
Though we ship a new K. B.
(Who is an ass.)
While the hathi's piling teak,
While the dreary punkahs creak,
Can you hear your shipmates speak?
(Isn't this rot?)
Can you hear your shipmates say,
"Come you back from Mandalay,
Come you back to Oban Bay"?
(Probably not.)

ERIC LEGGETT, THE FIRST CABIN-BOY [P. 70.

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SUMMER CRUISE, 1895

THE skipper, mate, and cabin-boy (Eric Leggett) made a start from Gourock on August 3. Banner had given the *Blue Dragon* a new mast and painted her cabin white inside. Beating against a southerly wind and some rain we made Rothesay, where the mate instituted what we called a "kidder crawl," *i.e.* a visit to every shop to collect kidneys. The skipper had a bad attack of *migraine*, and the mate and cabin-boy sailed her to Millport in Great Cumbrae.

On Monday 5, we were becalmed off Horse Island, north of Ardrossan, and then drifted inside the rocks. Just before entering the harbour we were taken for a pilot-boat by the *Gran Antilla* of Barcelona, whose master was somewhat annoyed when he found we were not prepared to pilot him up the Clyde. The cabin-boy sowed the skipper's bunk with melon seeds, which the skipper deeply resented. After passing a night at Girvan we sailed merrily past Ailsa Craig and into Loch Ryan in the after-glow of a lovely sunset.

Next morning we ran out of the loch, but made no progress off Carswall Point against the strong ebb tide. At last, by the light of a dim moon, we stowed our sails in the inner harbour of Port Patrick at midnight. No man was to be seen, and it was weird work making the harbour, as the tide sets hard across the mouth, and the pier is ruined and dangerous. We visited the old castle of Dunskey and the curious round church tower.

On Saturday, August 10, we made an early start for the Mull of Galloway; but a heavy thunderstorm coming on and the wind getting fresh, we had to make Port Logan after eleven and a half hours' sailing. The mate, when pumping, squirted the cabin-boy with the bilge water. Next morning we got within ten miles of the Isle of Man, but it came on

thick and stormy, so we ran back and put the *Blue Dragon* on her legs in the sand. Here we spent a couple of days allowing the weather to mend. We visited the Fishpond into which the fish come and cannot get out. We watched them being fed by an attendant. We heard about the wreck of the *Oswald* on this dangerous coast on December 22, 1894. Twenty-two lives were lost, and one body lashed to a beam was washed up. The body had no legs.

On Tuesday 13, after a stormy sail, we made Ramsey and tried to enter the harbour, but the tide left us high and dry just inside the entrance, and it was not till 1 a.m. that we moored alongside the *Neptune* yacht; but the skipper's assertion that we were in a capital berth was soon falsified. For, having turned in at 2 a.m. we were roused at 5 by the exit of the whole fishing-fleet, which warped out past us and bumped against us, and the fishermen jumped about on our decks. When, finally, a big three-masted schooner came banging up against us, we set jib and mizzen and ran down to the promenade pier, where we anchored and turned in.

At noon on the 14th we sailed for Douglas, where we anchored, after three hours' sailing, alongside the *Petrel*, with Banner on board.

We duly visited Onchan Vicarage and entertained the doctor and A. E. L. on board the *Blue Dragon*. We spent a few days at Douglas, doing a bazaar, the Palace, etc.

On Monday 19 we sailed the whole Onchan party to Derby Haven. There were eleven of us in all, a record number—skipper, mate, doctor, G. L., A. E. L., A. A. M., vicar, Miss L., Mrs. K., Christian, and cabin-boy.

On returning to Douglas there was a great fore-gathering of the Lynam clan at the Onchan Vicarage, followed by a dance at the Palace. After visiting Laxey and climbing Snaefell, and adding considerably to A. A. M.'s historic work on R. I. H. D. (dedicated to the mate), we sailed through the Calf Sound to Port Erin and thence to Peel. (N. B.—This portion of the log was kept by A. A. M., who describes nightmares, cookery, altercations and incidents in language witty but scarcely recordable.)

It was not till September 4 that the skipper and mate

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL, LANGNESS, ISLE OF MAN [P. 72.

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sailed, with M. L. and J. L. as passengers, from Peel to Ramsey. All the intervening days had been pleasantly occupied with visits to Douglas, and short sails from Peel.

After sailing round to Laxey and narrowly escaping disaster, having anchored too near a lee shore, the mate went back to England by steamer.

On September 12 the skipper and vicar sailed once more for Scotland. At 9 p.m., after a forty-mile sail, we anchored in pitchy darkness in Port Whithorn, Wigton Bay. Here we heard the result of the America Cup racing and the defeat of *Valkyrie*.

Next morning we set sail at 7 a.m., anchored in Drummore Bay at 1 p.m. to wait for the tide round the Mull of Galloway. Here we were becalmed and had to keep a sharp look-out to avoid steamers. Finally, we dropped anchor in Port Logan at 2 a.m.

After six hours' rest while the tide ran south, we sailed on all day. In the evening there was a very angry-looking sunset, and the glass was falling rapidly, and we were glad to anchor at 2 a.m. in the south entrance to Lamlash Harbour. The night was close and dark, and there was a heavy swell with but little wind: the glass still falling.

The storm did not burst till Wednesday morning, when we were moored off Brodick Bay, Arran. And then it came with a vengeance. Heavy squalls off-shore, spray and spindrift whirling around us: then adventures began. The vicar, seeing the dinghy bumping against a small mooring-buoy, altered the length of the painter, and secured it by a peculiar knot, known as a "granny." Soon the skipper espied the dinghy on the horizon, flopping about broadside on. It was blowing so hard that the skipper could not weigh anchor, but an Italian, Latona, who lived in an old hulk on shore, came off with a youth in a boat, and with their help we got up anchor, set foresail, and went after the dinghy. The spindrift was caught up and whirled in great wreaths in the air, and the sun glinting on it made curious rainbows. At length we secured the dinghy, set the peak of mainsail, jaws lashed down to boom, and made for the north end of the bay, towing the two boats. The dinghy soon filled and collapsed,

her main thwart floating away, but we dragged her along till we got under the lee of the land, and then got her aboard, and anchored. Latona went off in his dinghy; but in a few minutes we got such blasts from Goat Fell, that the *Blue Dragon* began to drag. The skipper paid out thirty fathoms, but still we drifted. Our efforts to get the anchor up were for some time unavailing, but in a momentary lull, with a most awful sweat, we finally heaved her short. It was no use trying to beat back, so we set foresail and ran for Little Cumbrae. It was blowing a gale and the seas were very bad between Arran and Cumbrae. On the crest of one huge curler I could hardly keep her from broaching-to, and a huge green one poured over us. The vicar saw nothing but water above and below him, and thought we were going to the bottom, but the brave little yacht righted nobly. Just off the south end of the island the foresail was carried away, but we managed to run in close round the Castle Rock and were glad to find port after such stormy seas. Next day was glorious, and we sailed up to Gourock and left the ship in charge of Robert Banner, September 16.

CHRISTMAS CRUISE, 1895-6

SINGLE-HANDED

GOUROCK—ETTERICK BAY—EAST LOCH TARBERT AND BACK TO GOUROCK

THE SOLITARY

(*With apologies to W. S. Gilbert.*)

"O I am the skipper and bosun bold
And the mate of the yawl *B. D.*,
And the steward, too, and the dinghy's crew,
Log-writer and cook and K. B."

CHRISTMAS CRUISE, 1895–6

SINGLE-HANDED

I SET sail on December 26, 1895, from Gourock, at 5.30 p.m., with a light, south-westerly air. Sidelights were lit up, and the traffic had to be dodged. There was a dim moon, and at 10 p.m. I anchored close to Wemyss Bay Pier. Saturday morning was dark and dull. Wind S.E. and glass down. I proposed to make Millport, and set sail at 9 a.m., but soon it began to blow hard, with blinding snow, and the land disappeared. So I ran to leeward and made a lucky shot for the Black buoy off Bogany Point. I was frozen and exhausted, and anchored by Rothesay Pier in two fathoms, made snug, changed wet garments, and was cooking grub, when a hoarse voice shouted, "You must move, you are right in the fairway." I went ashore in dinghy to palaver, but the crusty harbour-master would not tell me where to moor, except off to the west side of the bay, which I knew was very exposed, so I determined to go into the inner harbour, and there moored stem and stern, with legs out, alongside a steam collier.

On Sunday, having a heavy cold, I went to a hotel and, as it rained incessantly, stayed there till Tuesday morning, when, my cold being better, I set sail with a light wind after rowing out of the harbour. For a long time I was becalmed off Ardbeg, so put into Kames Bay. I walked to Etterick Bay on the West Kyle. From one of the fishermen I heard of the fate of Captain Fitzroy, who sailed single-handed across the Atlantic, only to be blown from his moorings in Loch Ranza and totally wrecked on the south end of Bute.

New Year's Day, 1896.—The morning was fine, and the filmy mist on the hills looked soft and lovely. I had got an iron yoke for steering from forward or in the cabin made at

Port Bannatyne, and found it very useful. The tide carried me through the East Kyle past Burntisland, but I was becalmed off the Buttock of Bute and sketched two wrecked smacks. Finally I anchored behind Eillean Dubh at the entrance to the beautiful Loch Riddon. Thursday and Friday were nice bright days with light airs. I anchored off Tighnabruaich and off Carry Point. On Saturday morning it was blowing on shore, and I had some difficulty in getting the anchor and clearing the land. I ran up to Tighnabruaich to send a telegram and then made for Loch Ranza, but as it was a dead head wind and I was tired, I anchored in Etterick Bay, in a bad berth close to the MacNeill Rock. A lovely star-lit night.

Sunday, January 5.—A cold rain fog lay over the sea, and was not very inviting; but I sailed away from lonely Port Etterick, having seen no living thing save only birds and a lame black dog. I sailed round Ardlamont Point and past the Skate Islands and beat into East Loch Tarbert, anchoring by the fishing-fleet. All the inhabitants were in church. After tea I also went to church, and heard a bold minister declare that, "There is more true Christian gentleness in St. Theresa's little finger than in the whole body of John Knox." A young fisherman with whom I discussed many things came on board and looked at my sketches. He recognized one of them as the *Margaret Mitchell*, in which he had been wrecked off Horse Island at the entrance to Ardrossan. My supper as usual this cruise was bread and milk.

Next morning I sailed with the fishing-fleet, hoping to make Loch Ranza, but it fell calm and I only managed to anchor rather late, east of Inch Marnock. About midnight I was visited by a drunken fisherman who banged into the dinghy, and was only prevented from boarding the *Blue Dragon* by my fierce appearance with an axe. After some colloquy and a drink he went away swearing eternal friendship, and that he would fetch me to breakfast with him at the farm in the morning. Tuesday, January 7, was glorious—wonderful orange and golden lights on the mountains, fleecy clouds lying on their slopes tinged with gorgeous colours, the rugged purple outline

LOCH ETIVE

SUMMER CRUISE, 1896

OBAN—TOBERMORY—EIGG—SKYE—GAIRLOCH —SUMMER ISLES—ROUND SKYE— CANNA—OBAN

APOLOGIA

Read this log; it is your duty;
Things of beauty
Are a joy,
Though recorded in the tongue
Of a young
Cabin-boy.

Read this log; 'twill prove a pleasure;
Always treasure
Words of truth;
If it seems to have no sense,
No offence;
Pardon youth!

Emulate at least the Skipper—
Cook your kipper,
Sail your ship,
Be a Skipper—but I plead,
While you read
Do not skip.

of Arran, and the curious weathered rocks of Bute, the brown woods on Inch Marnock and the white sands of St. Ninian formed a perfect picture. With calms and light nor'westerly airs I sailed round the south of Bute, and it was getting dark when I was off Innellan, so I lay in a disturbed anchorage off Dunoon pier, and the next day left her at Gourock and went south. On the whole I was very well pleased with my single-handed cruise, though the snow and rain of the first three days were almost enough to choke one off!

EASTER CRUISE, 1896

GOUROCK—ROUND THE MULL OF CANTYRE—OBAN

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

On the cabin-roof I lie
Gazing into vacancy.
Make no noise and break no jest,
I am peaceful and at rest.

Somewhere back in days gone by
I did something—was it I?
Do not ask: I have forgot
Whether it was I or not.

Sometime I may have to do
Something else; but so may you.
Do not argue, but admit
That we need not think of it.

Thought has ever been my foe;
That is so. Yes. That is so.
On the cabin-roof I lie
Gazing into vacancy.

MATE
(H.V.)

SKIPPER
(C.C.L.)

STEWARD
(A.A.M.)

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EASTER CRUISE, 1896

Thursday, April 2.—Skipper and steward (A. A. M.) reached Gourock at 4 p.m., having hailed the *Blue Dragon* from the train, and were conveyed by cab to Banner's yard and luggage placed on board. Supper at the Royal Hotel; after supper a stroll and a visit to the Institute billiard-room. At 10 p.m. once again on the *Blue Dragon*, and an hour and a half spent in stowing groceries. Sleep and rest welcome at 11.30.

Good Friday, April 3.—A Good Friday indeed! Awoken at 8 by Banner, steward went ashore to buy methylated spirits. Skipper spent the morning in making purchases, and steward in washing up and stowing. After lunch at 1, a start was made at 1.50, the afternoon being sunny and the wind N.N.W. One board was made to the north of Clyde, to clear Cloch Point, the wind then being fair till we reached Millport in Cumbrae, which we approached from the west. The weather was glorious with sun and a strong breeze. Afternoon tea was taken as we sailed, which is only noteworthy because the kettle took thirty-five minutes to boil. We reached Millport at 5, and went ashore: postcards having been dispatched, and haddocks, bananas, and linoleum purchased, we returned, the skipper to row across the bay and climb a neighbouring hill for exercise, the steward to clean frying-pans. A blood-red sunset, tingeing Goat Fell, inspired us with hope for the following day. A hearty haddock supper was then made, bed at 11.30.

Saturday, April 4.—Breakfast at 8—a cold, cheerless, grey morning, happily without rain: the skipper went shopping, steward remaining on board. A start was made at 12—wind west and fresh. The sea, though not very rough, combined with feline odours in the cabin (a cat had evidently strolled on board) caused the steward's stomach to revolt against

him—to put it plainly he was seasick for the first time in twenty-two years. Severe squalls encountered off Goat Fell. Reached Brodick Bay, Arran, at 3, anchoring at first too close to the shore, but after much vain rolling and unrolling of the jib on the steward's part, a suitable anchorage was found. A hearty lunch and a pleasant stroll through Brodick, during which the skipper had a chat with an old friend, Signor Latona, sketched Goat Fell (see above) and was carried on the steward's back over a stream. Eggs were bought from Signora Latona, and after tea the skipper took a hundred points off steward at piquet. After a curious sunset supper was made off eggs, our equilibrium being a little disturbed by an inexplicable roll.

Easter Sunday, April 5.—The skipper having spent a sleepless night, discovered in the morning symptoms of *migraine*, and decided to spend the day in bed. The steward having breakfasted went to church (in the spirit) and then climbed Goat Fell. The skipper was very seedy all day and did not leave the cabin.

Easter Monday, April 6.—Although the skipper had not yet recovered, it was decided to make for Lamlash, and a start was made at 11. With the wind due west, two reefs in the mainsail, and no mizzen, the northern point of Lamlash Bay was soon reached, but the short distance between that point and the new pier, to reach which several tacks were necessary, took a longer time. The steward then cleaned the cabin windows. Owing to the skipper's continued indisposition a proposal to lunch ashore was adopted. At the Ship Hotel an admirable lunch was provided, to which the skipper unfortunately failed to do justice. A postcard having been dispatched to the mate, a mild stroll was indulged in, and a few necessaries having been purchased, including a pound of bad butter, the *Blue Dragon* was re-entered. While the skipper sought repose, the steward amused himself by perpetrating a sketch. Some little anxiety was felt owing to the insubordinate behaviour of the riding-light.

Tuesday, April 7.—Breakfast at 10; a cold, rainy morning which decided us not to put out, so the morning was spent in

sleep, reading and piquet. After lunch a stroll was taken ashore towards Lagg—not without incident, as the steward was attacked by a ferocious sheep-dog, and five straying Highland cattle caused considerable alarm. Tea at the "Ship" off delicious scones and marmalade, with a modest stranger. After sending a couple of wires, we returned to the *Blue Dragon*, and a short sail was then made down the South Sound. The wind suddenly dropping, and suddenly freshening up, we returned to our old anchorage. As there seemed every probability of a very squally night, a second anchor was lowered. Supper at 8, piquet till 10.30, and then to bed.

Wednesday, April 8.—After breakfast at 9, the skipper went ashore to get water at the Bank of Scotland, and the steward washed up. It was a bright morning, and we started at 10.30, hoping to reach Campbeltown. With a S.W. wind we went on the starboard tack two miles S.E. of Pladda, getting a fine view of Ailsa Craig. We then put about, heading for Campbeltown, but just off Pladda the wind fell light, and the tide turned against us, so we anchored at N.E. end of island. We then lunched and afterwards took a stroll on the curious flat little island. Skipper photoed the steward with the lighthouse as background, and the steward photoed the lighthouse with the skipper as foreground. The skipper then made a beautiful sketch. On the return journey we were instructed to change our anchorage, which was done by the skipper towing in the dinghy, and the steward steering. At tea-time we discovered to our horror that bread was running short, and as there was no possibility of our obtaining more till Campbeltown was reached, and as that contingency seemed highly problematic, it was unanimously decided to place ourselves on short rations, and the skipper and steward kept a jealous eye on each other's mouthfuls. After tea the steward lost heavily to the skipper at piquet, 777 points. Whilst the steward was preparing the hare soup for supper, the skipper went ashore and bought eggs, and was presented with six lusty saithe by the lighthouse people. The evening being fine, the skipper sat on deck in a rug, and smoked his pipe. We were a little disturbed by a roll, caused, no doubt, by the race south of Pladda; as the evening proceeded the

roll increased, and made the cabin a revolving Hades. Sleep, however, speedily seized the steward, though it was but fitful, and full of many nightmares; whilst the poor skipper remained awake for many hours, at last to be soothed to rest by an entrancing dream.

Thursday, April 9.—After this bad night, we both awoke in an irritable state of mind; the skipper, anxious to start early to catch the ebb-tide, insisted on breakfast at 8. A hurried meal was bolted, and a start was made at 9 under two reefs and foresail only, the wind being S.S.W. In the race south of Pladda heavy seas were encountered. The weather was beautifully bright, and the skipper in his new wading breeches, and the steward in oilies, thoroughly enjoyed the sail. After 5½ hours we reached Campbeltown and anchored off the pier. We then indulged in a large lunch and a siesta, tired out with want of sleep and the long sail. The post office was then visited, and a bundle of letters read and answered by the skipper; purchases were made, and we returned to the *Blue Dragon*. After tea piquet was played whilst a storm of rain raged outside, and for supper the skipper insisted on personally cooking some haddock, which to the steward's astonishment proved excellent. Bed at 10.30.

Friday, April 10.—Skipper cooked the breakfast while steward lay in bed. After breakfast, whilst the skipper painted a picture, the steward did a gigantic wash-up. After shopping in Campbeltown we lunched, and then the skipper went off to meet the mate, who arrived by steamer from Gourock at 3. After tea more shopping was done, and the mate and steward rowed the purchases back in a regular hurricane, the latter getting wet through in his endeavour to recross the harbour to fetch the skipper. This attempt he was compelled to abandon through stress of weather, and subsequently the skipper was brought back by the mate. Then followed a complete overhauling of the *Blue Dragon* by the mate. Whisky, shortbread and conversation carried us on late into the night, which, though cheerful within, was hideous with rain and wind without.

Saturday, April 11.—A day of slackness! Owing to con-

trary winds and intermittent storms, it was decided to abide in our safe anchorage at Campbeltown. After a gusty night, we breakfasted late, and spent the morning in reading and piquet. After lunch the skipper went ashore to show a sickly finger to a doctor, and make purchases, but the mate and steward did not leave the ship the whole day.

Sunday, April 12.—Another day of enforced idleness. Bright but cold weather interspersed with most violent storms of rain and hail decided us to remain in our snug anchorage at Campbeltown. Again the mate and steward did not leave the ship, but the skipper sallied boldly forth, and according to his own account performed a fine "five-miler" walk in the afternoon. Thus the day was merely a repetition of the day before—reading, sleeping, piquet and meals. Verily, as the mate remarked, "we did not come to Scotland for exercise!" An act of magnanimous self-sacrifice on the skipper's part is worthy of note—he cooked and washed up a sumptuous lunch all by himself, for which he was rewarded by a vote of thanks, proposed by the mate and seconded by the steward and carried *nem. con.*

Monday, April 13.—After breakfast the skipper and mate went shopping in Campbeltown. A start was made at 12 with a beam wind. The centre-plate touched Blindman Rock at high tide, but no damage was done. We anchored in Carskey Bay.

Tuesday, April 14.—In the night, wind blew on shore from S.E. and unpleasantness increased. The mate and skipper could not sleep, but the steward managed to sleep through it all. In the morning it was blowing fresh from the east, and after a hurried breakfast (for which the skipper had no appetite) we started under jib and double-reefed mainsail for the Mull. Gybed the boom over to starboard off Deas Point. *Ethel* ss. passed us. Then we entered the heaviest tide-race and sea that the *Blue Dragon* has ever encountered; three great green seas swept us from stem to stern, flooded the well, and crashed off the mate into the cabin, in which the steward was reclining. The waves towered above the mast and took all the wind out of her sails, but we managed to keep her head on to the waves, and at last the mate spied smoother water

ahead : but several times it looked as though we might carry away mast and bowsprit and even the cabin top. When we reached the Mull lighthouse the worst was over, and with a beam wind, setting mizzen and foresail, we reached up the coast. Thick mist and some rain. Saw the gleaming sands of Machrihanish Bay. Passed a fishing lugger, steered by compass for Gigha ; and then it brightened, the wind backed to N.E., and we made a board in shore. Then it backed still more to the north and fell light, so we shook out the reefs, and at 7.30, after making short boards up the Gigha rocks past Cara and Gigulum rocks, we anchored inside Gigulum, having sailed for ten hours from Carskey. The skipper, after getting through the race, succumbed to a genuine attack of *mal-de-mer*, which had been coming on ever since the night at anchor at Carskey and the horrible roll : however, he revived enough to tackle a small biscuit and cheese for lunch, and a cup of tea provided by the steward completely restored him.

We turned "Nebuchad." on in the evening and warmed the cabin ; we were anchored in a rock-enclosed basin, alongside the *Lavinia* (schooner) and *Wallace* (puffer), in a snug berth into which the mate ably piloted us. Ox-tail soup, which the steward was "off," and every prospect of a much-needed comfortable night. Thus the *Blue Dragon* successfully rounded the dreaded Mull of Cantyre, just after three days' gale, in its most perturbed condition.

Wednesday, April 15.—A glorious sunny morning found the schooner and puffer gone before the crew of the *Blue Dragon* had arisen. A late breakfast was followed by much drying of clothing saturated by the stormy waters off the Mull. We weighed anchor at 12 and were skilfully piloted by the mate through the dangerous rocks in Gigha Sound. With a S.S.E. wind—at first light, but sufficient to produce a gybe which nearly swept mate and steward overboard—we passed Achamore House on Gigha, and then with a freshening blast we reached across to Jura, gaining a fine view of the Paps. After a light lunch of biscuits and cheese, mate and steward played piquet. We looked in at Lowlandman's Bay without stopping, and finally dropped anchor in Lagg Bay at 5 p.m. After tea, mate and steward went ashore to

procure water; a neighbouring cottage was visited, and the homely native hospitality was freely offered to the mariners. Our host, who had worked the cattle-ferry to Kiells Bay for thirty-three years, sold us four dozen eggs at 6*d.* per dozen. The steward returned with the spoil, and the skipper, who had just finished painting his masterpiece (sunset at Carskey Bay) joined the mate, and proceeded to perform a cool "two-miler." At supper the skipper regaled the steward with a lively description of the wreck of the *Culzean* (whose picturesque remains adorn the primitive harbour), which ran on Sgeir-an-nigha and lost all hands. After supper the skipper, constrained thereto by the rain, which continued far into the night, endeavoured to make his side of the cabin water-tight by means of ubiquitous lard, much to the amusement of mate and steward. A murky night.

Friday, April 17.—Rain and strong wind from the west succeeded by sunshine and shower at intervals. Up anchor at 12. Two reefs, foresail and reefed jib. Close haul to entrance of Dorus Mhor, one board to the south, and then through with the strong tide, rock and island looking lovely in the sunlight, and a black storm-cloud over Corrievreckan. We laid our course inside Ris an Vic Faden, past two evil-looking two-foot rocks; then with strong gusts and in broken water from Corrievreckan and Scarba, we passed Lunga, and had nearly reached Pladda when the cautious skipper over-persuaded the reckless mate, who hungered for the fleshpots of Oban, to turn into a snug anchorage (not mentioned in Sailing Directions) off Lunga. After a welcome lunch we went ashore and filled the water-butt from a spring, after the mate had sampled the farm drain to the consternation of the steward, a native remarking that the water "was no verra guid." The skipper had brought his sketch-book and big coat; but the mate and steward led him on from peak to peak and from shore to shore till the whole island had been circumambulated. Glorious views of the Isles of the Sea, uninhabited and weather-beaten. Geological discussion of hypothetical formation of raised beach and waterworn corries. We watched the great race and seething cauldron of Little Corrievreckan (Bheal laich-a-choin ghlais) as the flood met the west wind.

The skipper sketched *Blue Dragon* at anchor, and the mate and steward in dinghy in the bay. We noticed trap-dyke breaking through Silurian schist. Mate badly "off" geology. Saw *Clansmore*[1] go by. Cooked hare soup and discussed early start. Mate and steward saw a seal. Skipper got a good photo of mate and steward.

Saturday, April 18.—After a very quiet night, there was no wind in early morning, so we resolved to wait for the afternoon tide. Then we set the topsail for the first time. The steward was suffering greatly from toothache. We started at 12.30, and, with light wind, we made way against the end of the ebb, but at low tide the wind fell completely and left us in a glassy calm; so we set the spinnaker, and with the lightest airs from the south and the strong tide we got through past Pladda. We almost fouled *Sheila*, a cutter-yacht with a cabin about the size of the *Blue Dragon*, bound for Loch Broom. We conversed with her owner (a friend of Hinckley's, who greatly admired the *Blue Dragon*), who had an old warrior as crew with him. She was a white boat with green bottom and tanned sails, and had come through the canal. We went away from her, and got two miles ahead at end of Sheep Sound, when with wind freshening from S.E. we put into Ardencaple Bay and anchored in a familiar spot, south of Eilean Dun. The mate and skipper went across bay in dinghy, and walked over the hill to Clachan and Tigh-an-Truish, where we got eggs and bread, for we were running very short. The skipper sketched the bridge, whose arch is 46 ft. above low tide; and also, in the gathering gloom, before starting for the row back to the *Blue Dragon*, he sketched the extraordinary trap-dyke wall, from both sides of which the schist had been weathered away, leaving a giant wall, which was gradually breaking away at the seaward end. The skipper made a grand mixture of scrambled eggs for supper, which the unfortunate steward, owing to a diabolic toothache, could not enjoy; but his consolation was that he won 1,900 points from the mate at piquet. The effect of the scrambled-

[1] Do you mean *Claymore* or *Clansman?—Assistant Editor.* Don't you see I have forgotten which it was? Print *Clayman* if you prefer.—*Steward.*

egg mixture was a fearful nightmare on the part of the skipper, which alarmed even the mate, and roused the steward for a brief moment.

Sunday, April 19.—A dull morning with light south wind. After breakfast on tongue—few stores left—we started at 11.30. Huge wash-up by mate, as steward was writhing with toothache. Sailed in fine style up Kerrera Sound, and anchored off south pier at Oban in 7 fathoms. Instantly, after making all snug, the steward and skipper went in search of a dentist. A bald-headed man said that Dr. MacCalman was better than any dentist, and we found him—big and burly and very Scotch. He extracted the molar. The steward desires it to be recorded that he took it like a hero, but declined the extraction of a second. After lunch we all went up to a strange new round building, built by McCaig in memory of himself. The skipper went off to see an ancient round tower, and then we had a large tea at the Station Hotel, where we got a *Scotsman* and a *Times;* these hinted at an unpopular budget which relieved no one but the landlords. Refilled water-butt. The skipper painted an oil of Corrievreckan. Had long chat with an Inverness fisherman bound south for Kinsale; he had heard of the *Blue Dragon* having sailed round Land's End. A very calm night, we sang hymns, etc. Glass very high; in fact mate's glass did a record, going up to 31·2!

Monday, April 20.—The mate went ashore and brought back letters and salmon steaks, the latter of which the skipper cooked for breakfast. Then visited the station for papers, Macphail for groceries, Reid for cakes, etc., etc. Did an enormous morning's shopping, but failed to see Munro about laying up the *Blue Dragon.* We set spinnaker and topsail, and started up the Lynn of Lorne with a fair wind; passed Inverness fishing-boats, beating south, and told them that the others had left Oban early. We sailed all the way up inside Lismore and through Shuna Sound without difficulty, though the Sailing Directions condemn the passage "without local knowledge." Sketched Dunolly Castle (very poor) as the *Blue Dragon* proceeded. Anchored snugly north of Shuna Sound. After supper steward and skipper went

for a weird walk ashore in the dark, remarked a huge broken glacial boulder on the shore, saw Castle Stalker towering dimly in the gloom, were alarmed by distant dogs, sat on an old fallen pine-tree at the top of a hillock, heard strains of a fiddle coming from cottage at our feet, and alarmed a boy with our cigar ends and weird noises. A calm, peaceful night, only disturbed by the effects of the hare-soup concoction of the skipper, which caused nightmares.

Tuesday, April 21.—From Shuna Sound past Kintallen with light south wind—topsail and spinnaker set—thro' the narrows at the entrance of Loch Leven, and dropped anchor in Port nan Dun just opposite the Bishop of Argyll's house. The mate kindly offered to stand a drive to Glencoe and lunch, which was gladly accepted by steward, but the skipper, who had seen it twice, decided to oil-paint the entrance to Glencoe.[1] So he energetically rowed the other two a long distance to Ballachulish, and then rowed back, ferrying over the loch two drunken men, who nearly capsized the dinghy. The mate hired a trap, and with the steward was driven past the slate quarries, dogs, whitewashed cottages, and picturesque scenery, up the famous pass of Glencoe. Arrived at Glencoe Hotel an ample lunch of bacon and eggs was provided. A return was then made to Ballachulish. Then the mate and steward suffered a cruel disappointment. The skipper, who had shifted his anchorage to get a better view for his sketch, was hailed by the mate, but thinking the hail had proceeded from the other side of the loch, he sailed thither with all speed, leaving the mate and steward to ruminate sadly alone, near a temperance hotel and a bishop's palace, for an hour and a half. They afterwards conversed with the bishop's son; and the skipper rowed ashore and had a long chat with a gipsy before the camp fire, and gave him baccy.

Wednesday, April 22.—In order to be able to get out from Loch Leven, it was necessary for the skipper and mate to arise at 6.15 and row the *Blue Dragon* from the old

[1] Why? To make it water-proof?—*Assistant Editor.* You may be an editor, but you are not assistant.—*Steward.*

anchorage through Peter Straits to Ballachulish Pier. This job, which lasted three-quarters of an hour, did not waken the steward. Four hours later, breakfast was not a success, owing to the fishiness of the frying-pan, uncleaned since the Oban salmon. At 11.30 a start was made, wind W., close haul to entrance of Corran Narrows, crossed the Spit, half-way between the buoy and the shore. Ran through narrows with end of flood, topsail set. Fitful winds and calms; then steady breeze out of Inverscaddle; reached up Lochaber, and moored in Camusnagaul opposite Fort William. After lunch we sailed to Corpach, whence the mate and steward walked along Caledonian Canal to Banavie and saw Neptune's Staircase, and enjoyed whisky and soda in dismantled billiard-room in Banavie Hotel. From Banavie a special train of two coaches was taken to Fort William, where the mate enjoyed a long conversation with the station-master. "Lang John" was then sampled and not found wanting. A sailing-vessel was chartered to take the pair over the loch to the *Blue Dragon*. The skipper meanwhile, having sketched the view of Banavie and the entrance to the canal (and spoilt it by spilling splodges of Indian ink), had taken down a reef and sailed with strong gusts out of Lochiel back to Camusnagaul. A lovely quiet anchorage. We took a walk through the woods, the twilight beautiful through the trees. The steward proceeded to pack, meaning to catch the early train from Fort William.

Thursday, April 23.—After rousing us at 4.30 and making an elaborate toilet, in the course of which he used up all our fresh water, the steward made a hurried breakfast, and with his large portmanteau was rowed across from Camusnagaul to Fort William. He was so anxious to be in time that he insisted on rowing part of the way himself, and when thoroughly pumped handed the sculls back to the skipper· and he finally reached the station at a quarter to seven to catch the 7.35 train! After breakfast skipper and mate rowed and drifted in a dead calm across to Fort William. The mate went ashore to get bread, and the skipper snoozed, leaving the *Blue Dragon* to take care of herself in the calm. At about 2 p.m. a slight breeze came from the south, and we

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beat down Lochaber just in time to get the last of the ebb through Corran Narrows. The wind was variable from north to south-west, and finally came right out of Kintallen Bay, into which we beat by moonlight, and dropped anchor at 10, having sailed or drifted for twelve hours. The evening was *lovely*, sunset sky turning from pale lemon through orange to gorgeous pink ; few clouds, but the Pass of Glencoe and the northern mountains were coloured with a warm pink hue that was wonderfully beautiful ; the cold and grim pass was transfigured. The silver glint of the moon on the water and its lighting-up of the mountains later on was also most beautiful ; never did those on board the *Blue Dragon* see a more completely beautiful evening. On anchoring, the mate produced a fine feed of new potatoes which he had cleaned and cooked *en route*, and which we devoured with butter and great relish. Played washer pickers (*i.e.* piquet for washing-up). Mate won.

Friday, April 24.—Fine morning, calm, hazy ; found ourselves just on the margin of shallow water, as the wind was blowing into the loch. The sea breeze was quite local, as we found when, after weighing anchor at 10.30 and setting topsail, we beat out of the bay of Kintallen. First we rowed through a calm, and watched a lazy seal disporting himself close by ; then we boarded out on port tack to Sanda Bay, the wind being S.S.W. Then back to Cul Point, where the Bishop of Argyll's steamer passed us ; then another long board, during which the mate steered whilst skipper lunched. Then back to clear Gobhain Island ; out once more and back to Shuna, the wind varying very much in force—finally we decided to chuck tacking and . . .

[At this point an *hiatus valde deflendus* occurs in the MS., due to the fact that this log was kept in a sketching-book, and interspersed with drawings and water-colours, which were subsequently removed. The steward says they were required for exhibition ; the skipper says they were eyesores. The only picture now remaining in the book is from the steward's pencil, and is labelled "Portrait of the Skipper steering." If the missing pages were similarly decorated by the steward before he left the vessel, the

skipper's excuse for their removal is in my opinion entirely justified.—*Assistant Editor.*]

. . . piles of massive conglomerate on the top of the schist, and the denudation caused by sea and weather. In one place the great mass of conglomerate seemed clean cut through rounded pebbles of granite, etc. Out in the sea, where every wave dashed over it, stood a hard piece of the conglomerate perched on a worn base of schist. We went out to a great pile of it standing out as a sort of tower in the sea, and from its shelter sketched the castle. Back by Gylen farm; a beautiful full moon shining on the sound and distant mountains. An excellent hare soup closed a delightful day.

(*Omission*) During board across to Ardentrive Bay one of the dinghy sculls got carried overboard, but the keen ear of the mate heard the splash, and after a little manœuvring it was safely recovered. Henceforth the sculls must be always lashed.

Monday, April 27.—After finishing the salmon, we took down two reefs, as it was blowing hard from the south-west, with heavy rainstorms followed by intervals of sunshine. We beat out of Kerrera Sound, leaving our anchorage in Little Horse Shoe at about 11. A heavy sea came rolling in from the south, and in one fierce storm we lowered mainsail and reached along under mizzen, foresail, and part of jib. We sailed close to Eilean Dun, and then put about; and as other storms were evidently coming up we put her before the wind and ran back under same sail to the Little Horse Shoe, where we lunched, and then ran to Ardentrive, where we anchored in another blinding rainstorm. However, we had not let out enough chain, and she began to drag; so we let out an extra fifteen fathoms and then pulled up. Then the skipper rowed the dinghy to Oban (a good mile) through a strong tide rip in which the dinghy behaved beautifully. Arranged with Mr. Munro for laying up the *Blue Dragon* till July. A hard row back, just in time to escape another heavy storm; and then a hare soup and reading papers and oiling boots and otherwise preparing for departure.

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SUMMER CRUISE, 1896

SKIPPER, MATE (H. V.), STEWARD (A. A. M.), CABIN-BOY (A. H. S.), AND THE DOCTOR

THE skipper, steward, and doctor started from Oban on July 30, and had a pleasant day's sail down Kerrera Sound to the Little Horse Shoe, whence we visited Gylen Castle. The doctor left us for Loch Awe and we sailed to Connel Ferry, being warned off Grouse Bay by fishermen, who sold us a splendid salmon. The evening was lovely "beyond compare." Here we picked up the doctor again and sailed up the Falls of Lora and on to Stonesfield Bay. Whilst sailing past Abbot's Island we watched a most glorious sunset, a strange wooden cross on the point adding to the picturesqueness of a wonderful scene. Loch Etive in fine weather can hardly be surpassed in beauty. The doctor enjoyed a sail up to the head of the loch and sketched the view. We landed at the rotten pier at Taynuilt, and the doctor gave us dinner at the hotel, where a gang of drunken cockney tourists rather spoilt the glamour of the lovely evening. On August 4 we picked up the mate and cabin-boy, who continues this log under the initials K. B.

Tuesday, August 4.—At eleven o'clock the mate and K. B. arrived at Ach-na-Cloich, having picked up the doctor on the way. We found the skipper and steward blooming but unshaven, and soon got on board the *Blue Dragon*. We at once set sail down Loch Etive, lunching on the way, and at two o'clock were becalmed in some narrows, the tide being against us. At length we made our way round past Dunolly Castle into Oban Harbour, and anchored near to shore at about four o'clock. All went ashore to shop; the skipper purchased, among other things, some fishing-tackle for the K. B.; also the mate, steward, and skipper all had some superfluous hair taken

off by an assistant who talked German, much to the edification of the mate. The skipper and K. B. then saw the doctor off, filled the water casks, and returned; the skipper prepared supper and the K. B. a night-line. Soon the other two came back with stores. Skipper and K. B. had a short row after supper; all turned in. In the middle of the night a boat began to bump against the *Blue Dragon.* After much trouble, a little pulling at the anchor chain, and a modicum of profanity from the steward on being woken up, all settled down.

Wednesday, August 5.—Nothing on the night-line. Skipper and K. B. went ashore after breakfast to make purchases; at about twelve we started. The wind was N.W. right down the Sound of Mull. Once outside Oban Harbour a halt was made for lunch; we then went on, and eventually anchored in Loch Don. Skipper and K. B. went ashore for a walk, and found various peculiar flowers; at length the skipper sat down and made a sketch, while the K. B. prowled around on the rocks and caught limpets and various other shell fish with which to bait night-lines. All back to supper; night-line set.

Thursday, August 6.—The night-line being again a failure, all bathed. Soon after breakfast a start was made, the wind being still adverse. The usual halt for lunch was made under the lee of the coast of Morven. The dinner was a sumptuous one—lobsters and mayonnaise, the latter prepared by the skipper. At about five o'clock we came into Loch Aline. The artistic eye of the skipper at once caught sight of a castle at the other end of the loch, and we anchored near it and had tea, while he sketched it. Then we went ashore in batches: first the mate and the steward, who made purchases of eggs, etc., and on their return the skipper and K. B. went for an evening's walk to a small steamer-pier which was near at hand. All had supper and turned in.

Friday, August 7.—On arising, we discovered that we were aground, and the skipper and mate had to get underneath the stern and shove her off, and nearly collapsed in doing so. A somewhat rough day's sail, and we arrived at Tobermory. This place is the chief town in the Island of Mull. It consists of a long line of houses, and a few hotels behind. The skipper and K. B. went a walk along a most beautiful cliff-path, and

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eventually came to Tobermory lighthouse, which the skipper sketched. They came back by a most romantic path, "over the brae," to which they were directed by a woman at the lighthouse.

Saturday, August 8.—Skipper and K. B. went ashore early (*i. e.* early for the *Blue Dragon*—about 11 o'clock), and having tied the dinghy to the quay were walking away, when a small boy, with perfect coolness, untied the dinghy and went for a row. He was called back by the K. B., who made sundry other remarks to him, which he probably did not understand, being in English. At last, the shopping being done, we set out, and after a good deal of beating anchored for lunch in Glenmore Bay. Then we had a grand sail to Mingary Bay, where stands an ancient castle. All went ashore: skipper sketched, while the rest smelt round the castle. On returning to the boat, it was discovered that the water had been forgotten, and so the skipper and K. B. had a long row to get it. They enjoyed their supper after it!

Sunday, August 9.—Glorious morning. We started off round Ardnamurchan. There was a good roll on, and we had a grand sail until two o'clock, when we anchored in Muck and had lunch (time 4 p.m). After that a vespertinal sail to Eigg. On arrival all went ashore and explored the cave of the Macdonalds, whereby hangs a tale: the Macdonalds, being attacked by a hostile tribe, took refuge in this cave; but the enemy, fearing they might be cold and wet inside the cave, with great kindness lit a fire outside, and smoked them out, an entirely unpremeditated accident, of course.

Monday, August 10.—The first wet morning. We sailed across to Arisaig with a good wind. Finding that we were rather short of provisions the skipper sent a colossal telegram to Macphail, the Oban grocer: it contained instructions to send a box of stores, and consisted of seventy-two words.

Tuesday, August 11.—After breakfast the K. B. went ashore and got water, amidst the derision of sundry tourists. We then started, and, helped by a racing tide, picked our way among various reefs, until we got out into the open and made for the Sound of Sleat, and eventually came to Isle Oronsay, where we were to await our box. The great feature of this

place is the herring-curing. The fish are caught in Loch Hourn opposite, and brought across; they are then gutted, salted, and packed in casks. The refuse is thrown into the water, and the result is a huge concourse of gulls to pick them up. The steamer arrived, but, alas! no box!

Wednesday, August 12.—Rain during morning and afternoon, but in the evening it cleared up and we went ashore and had tea, after which we went for a walk. A most effusively affectionate dog accompanied us for most of the way; he cringed to the mate, but barked at the steward, who did not like it at all. The steward is not fond of Skye terriers, nor is any one who has known them at home, *i. e.* in Skye. The mail came in, and was distributed in the open air, but no letters for the *Blue Dragon*.

Thursday, August 13.—We started off early; the spinner was put out by the K. B., and by the time we got to Puffer Bay and anchored, three fish were discovered on it. After lunch we set out up the narrows of Kyle Rhea; we got through all right and anchored in Kyle Akin, first outside the harbour, but afterwards inside. We tried to get news of the Australian match, but with no success. This day was an epoch in the history of the *Blue Dragon*, as no fish had ever before been caught on her in Scottish waters.

Friday, August 14.—After breakfast some very successful fishing was done by the mate and K. B. Saith and bream were hauled in one after the other. We then started off across to a new breakwater which was being made in connection with a new railway. After lunch we sailed down to Balmacara, and had tea at the hotel; we there first heard the account of the Australian match. We came back in a terrific wind, and had a grand run into the harbour, and pulled up sharp, just as it appeared that we were going to annihilate a smack in front of us. A windy, wet night. The *Gael* (the Oban steamer) arrived at midnight, and the mate got up and watched it.

Saturday, August 15.—Breakfast off the bream caught on the previous day and cleaned by mate. In the morning the skipper and K. B. went ashore, and got ginger beer at a hotel; while waiting for this and the box of provisions, a small girl

KYLE AKIN, LOOKING EAST

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appeared, to say nothing of a dog; the skipper talked to her in a paternal way, much to the amusement of the K. B. The tide being unfavourable, a start could not be made until about 6 o'clock; it was distinctly choppy outside the harbour, and the K. B., feeling poetical, went to bed early. We stopped about half-past ten just near Broadford.

Sunday, August 16.—All bathed, and a start was made towards Portree, which was reached about half-past five. The skipper and K. B. went ashore to a United Presbyterian Church, and heard a sermon about "The Valley of Decision," which produced different effects upon them; the K. B. became restless, but the skipper enjoyed it so much that he actually, like Mr. Pickwick, closed his eyes with pleasure during it. After the service the skipper visited a boat called the *Frederick of Montrose*, whose captain he knew, and gave him some cigars.

Monday, August 17.—A slack day in Portree Harbour. All sorts and conditions of things were purchased, from eggs to shaving materials. In the evening the skipper and K. B. went a long walk up a mountain in the blinding rain, and bought mutton chops from a "flesher" for supper.

Tuesday, August 18.—After breakfasting at the elegant hour of 10.30, a quick run was made to Fladda. We anchored in a bay, facing south; then there was a little isthmus covered at high water, but marked on the chart as dry land, and then a bay running north. When we came in it was just half-tide, and it occurred to the skipper that if we could get across this isthmus it would save a lot of time, because then we could proceed northwards. Therefore while the rest were settling down to lunch, the skipper, single-handed, rowed her across, just narrowly escaping several big boulders. After lunch the K. B. put his head out, and found that where we had just come over, an old woman was walking across! In the evening we went a walk up a steep mountain; the mate ran down it, and the K. B. calculated his momentum, which was enormous. The K. B. distinguished himself greatly; he won sixpence off the mate over a bet, ran down the mountain, nearly upset the dinghy going backward, and, to crown all, underwent gastric

disturbances during the night, and had recourse to Eno's Fruit Salt.

N.B.—To-day was the first time all had got into the dinghy at once. An apt quotation from the K. B.:

> "Gemuit sub pondere cumba
> Sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem."

Wednesday, August 19.—After a bathe and breakfast a start was made for the mainland; the wind was north, and brought fine weather, as it usually did all through the cruise. We anchored in Loch Craigach, Torridon, a most beautiful place. Another long walk was indulged in over rocks and peat-bogs, the skipper discoursing much upon glacial striation, etc. Great anxiety on the part of the steward, who wished to reach Gairloch in time for the Friday steamer.

Thursday, August 20.—The wind was due south, and thus favourable to the steward. After anchoring for lunch in a little bay we had a grand sail to Gairloch, seeing numerous dolphins and porpoises on the way. On arrival, we went to watch the *Gael* come in, and were witnesses of a most tragic scene. On board the *Gael* were a lot of Highland cattle, to be shipped off at Gairloch. A gang-plank was accordingly run across for them to land. But this at first they refused to do. However, one man whipped them, and another man twisted their tails, while a third shoved from behind, and a fourth pulled from the front, and every one shouted, with the result that they were got off more dead than alive from fright, and, once on terra firma, bolted, being incited thereto by the barking of numerous dogs. A lot of them ran up on to a small cliff, and wrought dire destruction among some herring nets. At length two of them tumbled down a steep place, at the bottom of which was the back wall of a barn. One was not hurt, but the other was. A man came and led the whole one away; the other one was so badly hurt that she had to be killed. The delicate breeding of the skipper and K. B. prompted them to withdraw from so harrowing a scene; but the plebeian mind of the steward induced him to stay, until the other two dragged him away just before the consummation of the tragedy.

N. B.—Another apt quotation by the K.B. when the unhurt cow was led away:

> "It tristis arator
> Maerentem abiungens fraterna morte juvencum."

Friday, August 21.—At an early hour the steward departed. This had such an effect upon the skipper that he felt "cheap" all day, and had to have recourse to Eno's Fruit Salt. In the evening, however, he recovered, and we all went a walk, in the course of which we found a gipsy encampment to which the skipper went, and talked to the inhabitants. We got a paper, and heard the news of the "Fram."

Saturday, August 22.—On awakening, we found that the *Claymore* had come in, bringing a box of stores from Macphail. After purchasing cake and eggs we set out, had a windy sail, and eventually anchored in Poolewe. A drizzle came on, which lasted till midnight, and then suddenly stopped. Skipper still unwell; the mate and K. B. took a mean advantage of this, and ate up all the choicest morsels out of Macphail's box.

Sunday, August 23.—The skipper being restored to health, we started about 10.30, and had a grand sail to the Summer Isles. The K. B. broke the Sabbath and fished, and never was Sunday fishing more successful than on this day. Amongst other things a huge saith was caught, which measured twice the length of the skipper's shoe, with two inches over. After anchoring for lunch in a rocky bay, we had a nice run to the Summer Isles, where we discovered our friend Maclean. The skipper and K. B. went a walk with him and brought him back with them to the *Blue Dragon*, where he stayed, in spite of hints dropped by the mate, until the skipper took him forcibly away. He nearly upset the dinghy on landing, but was put safely ashore.

Monday, August 24.—A heavy fall in the glass; we accordingly resolved to remain for the day in the Summer Isles. Maclean brought us lobsters, potatoes, etc.; and amongst other things taught us a most interesting game of cards called "Catch the Tens." After supper the skipper

went ashore to have a "crack" with him, *i.e.* a conversation, and came back in a state of abnormal excitement, reciting Gaelic numerals, which he had just been instructed in by the fair Maclean damsels.

Tuesday, August 25.— Although it was still blowing hard we resolved to start, and after a very rough sail reached Loch Inver about 4 o'clock. We then partook of a peculiar meal, which began at 4 with a cold lunch of lobsters, and ended at 4.45 with afternoon tea. We then started to explore the village of Loch Inver. The insinuating and affable manners of the mate made a great impression on a woman at a grocer's shop. We discovered a little reading-room, which a placard over the door proclaimed to be "under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland." We went in and partook of tea and bread-and-butter, and read papers by an excellent fire. In the evening the skipper was in a state of the wildest energy. He rowed the K. B. aboard against a strong wind, came back for the mate, put him aboard, wrote encyclopædias-full of letters, dashed away to post them, and then went for a gratuitous row of about half-a-mile against the wind.

Wednesday, August 26.—We all went for a walk in the morning, and the skipper made a sketch of a sugar-loaf mountain called Suilven. At 4 o'clock the *Clansman* came in, and the K. B., with a heavy heart, made preparations for departure. The skipper and mate came to see him off, while he vainly tried to repress his rising tears. At length the bell rang, the noble ship glided away, and the K. B. cast one more look back. The pier was quivering from head to foot. It must have been the mate sobbing—or laughing.

(*Log continued by the Skipper.*)

August 26.—After parting with our amiable and light-hearted cabin-boy (who was bound *via* Cape Wrath, Stornoway, and Glasgow, to Patterdale), the skipper and mate went a long walk up the river Inver, and round by a mountain path back to the village; the latter part was lonesome and weird as the night came on.

In the morning a heavy roll came from the N.W., so we put into Loch Roe and anchored in Pool Bay, by the kindly advice of a fisherman.

On Friday 28, in the early hours, the tinkling of a strange bell aroused the mate, who looked out in the rain and wind, and saw a big fishing-boat, whose skipper hailed us. "You are adrift!" and so we were, rapidly dragging towards a rock, over which the waves were dashing. The mate got the anchor, whilst the skipper set the mizzen and jib, but though we were pretty smart about it, before she could gather steering way, she was perilously near a great wall of precipitous rock. But we finally ran round to Obe Gamarach after the fishermen, with whom we exchanged whisky for herrings. For forty-eight hours the gale and rain lasted, and we had to be content with walks in oilies. On Sunday 30, the wind was still very strong, but the sun came out and we had a glorious walk up to Loch Dhu, then up the mountain road looking over Loch Inver, past many a tarn, and finally, "from the highest we could climb," were rewarded with a great view. Quinaig, Canisp, and, above all, Suilven, gilded by gleams of bright sunlight, with a background of darkest storm clouds. Sunshine just after stormy weather gives the finest effects in Highland scenery.

Next morning was lovely, and we tried for the Shiants, but the wind coming ahead we made for Tanera Mhor, where our old friend, George Maclean, welcomed us with promise of lobster, potatoes, scones, and a "crack" after supper.

In the morning, Maclean and his two stout sons brought us a lovely codling, and prophesied northerly wind and fog, and his prophecy was fulfilled. We said farewell to the lovely Summer Isles, and the fog came on whilst the mate was steering off Greenstone Point; so we put into Poolewe, and landed at the head; the river was in grand form, roaring in rapids under the old bridge. We finished up the evening with an animated discussion of crofters *versus* landlords.

On September 2 we had a glorious sail from Loch Ewe right across to Ru Hunish, north of Skye, and into Port Erisco. A fairly strong northerly breeze blew steadily all day. As usual there was some tide race inside Trodda, and

we had a rather exciting entrance into the little harbour, which, with its castle ruins, is very picturesque.

September 3.—We started under reefed mainsail and jib; but as we passed Flora Macdonald's grave and Ru Dhu we got into smoother water and made full sail. As the skipper was verifying the position of the Ascrib Isles on the chart the latter was caught by a gust and whirled overboard. We tacked and wore, and came within a few yards of it, but with the sunlight glinting on the water we missed it, and it disappeared for ever, to the great mortification of the skipper. We put into Uig Bay and next day found the *Lochiel* alongside the pier. The mate had a bad night with toothache. After drifting about with calms off Vaternish Point in a heavy roll, we rounded Ardmore and anchored, after a hard row, in Ardmore Bay at 10 p.m. There had been a thick mist all day on the land, though the sun at times shone through. A thick bank of cloud covered Vaternish at sunset, showing a dull red underneath. We were rather short of bread, tobacco and water, not having been on land since we left Poolewe. We have now completely circumnavigated Skye.

The morning of the fifth was calm, and the skipper went ashore to try and get bread and water. But his expedition was a dead failure. After rowing about a mile he hauled up the dinghy a long way, only to find Ardmore House utterly deserted, save that a startled cock pheasant whirred out of an outhouse. Grass and weeds grew over the walks, and the place seemed shunned and haunted. Then the persevering skipper plugged off to what appeared to be a farm a mile away: this too was equally lonesome and deserted. So we set sail for Dunvegan with a rising wind. Skipper loosened the jib halliard and went out on the bowsprit to enable the mate to haul taut the bobstay, but the jib came unhooked from the halliard block, and skipper and jib were precipitated into the water. The strong arm of the mate hauled the dripping skipper on deck and then we had a nice run to Dunvegan.

On Sunday we had a fine walk, and looked down from a height on to Loch Bracadale and its basalt islands: in the distance were Rum, Canna and Sanda, the sea looking like a mill pond in between. After a smoke we descended to

Dunvegan old kirk. It is in ruins, and there are buried the Macleods of Macleod of Dunvegan ; and a great stone pyramid raised in 1699 by Lord Fraser of Lovat, in memory of his father, and there are many other graves two centuries and two months old ; for here they still bury and the tombs testify to the longevity of the inhabitants. No mention of this church is made in Baddeley's guide, which also is elsewhere deficient.

On Monday, September 7, the shrill whistle of the *Lochiel* called us at 5.30. The skipper cooked for the departing mate and himself some eggs, but kicked over the pot in which they were boiling, in absence of mind caused by sorrow or by early rising. A reluctant farewell to the mate was followed by a tremendous tug to get the anchor, which was buried deep in Dunvegan mud. As I was starting, soon after 6 a.m., an old warrior brought me three lobsters, which I boiled in the bucket! I anchored between Issay and Mingalay to wait for the tide, as the wind was light. It took me from 4.30 till 8.30 p.m. to get to Dunvegan Head. It was black darkness when I got to the entrance to Pooltiel at 11, and at 1.20, feeling my way, rowing and sailing, I anchored in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms by the lead, fairly tired after twenty hours of it single-handed. The lobsters still furnished meals, and next morning I tried to round Neist Point, but only managed to round Meala Veg and anchored in Oisgill Bay before the tide turned. It is a weird place, surrounded by cliffs only accessible at one point. Here I landed and climbed and sketched. With the westerly-going tide a smart breeze sprang up and there was a considerable sea off the point. Whilst plunging through it, the *Flowerdale* passed me, no doubt wondering what I was doing there. I beat into Camus Ban and anchored close under the waterfall, a spot recommended as the best of a bad place in the Sailing Directions. Gusts came down from Vaterstein, but I hoped for a quiet night, though a considerable swell was rolling in, and I thought what an awful place it would be to be caught in with a westerly gale. At 11.20 p.m. I heard a noise like hissing rain, and looking out I saw that it was low tide and that I was surrounded by seething seaweed, crackling and phosphorescent, and rising and falling

all around. On prodding with an oar I found rock and holes, so hauled at the anchor, which would not budge. So there I was, tilted up between rocks, and, worse than all, the wind came fitfully in puffs right into the bay from the black sky and moaning sea. No stars or moon, only white gleams of phosphorescent fish flashing through the loathsome seaweed. So hideously aroused I dressed, and got out the kedge and second anchor astern. As the tide rose she floated, and I got her head to wind and made the best of the rest of a bad night.

In the morning I had awful work in getting the big anchor, which was jammed in rock and seaweed; but at last got all ship-shape, and with two reefs, with a wind now westerly, sailed past Loch Bracadale in a short, wetting sea. Mistaking Talisker Bay for Loch Eynort I got in too close, but finally entered the loch and anchored off the spit near the head.

A much-needed snooze refreshed me. I visited the two ruined churches and the shooting lodge, and passed an uncomfortable night, as considerable swell came rolling in. Next morning I started for Canna, but it was a rough, wet day; so returned in good time to Loch Eynort, walked across to Carbost on Loch Harport. After tea at the inn I hired a trap. It was a dangerous drive in the dark, but nothing to the mile I had to walk after leaving the trap, carrying a pot of jam, bread and tobacco. Under the shade of the mountain it was impossible to see a trace of the path; water-courses, bogs, and boulders were quite indistinguishable. I crawled and tumbled and struck fusees; but I was two hours over that mile, getting some idea of the awfulness of blindness. The dinghy I stumbled upon by chance, and she was half afloat. The row back to the *Blue Dragon* was comparatively easy, and I tumbled in with much relief.

Friday, September 11. A fisherman on the *Industry*, Castle Bay, gave me a fine mackerel and I gave him a pot of hare soup. I made Canna with a nice breeze, and managed to enter the harbour, which I had never been into before, and anchored near the *Barmore*, R. N. Y. C. I landed and talked to the fish-curers from Barra. They had very little English, but one of them pointed to a big rent in my trousers and

promptly brought out tackle and sewed it up for me. Mr. Thom, the proprietor, directed me to the old cross inscribed with undecipherable names on one side, which I sketched; and then I made friends with William Campbell, the pier-master, who was harvesting. Next I climbed the rock on which is the ruined castle; then I took Campbell aboard. He greatly admired the *Blue Dragon*, and told me all about the place; amongst other things how Macleod of Barra stole his sweetheart from the castle where she was imprisoned, she letting herself down into a boat by a rope of blankets.

Saturday the 12th was a lovely morning with a brisk breeze. Whilst hauling down a reef the tackle broke, and head over heels backwards went the solitary skipper into the sea! Two strokes were all I had to take, but they were enough to show how hard it is to swim in big sea-boots. Climbing in all dripping over the stern, I proceeded to undress; the fishermen looking on were more concerned than amused. It was rather a weary day's sail, as the wind was foul and fitful, with occasional strong gusts and rain squalls. But I anchored at 5.15 in Rum Harbour. A heavy swell came rolling in, and I passed an uncomfortable night. The glass was beginning to go down, and in the morning it had dropped a great deal. The air was light, so I set the spinnaker—rather a feat single-handed, but I wanted to reach Eigg Harbour before the tide turned against me. This I managed, but alas! how it was I know not, but in avoiding Flod Sgeir I ran hard bang on the rock north of Sgeir Garave, and heard the crash which told me the centre-plate chain had gone. I steered into the harbour a sad and crestfallen skipper, and tried all the old dodges to get it up, but, single-handed, could do nothing. So I went ashore, and though it was Sunday, the inhabitant of the nearest cottage, Sandy Mackinnon (of whom much more hereafter) gave me a hand and spent the night on board with me. In the morning the carpenter Dugald Macleod came on board, and with skill and hard work got the plate into its case again (it was hanging down from the forward rivet). My only excuse for the accident was that the wind was light and fluky, the tide strong, and I did not know that Sgeir Garave was a double

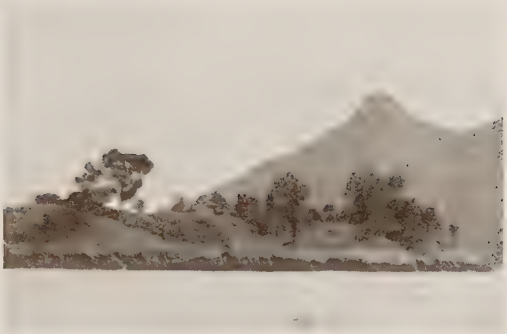
rock: the only chart is on a small scale. I could in no way persuade Sandy and Dugald to take any payment for all their trouble. This was the first of many kindnesses I have received from them. That night the glass finished up its descent with a run, and a wild gale began to blow from the south. Starting for Ardnamurchan was out of the question, so I spent the night in Sandy's cottage by his peat fire. The hens that were roosting at the back of the bed woke me up in the morning, whilst the dog had kept me company. Next day the gale continued, and I painted, and again spent the night with Sandy. The wind howled and lightning flashed round the cottage, and loud crashes of thunder showed that the equinoctials had begun. Sandy took me in the evening to hear Campbell play the pipes at the post office. The two next days the gale blew harder than ever, and on Friday I went back to Oban in the *Gael*, leaving James Campbell and John Macdonald, the lobster fisherman, to sail the *Blue Dragon* to Oban at the first opportunity. They sailed her thither on Monday, returning by Tuesday's boat, and were very pleased with her, though rather "afeared" of her at first, she was so different to their own craft. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the people of Eigg, and this visit to the island began a friendship with Sandy which has since grown to a strong affection on both sides.

EASTER CRUISE, 1897
ROUND ABOUT OBAN

ODE TO THE SEA*

The sea, the sea, the Oban sea!
. . . . . free,
? it's there that I would be . . .

* See opposite, p. 115: the rest of this poem was lost with the MS. of the log.



ST. MUNGO'S ISLE AND PAP OF GLENCOE [*P.* 114.

THE *BLUE DRAGON* [*P.* 114.

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EASTER CRUISE, 1897

THE skipper, with A. E. Lynam, J. E. Marsh, and A. A. Mayhew, started from Oban on April 5, put into Kintallen, and then anchored opposite the Palace of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles in Loch Leven. Long walks and interesting conversations, coupled with fine weather, made this part of the cruise very enjoyable. The steward (A. A. M.), though not much of a "hand," as usual proved excellent company. He took us up the Pap, and up Glencoe, and round the loch. We all cursed by bell, book and candle the hideous red building with which an American was defiling the wild and magnificent pass. But, alas! our imprecations have not proved so effective as those of a present bishop, whose cursing of a similar building on the Island of Gigha was strangely fulfilled within a twelvemonth by a fire which converted the so-called castle into a somewhat picturesque ruin. Leaving Loch Leven we sailed to Fort William and anchored off Camusnagaul. (Part of the MS. of this cruise has been lost, so some details must be omitted.) Sailing down Lochaber and through the Corran Narrows we made our first acquaintance with the MacLachlans of Shuna, Appin.

A. E. L. and A. A. M. left Marsh and the skipper at Oban on April 12. We two sailed up Loch Etive, and the commodore (Marsh) left the skipper at Ach na Cloich to finish the cruise alone on the 15th. The weather had now broken and I had a stormy sail single-handed to Duranis Island, losing the lead and line overboard whilst sounding. There was a wild sunset, and gleams of lurid light lit up the snow-clad summit of old Ben Cruachan. I was rather seedy and lay up for a day, but was cheered by a fisherman, one Macniven, who greatly admired the *Blue Dragon* and told me how his

brother Dugald, a salmon fisherman, was drowned whilst crossing last winter from Port Appin to Loch Corrie. I took train from Taynuilt to Oban to get a new lead-line, and thereby made friends with Mackenzie, an Oban lawyer, and Leckie Ewing, an artist—an acquaintance which it has been a pleasure frequently to renew. They came aboard and envied my life on the *Blue Dragon.* I put them ashore at the rotten old pier, whose piles they climbed with difficulty. I crossed over again to my old anchorage inside Duranis Island.

Next day, Easter Sunday, lives in my memory. I had noticed a sheet of paper fixed to a shed. On the paper was the following announcement written in a bold hand: "Next Sabbath the Gospel will be preached by Mr. Macgregor at 4.30." It was a wet, stormy day, but at 3 o'clock I saw a boat struggling across from Taynuilt. As it drew nearer, often hidden by the drenching spray and rain-storms, I watched it with some anxiety. It contained a few women and men, and the minister, a thin but intellectual-looking young man, who was baling hard and evidently wet through. I gave them a hand whilst landing, and we walked up to the shed. We sang a metrical version of "The Lord is my Shepherd" and a pathetic hymn out of Moody and Sankey. Then the young minister preached a most powerful and impressive sermon on "The Prodigal Son." The storm was howling around the ramshackle building, and the ill-boarded broken windows hardly kept it out; but the small congregation of fishermen and miners heeded it not. They were listening earnestly to words of courage, hope and love. I have heard many sermons preached by bishops and priests renowned for their eloquence; I have sat amidst crowded congregations in the 'Varsity Church, but few preachers have made such an impression of simple, fervent power as that young minister. In conversation afterwards with him I said, "I greatly liked what you said, but was somewhat surprised that you made no allusion to the fact that to-day is Easter-day. We in England consider it the greatest of all Christian anniversaries, and from every pulpit it is made the subject of the sermon." "Well, you see, friend," he replied, "the fact

LOCH ETIVE, LOOKING WEST FROM BONAWE [*P.* 116.

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is we're no verra sure of the date." In the evening I read about the geology and story of Eigg in *The Cruise of the Betsy*.

On leaving the little harbour I hit rather heavily a rock in the narrow passage between the peninsula and the island; and for one awful moment feared that the centre-board had gone; but, after punting her off with the spinnaker boom, found that all was well. When I reached Connel, the Falls of Lora were in full roar, the tide being almost low. Hugging the south shore I was whirled along head to wind, which ought to have been aft, the dinghy led the way, and down the swirling decline went the *Blue Dragon*, stern first; only a few yards off was the great green waterfall over the central rock. Anchoring in the eddy below the falls, I got a paper telling of the declaration of war between Greece and Turkey. That evening the sunset was wonderful—mauve and gold and green and dark purple mountain-like clouds, salmon-coloured rays shooting out of the dark, and at midnight there was a grand Aurora Borealis. Great pencilled rays streaming from the north like mighty searchlights, reaching up to the Pole star.

On reaching Oban I picked up the artist Leckie Ewing for a day's sail, and he gave me some lessons. We had a pleasant picnic at Gylen, south of Kerrera, where I was astonished at the curious old red conglomerate.

During the next few days I sailed and sketched, and on the 25th April made Loch Aline, then on to Tobermory meaning to go on to Eigg; but the wind was foul and the time short. So once more having sailed down the sound, I spent an uncomfortable night in Loch Don, and the next day had a narrow shave of capsizing whilst returning to Oban. The wind was strong from the south, and the Atlantic was rolling up the Firth of Lorne. I had lashed the helm and was taking down a reef, when a big roller caught her a-beam and flung me into the mainsail, which lay for a moment on the top of the passing wave. Luckily the helm unjammed and she nobly righted, dropping me head first into the well. Leaving the good ship with Munro, I went south on April 30.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1897

OBAN—IONA—STAFFA—TOBERMORY—EIGG—
SKYE—LOCH TORRIDON—GAIRLOCH—
SHIANT ISLES—HARRIS—CANNA—
BACK TO OBAN

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM

AN EXILE'S SOLILOQUY

(*With apologies to "Moira O'Neill."*)

Over here in Harris I am fishing in the bay,
But I wish I were in London the live-long day;
I wish I were in London, in the Strand or Oxford Street—
O Piccadilly and the dull sky over it!

I wish I were in London, where is everything I need;
There's nothing here but porridge and the rough Harris tweed;
I long to hear the motors, and the horse-hoofs beat—
Ah, Piccadilly and the grey mist over it!

While Society goes fishing, I must do as others do,
And waste my time in Harris—but *chacun a son goût*—
I hate the sun and open sky, the air that they call sweet—
Dear Piccadilly and the black fog over it!

SUMMER CRUISE, 1897

Saturday, July 31.—At mid-day the mate, steward and K. B. arrived at Oban, and, not finding the skipper at the station, had to hunt him up in the town. The K. B. eventually ran him to earth in Lawn Villa where were also Mrs. Lynam sen., Mrs. Lynam jun., Kit, and Garner. He had met the previous train, under a delusion that the crew were coming by it. All assembled at Lawn Villa and partook of lunch. In the afternoon the mate and skipper purchased stores, while the Steward and K. B. escorted the ladies on a steamer trip round Kerrera Island. In the evening Dr. Brooks, Tyrrell Brooks, and Mr. Martin arrived by steamer from Liverpool. After a plentiful supper at Lawn Villa the crew went on board and stowed provisions away in lockers, and afterwards turned in.

Sunday, August 1.—The cabin floor was covered with water several inches deep. Pumping was resorted to, and it was found that there was a leak, not serious, but enough to prevent any long voyage. Accordingly the overnight plan of taking Messrs. Brooks and Martin down to Loch Melfort had to be abandoned. Nevertheless, as it was a fine day, they came on board and all started off towards the south end of Kerrera. After a bathe on the way, the anchor was dropped, and lunch followed. After lunch all went ashore and walked, sketched, etc. Then tea, and the return voyage to Oban, where the *Blue Dragon* was anchored so that a carpenter could get at her leak when the tide went down.

Monday, August 2.—At an early hour the carpenter arrived and patched up the hole, with the assistance of the skipper and some red lead. The latter article was greatly in evidence during the latter part of the day. The crew were in hourly dread of being poisoned. However, no accident occurred. The *Blue Dragon* therefore began her cruise. At

9.30 a start was made down Kerrera Sound. A dead calm ensued, after which came a puff of wind and then calm for the rest of the day. The mate and skipper eventually rowed the *Blue Dragon* into Ardencaple Bay. After supper the skipper, steward and K. B. went ashore, the latter having been commissioned by the mate to buy eggs.

Tuesday, *August* 3.—All bathed, and a start was made with a wind slight at first, but freshening afterwards. Mull was soon reached, and with a wind that followed fast, great progress was made. Towards evening the *Blue Dragon* reached some ticklish rocks, including one of the pleasant and instructive name of Bohga-nam-ram-fear. Iona Sound was reached about 7 o'clock, after which the mate and skipper rowed. Mrs. Lynam and A. E. Lynam were descried on the shore, and amidst an affecting scene the crew, all except the mate, landed. They found the Lynam party in a hotel, but just about to move into the house of the Free Kirk minister, the Rev. Dewar. A large supper was partaken of, and then the company separated for the night.

Wednesday, *August* 4.—All bathed, including A. E. L., who arrived in a boat. After breakfast the skipper joined the ladies, while the other three went a walk with Mr. Dewar, to some lovely bays at the south end of the island, the mate discoursing much upon the geology of the neighbourhood. On return, all lunched heartily, after which the steward and K. B. went off to the Cathedral, which the former sketched. Towards evening the *Blue Dragon* was taken across the channel to a bay yclept Bull Hole. After supper came a great sensation. The *Blue Dragon* began shipping water at a most alarming rate, to which was added a low, gurgling sound. Eventually the leak was located near the anchor box, to get at which the skipper had to take away all the lumber at the head of his bunk. Bed under difficulties, owing to the aforesaid lumber.

Thursday, *August* 5.—After a bathe and breakfast the skipper and K. B. went to Fionport to find a carpenter to repair the leak, after which the mate and skipper went for a voyage of exploration; in the afternoon the mate, steward, and K. B. went for a walk to Loch Poit-na-hi, and returning fell in

IONA CATHEDRAL

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with A. E. L. Coming back they found the carpenter hard at work at the leak, which business was finished towards evening.

Friday, August 6.—After a bathe and breakfast the *Blue Dragon* was taken back to Iona. All went a walk to Columba Bay, taking lunch. On return the mate, steward, and K. B. had tea with A. E. L., while the skipper took the rest of the family a sail to Columba Bay.

Saturday, August 7.—At last the *Blue Dragon* has achieved her long-merited triumph! The perfidious Mr. Dewar turned out to be a newspaper correspondent, and under the heading of "Iona" was the following: "Fine weather prevails here, which fact has attracted many visitors. Among others *Mr. Vassall, a Ripton master and an authority upon Geology*, is here with the yacht *Blue Dragon*, the property of Mr. C. C. Lynam, the son of the famous *Oxford* architect." Great enthusiasm over this prevailed. About eleven o'clock the newcomer, Tyrrell Brooks, arrived with his father and Mr. Martin. They went on with the steamer but he stayed for a fortnight's cruise, and received the appellation of stowaway. About one o'clock the *Blue Dragon* started, taking A. E. L., who was to sleep at Bunessan and walk back next day.

Sunday, August 8.—A general slack was taken in the morning, the only energetic members of the party being the stowaway and K. B., who went ashore (the former in distinctly undress costume) to persuade a certain "gentleman in knickerbockers," whom A. E. L. had met at the hotel the night before, to give them some fishing tackle, which expedition was most successful. After lunch A. E. L. started on his six-mile walk, and the *Blue Dragon* made a quick run to Kilfinichen Bay, the mate making his *début* in sketching on the way. The skipper, steward and K. B. went ashore and clomb unto the very highest they could climb, to wit a mountain of 997 feet. Thus at the top their heads and chests were mountain-high, while all below the centre of gravity was still only hill-high.

Monday, August 9.—A good day's sail with a flowing sea and a wind that followed fast (?). After passing the entrance to Loch na Keal the anchor was dropped in Loch Ballieclоich.

The sketchers sketched, and the geologists geologized, and finally all but the stowaway went and had a most glorious sunset view.

Tuesday, August 10.—An early start was made to Staffa, and Fingal's Cave was duly seen and photographed. Then followed a long sail to Calgary Bay, where lobsters were purchased from a stately Highlander. To work off the effects of the lobsters a long walk was taken, in the course of which there was a most glorious view, Rum, Muck, etc. The skipper dispatched a telegram from a rural post office.

Wednesday, August 11.—A long day's sail was accomplished, Tobermory being reached at four o'clock. After a short walk the mate discovered a peculiar geological formation, and sent for the K. B., who arrived with a bag, to find the mate and skipper surrounded by a seething crowd of small Tobermorians of the male sex, who were grubbing for fossils, perhaps disinterestedly. After filling the bag and distributing backsheesh to the young scientists, the three departed and did some shopping.

Thursday, August 12.—A slack day in Tobermory Harbour. Towards evening the mate and K. B. went for a walk to the lighthouse. The skipper felt unwell and slept ashore at the Mull Hotel.

Friday, August 13.—After a bathe and breakfast the skipper came aboard, and a start was made with a fair wind for Eigg. There was an enormous swell on, going round Ardnamurchan Point, but, wonderful to relate, nobody was ill. Eventually the *Blue Dragon* made a record by reaching Eigg within four and a half hours from Tobermory. The skipper and K. B. went out to the *Claymore* and had tea, while the others had theirs beside their ain fireside. Several of the skipper's Eiggite friends paid the *Blue Dragon* a visit, and in the evening the skipper in return went ashore and had a "crack" with Sandy Mackinnon.

Saturday, August 14.—At an early hour (for the *Blue Dragon*), to wit 8.30 a.m., the stowaway went ashore and purchased milk and eggs, putting the latter in his pocket and breaking them, so that he returned in a most stalactitic condition. After breakfast all went ashore. First of all the

MARTYR'S BAY, IONA

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skipper, steward and stowaway explored the cave of the Macdonalds, while the mate discovered a pitchstone vein. After a long period spent in the cave, the three emerged, carrying bones, lately unearthed. Intense indignation of the skipper at the mate's scepticism: "Blooming lot of rabbits' bones stuck there by the natives," etc., etc. All started up to the justly renowned Scuir of Eigg. This is a gigantic block of rock, with sheer precipitous sides, except in one part, 400 feet high, standing on a hill 900 feet high. All lunched at the base of the Scuir, and then climbed to the top in several parties. The mate and K. B. made two persevering and gallant searches for a will-o'-the-wisp fossil called *Pinus Eiggensis.*

Sunday, August 15.—A walk to the other side of the island. On arrival there the skipper and stowaway stopped and sketched, while the others proceeded, and discovered three things: (1) some curious mushroom-shaped sandstone; (2) a fierce bull, who had to be circumvented; (3) some peculiar sands called the Whispering Sands, which when trodden upon "whispered," *i.e.* made a noise like corduroys being rubbed together. A long walk back, ending in supper.

Monday, August 16.—About 12.45 a start was made for Skye, and the bonnie boat accordingly sped, like a bird on the wing, over the sea. A four hours' sail brought the *Blue Dragon* to Isle Ornsay, where the anchor was dropped and all went ashore.

Tuesday, August 17.—A slack day in Isle Ornsay Harbour. an enormous wind blowing all day. Great excitement displayed by the post office man over the French duel, insomuch that he gave the mate and K. B. a practical illustration of how the trouser-button of one of the combatants stopped a thrust.

Wednesday, August 18.—A start was made to Puffer Bay, which was reached in time for lunch. Then on through the narrows of Kyle Rhea, and then a beat to Kyle Akin. Towards evening there was an unexpected arrival, to wit, R. A. Hinckley in his yacht, the *Umbra.* The skipper went off to him in the evening.

Thursday, August 19.—The mate went for a day's sail in the *Umbra,* and the other two were ready to go ashore to

sketch. So all went ashore together. Feat of arms on the part of the stowaway, who evicted two small youths, who were labouring under the impression that the dinghy was theirs. About 3.30 A. E. L. arrived on the steamer *Gael*. After a meal, called "lunch" in spite of the time of day, a short sail was made to Cailleach Bay, where the K. B. caught a fish. On return it was found that the mate had arrived. The K. B. again fished, and again was rewarded with success, in the shape of a fish actually six inches long.

Friday, August 20.—Wet morning. A start was made towards Broadford, which was reached after some beating about 3.30. The skipper and A. E. L. went ashore, and returned laden with dainties, which were much enjoyed. They also brought news that the M—— family, of Oxford, were staying at Broadford, whereupon the K. B.'s breast began to heave with political emotions, and his eyes gleamed forth battle, Ἄρη δεδορκότων. However, he was pacified, and presently went ashore with the steward; they purchased some refreshments and went a short walk.

Saturday, August 21.—A start was made at 9.30 through Scalpa Sound. The wind was shifty all day, but by dint of rowing the *Blue Dragon* moved along fairly successfully. Portree was reached about 4.30, lunch having been taken on the way. All went ashore in detachments, and shopped, sketched, etc., rain coming at intervals. All forgathered for the evening meal, which was very sumptuous: mackerel from our old friend the *Frederick of Montrose*, bacon and kidneys, new bread and scones.

Sunday, August 22.—After breakfast the skipper went off for a sail in the *Umbra*, while the Steward and K. B. went for a walk, and the stowaway went over the steamer *Lovedale*, which was in harbour, having made friends with the first mate thereof. In the afternoon Dr. Dewar, the brother of the Iona minister, came on board and had tea; after which the skipper, stowaway and K. B. went ashore, and attended the evening service at the United Presbyterian Chapel. There was an excellent sermon, on the text "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and, thou Moon, in the valley of Ajalon," which the stowaway recorded in the log as: "O Sun, stand

thou in ('the' scratched out) Gideon, and though Moon in the valley Algeon."

Monday, August 23.—At 8.30 the stowaway and A. E. L. departed on the steamer *Gael*, bound for Oban. After seeing them off, the skipper and K. B. did some shopping. A start was made about mid-day, there being a nice aft wind. Rona Sound was reached in about an hour, the *Umbra* being close up to the *Blue Dragon.* Then the wind began to fall, and by the time the *Blue Dragon* reached the entrance to Loch Torridon had entirely disappeared. All the crew took turns at rowing, with the result that Diobaig was reached about 8 o'clock. Unholy joy on the part of the skipper at having beaten the *Umbra* for the third consecutive time. Supper and bed.

Tuesday, August 24.—After a fairly early rise and a good breakfast, the crew went ashore for an hour, and sketched and geologized. Then a start was made with a good aft wind, which presently dropped, and was succeeded by a wind straight into the loch. At this the mate became pessimistic, and remarked to the K. B.: "We'll be lucky if we get into Gairloch by nine o'clock." However, owing to a marvellous piece of steering on the part of the last-named hard-working official, Gairloch was reached about 6.30. All but the mate went ashore, shopped, and got a registered letter for the skipper, when the mail came in.

Wednesday, August 25.—"Iamque infanda dies aderat." At 5.30 a.m., the steward and K. B. slowly and reluctantly arose from their couches, bathed themselves in the cold waters of Gairloch, donned their garments, and prepared to take leave of the heart-broken mate. This done, and accompanied by the skipper, they slowly rowed ashore, and embarked upon the steamer *Gael.* At length the fateful bell sounded, the skipper had to tear himself from them, and the noble ship glided away. As the two weeping youths cast one despairing glance back at the *Blue Dragon* a form suddenly appeared upon the cabin roof, convulsively waving a white object.

"Oh, bother," says the K. B., "that's my shirt he's got."

(*The skipper reluctantly continues the log.*)

August 25.—After a pleasant sail from Gairloch, the skipper and mate reached the Shiant Isles, and anchored in the small bay north of the South Shiant. All the inhabitants assembled to watch us enter. Donald Campbell and John Campbell, the "dummy," came off in a curious punt-like boat, and were delighted with a present of whisky and tobacco. We paid them a visit in their two-roomed cottage, containing a granny, two women, four children, and a spinning-wheel. The dummy is a very tall, lean, active man, who can climb any crag in the islands. They gave us many seabirds' eggs, and each of us a glass of the sourest of buttermilk; the skipper drained his glass heroically to the dregs, so the mate, with a tortured visage, had to follow suit. The mate called the draught a Tord-boyau, which means, I believe, an "intestine twister."

These lonely inhabitants came originally from Harris, and were very kind to us, and very glad to see us.

Our anchorage was off a curious shingle isthmus between two colossal masses of columnar basalt, a gloomy enough place in stormy weather.

We spent a rather disturbed night, as the wind and sea came in from the S.E. We were lucky not to have gone ashore, as we found the anchor chain foul of the flukes when we got it aboard.

We avoided Galta Mor and other fantastic rocks, outliers of these weird islands (why they should be thus called the Shiants, meaning Holy Islands, I do not know), and made Tarbert, Harris, steering through the narrow north passage. Here the mate was filled with the desire of carrying off vast and varied specimens of the gneiss rock. We found the landlord of the inn a capital old fellow called Mackellar, an old navy man who had seen the Crimean War. He gave us sea trout, and told us of the dam above his house, which had burst a month ago, and swept away his garden and flooded his house. Next morning, charted by the mate, we beat down the rock-studded loch, but as a strong southerly wind was blowing we put into South Harbour

Scalpay, and anchored in a snug nook. The natives supplied us with milk, lobsters, and boiled potatoes, and we went a long walk on the island, making the acquaintance of Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, whose husband was on the *Hilda* in Loch Bracadale, curing fish.

The wind blew hard next day, and after beating close reefed for a few miles, we put back to our anchorage. But on Sunday 29, getting a shift of wind (now S.E.), we had a rough sail to Rodel, Harris; here we anchored in the snug pool which can only be entered at high water, and here we stayed till Wednesday morning, a heavy gale blowing all the time.

We visited the interesting old church of St. Clement (thirteenth century) and admired the fine effigies on the tombs of the old knights in mail, and a beautiful carving in stone of an ancient ship. We also walked to Obbe by the quaint village of Strond. Here we found a telegraph office kept by a charming old Irish lady, Mrs. Galbraith. We made many acquaintances in Rodel, notably Mrs. Macleod and Farmer Campbell.

The island of Vallay, which protects the pool, supplied us with a fine dish of mushrooms. We sailed to Loch Maddy and found the inn full of ministers. The synod, under the presidency of the eloquent Dr. Macleod, was making a presentation to Mr. John Macdonald, the veteran minister of the Hebrides. It was in honour of his jubilee, and he was presented with a pony trap and pony. On inquiry about a perch not marked on the chart, which we had noticed in Rodel, we found out that it was the mast of the wrecked *Grenadier*.

Next morning, September 2, it was blowing hard, with snow squalls from N.E., and after facing it for an hour, reefed down, we ran back to our anchorage. On the morning of the 3rd we had the same sort of weather, if not worse; but, chafing at inaction, we took down three reefs, and after a succession of heavy squalls and hail from Ben Eval, we passed Benbecula and anchored for the first time in Loch Skiport, under High Island. We went ashore and made the acquaintance of Alexander Campbell, the fisherman and

crofter. This acquaintance afterwards ripened into a firm friendship. Though at first rather afraid of his "English," he gradually got more confidence and told us some good Highland stories. He speaks English with a most refined accent, and his affectionate hospitality and withal a natural dignity stamped him as one of the very best. On the night of the 5th we had to shift our anchorage. The mate found the anchor a fearful grind, fingers numb and chain slippery, and a ton of weed and rock on the anchor. We seemed to be in the centre of a cyclonic depression, as the wind nipped round from S.E. to N.W. in a couple of hours. We turned in again at 3.30 and were glad of a cup of tea. At 8.30 the glass had fallen another half-inch, and getting ashore in the little dinghy was a perilous job. The obliging purser of the *Dunara Castle* supplied us with bread, what we had being thirteen days old.

On the 7th the gale had abated, and we sailed with spinnaker set for five hours to Canna, where we renewed acquaintance with William Campbell, the piermaster, and had an interesting *rencontre* with the crew of the *Crusader*, twenty-nine ton yawl. At the post office we found two of her amateur crew inquiring for bread. There was none to be had; but we gave them some of our supply from the *Dunara Castle*, and they asked us to come and smoke a pipe after supper. After talking yachting for some time I mentioned canoe-sailing. One of our hosts said, "I once met a man called Lynam who did a good deal of canoe-sailing." Of course I roared with laughter and told the mate, "Here's a man who once met a fellow called Lynam!" The mate joined the laugh in a fashion which astonished the crusaders. Then I remembered a winter some years ago when, after climbing Snowdon on New Year's Day, I spent the night with some great climbers at Capel Curig, and how we sat up most of the night talking climbing and sailing. And our *Crusader* friend was one of the four. One also was Glynn Jones, a splendid climber and a capital *raconteur*. Many and enchanting were the tales he had told. Now, poor fellow, he is no more: killed in a hideous fall among his favourite Alps. They were two strange meetings, at Capel

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Curig Hotel and, ten years later, the little harbour of Canna.

On the 8th we made Eigg, and on the 9th entered Loch Moidart for the first time. The entrance was dangerous, as the perch which should have marked Bogha Mor had been carried away. We visited of course Castle Tioram, the ancient stronghold of the Clan Ranald, and then walked up Glen Shiel. A lovely day, and the skipper made some sketches.

On the 10th, having flopped about in a calm off Ardnamurchan for some time, we reached Tobermory, where skipper managed to drop the new bucket overboard, and visited his old carpenter friend MacPhairtrish. We then sailed up Loch Sunart right up to Laudle Narrows, which looked lovely in the moonlight.

Sunday, September 12th, produced a very foggy day. These occur rarely, and usually with the glass very high. When near Resga it became so thick that we lowered sail and the mate rowed, till, finding five fathoms, we lowered the anchor. When it cleared we were close to Resga, and on the 13th we made Loch Aline. Here we visited a charming old lady of eighty, Mrs. Livingstone, who has welcomed us to the "Beautiful Loch" many times since. After the mate had collected some of the lias fossils early in the morning we sailed off to Oban, where we handed over our beards to the barber and the *Blue Dragon* to John Munro. It should be recorded that on this voyage the difficult question of "who is to wash-up?" was settled by games of picquet and that the mate had all the luck! *Finis coronat opus.*

CASTLE TIORAM (LOCH MOIDART) [P. 132.

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WINTER CRUISE, 1897-8

SINGLE-HANDED

ROUND ABOUT OBAN—SHUNA ISLAND

AN ANTIENT POEM

Wynter ys i-cumen in;
  Lhoŭdly syng *tish-ù!*
Wyndës blo and snoeth sno,
  And al ys icë nu.
    (Syng *tish-ù!*)

Leggës trembel after bath,
  And fyngrës turneth blu,
Wisker freseth, nosë sneseth—
  Merie syng *tish-ù*—
    —*tish-ù*—
    —*tish-ù*—
  Wel singest thou *tish-ù;*
  Ne stop thou never nu!

WINTER CRUISE, 1897–8

SINGLE-HANDED

I REACHED Oban on the morning of Wednesday, December 29, 1897. Found the "James" 9ft. dinghy at the *Oban Times* slip; fresh S.W. breeze; rowed across to Ardentrive Bay with my kit bag, getting very wet in the short-breaking seas. Found the *Blue Dragon*, as usual, in first-rate order and well painted, well rigged, and with all her sailing stores aboard and in their right places. Trust John Munro for all that! All one's little knick-knacks, which add so much to one's comfort, exactly as they were left, and blankets, etc., all thoroughly dried. Sailed her across to the South Quay in the evening, taking as passengers two of Munro's men, and towing their dinghies with the "James." This arrangement proved unfortunate, as I soon discovered that the "James" was swamped between the two bigger boats, and a scull and the middle thwart had floated away. It was too dark to find them, though we tried to do so. However, as it blew a champion gale all next day, I had plenty of time to get the seat and the oar replaced. The storm of Thursday, December 29, will long be remembered. The local paper for Friday said :—"Yesterday, one of the heaviest gales experienced for the last dozen years prevailed over the west of Argyll. The spindrift all along the coast and in the Sound of Mull, was driven before the wind in clouds." Then follows lists of disasters and delays of steamers, and the last paragraph says :—"It is computed that the velocity of the wind was between sixty and seventy miles an hour." I was glad to be moored with a stout hawser to each quay, and with two anchors.

On Friday, New Year's Eve, the storm had subsided, but there were showers and intervals of sunshine; cast off moorings

and got up second anchor, but the 40lb. "Columbia" would not budge. Tried sailing her off with headsails, but it was all of no use; got a man from shore, and with his help hauled up a thick, rusty chain; ran alongside quay and landed the man. Had a pleasant sail out to Lismore and back. A fine moonlight and starlight night; in the cabin I was solitary, hoping that those who like a more festive New Year's Eve were enjoying it. At midnight, foghorns and rockets and guns announced the New Year, which dawned with glorious golden sunshine; a day of wonderful effects, the snow-clad mountains of Mull and Morvern, framed in a gorgeous sky, and the bright sea with its thousand shades of colour. The wind was light; but with the help of the sweeps I got outside, picking up Mr. Bisshop, the great authority on birds, whose collection he is always willing to show to visitors who are interested. Sailed him to the Stirk, or Shepherd's Hat Rock. Here he shot some mallards, etc. I got a sketch in oils of Ben Cruachan's double peak that blushed in the sunset behind the russet and orange foreground of Kerrera. Anchored in Ardentrive Bay after a most delightful New Year's Day. In evening prepared a delicious pudding: a pint of boiling water, put in large pieces of stale brown bread, five teaspoonfuls of condensed milk, a tablespoonful of strawberry jam, four or five Osborne biscuits; beat up an egg, separately, as it may be bad—the first was,—stir up and add some old buns and fragments of cake. When it is ready, go out of the cabin to look around, as you come back kick the whole saucepanful over the floor! not saving a taste. My feelings became emotional. However, out with a towel, swab up the mess, and do the whole over thing again—except, of course, the kicking over.

Sunday, 2.—Another glorious day, sunshine all the seven hours that the sun was above the horizon; glorious effects of sunrise and sunset. Sailed to Loch Don and back up the Sound of Kerrera to the Horse Shoe; found there was evening service at the little chapel. The Psalms and prayers were all in Gaelic, but in the hour's discourse five minutes now and then were given to English, just to let me know what it was about. "I understand there is a stranger here who

maybe has not the Gaelic, so I will occasionally alternate with English." A cold evening, frost in the night, found a hot-water bottle very comfortable!

Monday, 3.—Painted in oils the view north—the mist of the morning rising over Oban, the lower ridges of Cruachan and Morven lovely purples and greys, gold in the sunny foreground, and the red buoy and dismantled yachts of Ardentrive. Very light airs! spent the day chiefly in painting, but in evening ran down to the Little Horse Shoe. Had a pleasant visit from a son of a Kerrera farmer. Like most Highlanders he had many relatives abroad, and was longing to be off himself. About midnight it began to blow hard from south with heavy rain; gave her twenty fathoms as a good deal of swell came in, and some of the gusts were very strong. Started off in the morning with three reefs down, collapsing the dinghy, and ran up the Lynn of Lorne to the Black Rock. The wind went more to the west, and I sailed back, shaking out the reefs. It was a gusty, showery, sunshiny day, one of best sort both for scenery and sailing. In the evening the wind came in heavy gusts off shore, one especially took me aback just off the beacon, and if I had not let go the jib quickly I should have been on the Kerrera rocks. As it was I had too much sail, and boomed along more rapidly than safely amongst the ships at anchor in Ardentrive. I was rather proud of bringing her to moorings successfully single-handed.

Thursday, 6.—Wet, squally morning, wind still south, gusty and showery, with intervals of fine sunshine. Sailed to Dunstaffnage; heavy squall came on just when I had to gybe to make the narrow passage between Dunstaffnage Point and island. Beat up into the bay, and anchored in three fathoms close to the *Witch*, a small schooner of about 100 tons. Walked to the castle and chapel; saved the life of a wretched sheep that was caught inextricably in briars, and was on its back hung up over the side of the cliff. Chummed with Mackinnon, of Dunbeg, the owner and skipper of the *Witch*. Wrote letters in his cottage, and was introduced to his wife, who "had no English."

Friday, 7.—A fine morning. Saw a seal close to the *Blue*

Dragon; got a sketch of the fine view N.E. Resolved to go north instead of up Loch Etive. Took the end of the ebb through the narrow passage, then a close haul, passed close to the breakers and rocks off Ard Gabard. There was a good deal of sea in the tide rip; had to pump the ship in the broken seas. Just weathered the Fion, then had a nice quarterly breeze past Black Island and the Red Buoy and Port Appin. Determined to make for Shuna Sound, instead of going on to Ballachulish. Got Knapp Point well on Appin House, and though the tide was low, got through Shuna Sound, and anchored on the east of Shuna Island between the two spits. Mr. MacLachlan, of the Farm, entertained me very hospitably, and we crossed the sound together, and went to Appin post office and shop. A stormy-looking night, full moon. MacLachlan came and had a "crack" on board. I found we had several mutual friends in the west. Discovered that my cake and bread were ruined by the capsizing of my oil stove, which I had neglected to lash. The night was destined to be a very troubled one. The only quarter from which any sea could come was south, and from that direction it began to blow at least half a gale. She snubbed a good deal. At 2.30 a.m. I turned out in oilies, got a second anchor into dinghy with twenty fathoms of manilla as well as the chain; with some difficulty in the driving rain and darkness took out the anchor to the south spit and then paid out; but it would not reach the *Blue Dragon* by a few yards—not even when the dinghy's painters were added, so I had to haul back again and get up the anchor, a ticklish job in the sea that was on. Dropped it nearer the *Blue Dragon* and got back. I had made the dinghy painter fast, when crack—it gave, and I expected to see the dinghy making for shore, but luckily it stuck under the mizzen bumpkin, and I secured it and the anchor. Had a baddish night on the whole.

Saturday, 8.—Rained and blew hard all day. Slacked and painted, spent a pleasant evening with the hospitable MacLachlans, and had a lesson in Gaelic.

Sunday, 9.—A bright, fine morning. Took all the kind family aboard, and much interested they were in the ship and

PORT NAN DUN, LOCH LEVEN, AND PAP OF GLENCOE [*P.* 138.

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its contents. Had a fine run (two hours) to Ballachulish; lowered mainsail before taking the Peter narrows into Loch Leven and went through under headsails and mizzen. Picked up the bishop's moorings in Port nan Dun, a wonderfully snug little harbour; walked to St. John's Church, Ballachulish, and heard the bishop preach. A squally night; a watery moon shining down on the black Pap of Glencoe, and the snow mountains glistened behind.

Monday, 10.—A wet, squally day, wind strong, still from south. I began to imagine that my ham was running to seed and my eggs inclined to be high; painted the entrance to Glencoe with St. Mungo's Isle; went for a long walk up the pass, which was in its wildest, weirdest winter form.

Tuesday, 11.—Wind still blowing hard from south; reached through Peter Strait with one reef; found a lot of sea outside, things crashing about in cabin, heavy squalls; took down third reef in the calm by the Ballachulish Pier; made a long board out to the Culchenna Spit Buoy, then back to the Seal Rock (Sgeir na Ron). Then, as the weather got very dirty, I resolved to beat into Kintallen; anchored in rather deep water, so got out dinghy and carried second anchor into shallow water as in Shuna. It was now blowing really hard, spindrift whirling about, and, as it was as dark as pitch, I thought I should be the better for some company; lit the hand-lantern and pushed off the dinghy. The *Blue Dragon's* riding-light immediately blew out, and she was completely lost to my sight when only a yard or two away. Finding the shore was very difficult, had to keep the lantern shielded, and if I stopped rowing for a moment the little dinghy drifted yards. However, at last I found myself at a convenient landing-place; it was dead high tide, so made her fast and went to see Mr. Cameron at the store. His wife asked me to stay the night, and I gladly did so, feeling that the ship was quite secure. Had a long "crack" with Cameron, who came from Loch Moidart, and knew my friends in the small isles, and had been skipper on a yacht for many years.

Wednesday, 12.—Old New Year's Day. A fine morning—wind light, but still south. Showed Dr. Anderson, of

Ardshiel, over the *Blue Dragon.* Under full sail, made a long board across to Morven, then made Goat Island, and so by short boards to Shuna; painted, and revisited my friends the MacLachlans.

Thursday, 13.—Wind rose in middle of night, and in the morning it was blowing hard again from the old quarter. Under two-reefed mainsail and foresail only, started to beat through Shuna Sound south; crushed my finger in getting the anchor—no easy task. Made a few short boards; carried away foresail sheet, and altogether found the beat was too much for me, so ran back to Shuna.

Friday, 14.—It was getting imperative for me to reach Oban, as I was bound to be back in Oxford before Monday. The weather was just as bad, and the wind still dead in my teeth. Same old difficulty in hauling up the anchor in confined water with some sea on, very exhausting, and the worst of it was that one had so much to do at once. Stow anchor temporarily, up foresail; will she go off on the right board? No, she is heading straight for shore. Dash to the helm. Will she bear away enough to clear? Centre-plate is all down; cannot leave helm to get it up; but out starboard sweep; back her as hard as possible. Yes, she just clears; up mainsail with two reefs down and away. It was thick and raining and blowing, and the wind, meeting the tide between the rocks, made a considerable jump of a sea. A board across to Sheep Island, then as near as one dare to the rocks on the Appin shore, then a very short one towards Lismore, and back for a few moments' peace off Appin Pier; set mizzen. Then clear of the red buoy off the Appin Rocks; suddenly remembered the Lobster shoal, but cleared it somehow, and then things were pretty straightforward; got some shelter under Eilean Glas at mouth of Loch Creran; if I had had time I should certainly have gone in. It was getting very thick, and night coming on, and the end of the ebb, when I was just off the Creag Islands, five uninhabited rocks between Loch Etive and Lismore. Resolved to anchor off the pebble beach between the two northernmost rocks—surely a place where no single-hander has ever anchored before? Dropped anchor twenty yards

from middle of beach; poor holding ground, deepening rapidly. Out dinghy at once, and took second anchor ashore with two lengths of manilla: piled rocks on it; back to the *Blue Dragon* just in time, as she was beginning to drag. It was a weird, black night; the moaning of the wind and the strange cries of seafowl were the only sounds to cheer the solitary voyager.

Saturday, 15.—Beat successfully to Oban under full sail, and anchored off South Quay at 1.30. Packed up; handed her over to John Munro's careful hands; found piles of correspondence at the post office, and just caught the 4.10 for London.

A few general remarks on the cruise:

First, I never suffered from cold. The weather was fairly mild, and my Defries oil-stove warmed the cabin quite enough. I sometimes used a hot-water bottle to keep my feet warm, but it was a luxury. No one need be afraid of a winter cruise on this account.

Secondly. Of course, the days are short; but, as a rule, six or seven hours of daylight are all one wants for sailing. One misses the evening walk that one gets in the summer, but the moonlight often gives one a chance of a pleasant stroll, though if on roadless land one would advise a lantern; nothing is more difficult than to pick one's way over rugged, broken ground in the pitch dark.

Thirdly. The morning bathe is not tempting, and this makes the greatest difference between winter and summer cruising.

Fourthly. Everything is much cheaper, people more glad to see you, and you are the welcome stranger rather than the tourist out of whom money is to be made.

Fifthly. The scenery on a fine day is more lovely; you probably get a greater number of unsailable days, the winds are stronger and the gusts heavier. If one is content with short day sails, with snug rig, and with long evenings in the cabin; if one has such a hobby as painting or geologizing, even a single-handed winter cruise is very enjoyable. You see more of the scenery, you see more of the natives, you have all the excitement of working her, bringing her

up to moorings, and getting her under way, relying on yourself alone. If you did not know the waters fairly well, a companion to help with the charts would, I fancy, be almost indispensable. I only made two new anchorages, and I knew something of both beforehand. To conclude, after it all I feel far more refreshed and stronger, and readier for work of another kind, than if I had indulged in the ordinary dissipations of the Christmas holidays.

EASTER CRUISE, 1898

OBAN—EIGG—RUM—MUCK—MULL—LOCH ALINE

THE HEBRIDES.—I.

Where there's solitude, pleasant to some,
Where the life is secluded and dumb,
Where as yet not a tripper has come—
Rum.

Where the gull and the tern and the duck
Live and love, roost and eat, cry and cluck;
Where you *may* find a native, with luck—
Muck.

Where the tern and the duck and the gull
Some amusement continue to cull
From a life which appears to be dull—
Mull.

BOSUN (M.R.C.) AND CABIN-BOY (H.C.R.)

(Tabernacle)

Pl. III.

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EASTER CRUISE, 1898

SKIPPER, BOSUN (M. R. CHURCH), CABIN-BOY (H. C. BROOKS)

HAVING steamed from Greenock on board the *Clydesdale*, we arrived at Oban on April 5, and, loading up with provisions, we had a fine sail up Loch Linnhe to Shuna Appin, where we visited and photographed our old friends the MacLachlans, who gave us a great supper. Pottering down to Loch Creran, a beautiful loch which had never before been visited by the *Blue Dragon*, we anchored at the head and called on Mr. Carson, Mrs. MacLachlan's venerable father. His grandchildren, Sarah and wee May, were staying with him, and we had a pleasant evening. Our anchorage that night was not as peaceful as we expected. We had put her on legs, but at 10.30, as we lay asleep in the cabin, suddenly there was a crunch and a lurch, and over went the *Blue Dragon* to port, everything rattling over on to the top of the skipper. The bosun was not much disturbed and would have slept on, but the skipper found that the leg had sunk in the mud, and the vessel's weight had forced up the rubbing wale and left a gaping hole, through which the rising tide would pour. The bosun made a good job of it, nailing canvas over the wound. The cabin-boy slept undisturbed by the lurch and the hammering.

It came on rather wet and squally, and the skipper had an attack of *migraine*. Our next anchorage was Dunstaffnage, and on April 11 we ran up the falls into Loch Etive, the bosun doing much geology here and there, and discussing the depths and shallows of the inland lochs with the skipper, who rejected the ice-theory. We were much interested in the great Duranis granite quarries, and made a new but not comfortable anchorage off Inverliever.

On April 15 we returned to Oban and anchored in the Little Horse Shoe, where the skipper and cabin-boy left the bosun fishing, and trudged to the Horse Shoe Farm. Here the old man told us news and we had a "crack," the good wife and her fair daughter brought us milk and eggs and introduced us to a grey parrot, which took a determined dislike to the cabin-boy, and nipped his finger fiercely. We got back to the *Blue Dragon* in black darkness, and found that the bosun's fishing was unsuccessful, the fact being that, in a fit of absence of mind, he had put a bit of old red conglomerate on the hook for bait, which did not arouse the same enthusiasm in the fish as in the fisher.

On the 16th we sailed round the south of Kerrera and up the Sound of Mull to Craignure, where we had a long walk, the bosun finding some quartz conglomerate, which he affirmed was like the auriferous conglomerate of the Rand (S.A.). We had lovely views from Ben Nevis to Ben Cruachan. We spent Sunday morning in Loch Aline, but in the afternoon made Fishnish Bay, where the skipper compounded a famous soup of potatoes, carrots, hare, peas and apple jelly. Here, in the morning, the skipper, whilst doing a job on the bowsprit, was pulling himself along by the shrouds, when the dinghy slipped away and left him sitting in the shallow water, a ludicrous position, and the bosun smiled! At breakfast the side came out of the skipper's best big mug, and again the bosun smiled! On reaching Tobermory we found, on consulting the *Blue Dragon* chronometer with the real time, that we were fifty minutes fast, which accounted for some supposed eccentricities in tides.

The *Blue Dragon* is here always welcomed as the first swallow that harbingers the summer, and we were cheerfully received by old MacPhairtrish, the carpenter, and others. The bosun, after a long search, discovered the lias fossils by the distillery.

Tuesday, April 19, we hove to off Ardnamurchan, while the bosun in the dinghy made for the base of the great cliffs, and, landing perilously, explored the curious veins and dykes on its face, and knocked off specimens. Rounding Quinish Point, and avoiding Sgeir Mor, we entered Loch Cuan for

LOW TIDE AT CRAIGNURE

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the first time, a difficult and somewhat dangerous harbour. Then Mr. Forsyth of Quinish, whose son we had befriended on the *Clydesdale*, came aboard, but, not thinking much of our appearance, refrained from asking us to the house, but told us we might go on to the land without fear of being arrested by his gamekeepers. Young Forsyth, who thought more of us than his father, brought us milk and eggs surreptitiously in the morning. On Wednesday, 20, the morning was thick and stormy, and Loch Cuan no place to stay in, so we took the southerly wind and soon lost sight of land. After several hours we suddenly saw land a quarter of a mile ahead, and there was the exact spot we had steered for from Loch Cuan, viz. Eilean Castel, south-east of Eigg. On anchoring off the quay, Sandy Mackinnon was very pleased to see us, and together we explored Macdonalds' cave, and brought away some genuine bones and also specimens of pitchstone veins, but were almost cut off by the tide. We found a large grey-back gull dead on the rocks.

On Thursday, 21, we climbed the grand old Scuir and searched for *Pinus Eiggensis*, specimens of which Sandy found for us next morning. We made a start for Rum, but after a long calm off the north-east of the island we put back, and had some difficulty in steering through the dangerous passage in the gathering darkness. Sgeir Garave and Flod Sgeir were awash, and we seemed to hear the swishing seaweed all round us. The sunset had been most gorgeous. The colours of Rum, the Cuchullins, Sleat and the mainland, too wonderful for words ; every soft and delicate tint, and the brown sail of a boat, the reflections on the calm sea, heaving in slow, billowy pulsations, all together made one of those divinely resonant views which do fill the soul with gladness. Next morning we ran across to Muck Island and made Port Mor. Here we made friends with MacDougal, whose son Donald, aged eighteen, with a boatman and a young Carmichael, was drowned when trying to land on Horse Island in 1895. The bosun was delighted to discover pitchstone at Gallanach Bay. We explored most of the island, and found the natives most kindly disposed to us.

On Saturday, 23, after a long sail with light and variable

airs, we reached Tobermory, whence we crossed to Mingary, and the bosun geologized Maclean's Nose. In Camus na Fearna we met an old Mutiny hero of the 78th, named MacCorsie. He told us it was of no use to talk about the Mutiny to the natives here; they didn't believe there ever was a mutiny, and his stories of diamonds and gold images, etc., were treated as yarns. The old man said that when the officer who was surveying Loch Sunart for the Admiralty told him that he had finished the job, MacCorsie said he hadn't got half the sunk rocks down. "I'll give you five shillings for every one you can show me," said the officer. "Done," said MacCorsie, and showed him four such rocks within a quarter of a mile. The pound was paid with much strong language! One of the leading marks mentioned in the chart is the old Borrowdale Castle, but a Philistine millionaire called Rudd, having bought the place, has pulled down every stone of the old castle and built himself a modern sham castle.

We went into Loch Teachdaish (pronounced Teacus) and explored there our first *vitrified fort.* Rahoy Farm is at the foot, and the farmer, Robertson, told us that Professor Murray had been exploring the fort and doing some excavating. But no reasonable theory has, as far as I know, been proposed as to the construction of these extraordinary places.

On the 27th we put into Salen and had a great walk across Mull on the road to Loch na Keal (the Loch Goil of "Lord Ullin's Daughter").

The weather was now getting stormy, and, after a night in Scallasdale Bay, we were unable to make Oban, and were obliged to leave the *Blue Dragon* in Loch Aline and took the *Clansman* to Glasgow, leaving instructions for Munro to send some one to bring the yacht to her berth at Ardentrive.

LOCH TEACUIS, LOCH SUNART
(Vitrified fort on hill to right)

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SUMMER CRUISE, 1898

OBAN—COLL—TIREE—EIGG—SKYE

THE HEBRIDES.—II.

Where you saunter and lazily loll
In the beautiful beams of King Sol,
While the natives supply alcohol—
Coll.

Where the razorbill hatches her egg,
Where the Scuir exercises the leg;—
From these details imagine, I beg,
Eigg.

Where the Cuchullins stand jagged and high,
Where the gannets and guillemots cry,
Where the terriers bite you and fly—
Skye.

LOCH DON

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SUMMER CRUISE, 1898

In the summer of 1898, the *Blue Dragon* set sail from Oban at the end of July. Skipper, bosun (M. R. C.), quarter-master (G. L.), and the steward (A. A. M.).

We sailed across the Firth of Lorne to Loch Don, thence up Loch Spelve, where we had a hard blow and dragged our anchor. The quarter-master took a capital snap-shot of the skipper and bosun taking out the second anchor in a rough sea. Next we visited Carsaig and its arches, and then had a fine sail to Iona, passing inside the Torranon Rocks without a glimpse of the formidable Ram-nam-dam-fear. We went through Bull Hole and sailed by compass for Staffa, as it was very thick. Left Staffa to port and entered Ballacloich between Gometra and Ulva. We tried to get north through the strait, but the passage was barred by a plank bridge. Sailed close to Moisgeir and photoed the breakers (the skipper was almost induced by the rash bosun to go inside); then we sailed round to the north of Gometra and anchored in the North Harbour. Hence we sailed with a fair wind to Tobermory and down the Sound of Mull to Oban. Here the quarter-master and steward left us and the mate joined us. After inspecting the Channel Squadron we sailed in company with *Umbra* (R. A. Hinckley) north again. It was a calm evening, so *Umbra* put back, whilst the *Blue Dragon* took the narrow passage between Musdile Island and Lismore, and anchored in Bernera Harbour. Here the skipper got two nice photographs of the *Blue Dragon* with the mate hauling up the anchor and topsail set.

Next day we raced and beat the *Umbra* with a fine spinnaker-and-topsail breeze up the sound and on to Teachdaish. In the windward work *Umbra* overhauled us. We revisited the vitrified fort and carried away large specimens.

Next day we stopped at St. Kerian's Bay, just under Maclean's Nose, which we geologized. Then across to Tobermory. Hence we sailed with the intention of getting to Coll or Tiree, but only reached Loch Mingary. As next day it blew hard from the west we sailed back to Tobermory. Then to Loch Drumbuy in Sunart and at last got a fine breeze and made a long passage to Arinagour in the Island of Coll. The natives were collected on the quay to go to our rescue as soon as we should strike a rock right in the middle of the passage, over which we gaily sailed, not knowing, with topsail set. Next day there was a gale and we explored Coll. Then south to Tiree, a very pleasant long day's sail. We got into Scarnish with some difficulty, as the entrance was very obscure. Here we took the ground and the mate and bosun walked off to Mr. John Barr's farm to see the Marble Quarries, of which they brought back a cut. Here we found plentiful mushrooms. Then we sailed past Coll to Muck, where we explored the supposed pitchstone dyke and discovered gabbro. Thence to Eigg, where Sandy Mackinnon was very glad to see us. Here the mate and bosun made a prodigious geological walk, right to the end of the Scuir by the south side, exploring the pitchstone dykes and then up to the top of the west face, over to the weird, solitary loch, then across to Laig Bay and back by the middle road. Improvements were being made to the quay by the proprietor. We next sailed off for the Sound of Sleat—an all-night sail on a thundery night—the wind coming in hot blasts off the mainland. We reached Isle Ornsay in the morning, and sailed across to Loch Hourn, went up to the head and sailed round the *Lady Beatrice*, Lord Rendal's steam yacht, getting a sight of Sir William Harcourt. Then off through Kyle Rhea to Kyle Akin. The weather was bad and we stayed a day, crossing over to see the new pier on the Loch Alsh side. Then we sailed off, meaning to stay at Pabba; but it was too rough, and was blowing a gale by the time we reached Broadford, with pouring rain. We stayed a day storm-bound at Broadford. Then ran to Pabba, landed, and got specimens of the lias fossils, and then, after an exciting effort to run through the rocks, we got round into Croulin Harbour

FROM GOMETRA HARBOUR [P. 152.

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between Croulin Mor and Croulin Beg. Here we stayed two whole days stormbound, and then sailed off for Loch Sligachan. Anchored at the head of the loch in the shallow water and got out the legs. Skipper walked up to the hotel to send telegrams and prospect, found that much mountaineering was going on, and that Mr. Harker, the geologist of the survey, was staying there, whilst reporting on the rocks of Skye. The great mass of Glamaig looked frowningly through the mist, which hid Ben Cailleach. Finding the *Blue Dragon* with some difficulty we turned in, taking the ground nicely. Next morning we determined on a long expedition and started at about 10.30, taking luncheon, sketching book and geological implements. We tramped through squashy quagmire for two or three miles and then found a rough track, walked on to Drumhain, then turned up north into Harta Corrie, a boulder-strewn cauldron surrounded by the frowning, jagged peaks of the Cuchullins.

On our return we were met by the news that *our ship was under water!* Tired as we were we hastened to where we had left the dinghy, and sure enough nothing but the burgee of the *Blue Dragon* was visible above the water. Our clothes (we had nothing whatever but what we stood in) were soaked. We fed at the hotel and talked to the visitors till midnight; then skipper and bosun went off to board the *Blue Dragon.* It was now low water and she was high and dry. We dragged and carried the dinghy for half-a-mile to where she lay—found her full of water. She had taken the ground on the edge of a pool, the starboard leg had been forced up and a great hole made in the top and second planks. Skipper baled her out whilst the bosun tried to repair damage; but it was an awkward job as the gunwale was under water in the pool. Then we waited till the tide began to flow. Soon we saw that the repairs were of little use. The water poured in, the night was dark, our lantern was unfixable, and for two long hours we toiled. First one and then the other baled with the bucket, standing up to our knees in the water, baling out floating candles, cigars, biscuits, leaves of books, etc., etc. The yacht being right on her beam ends the pump would not work until the water had risen

a great height inside, then one pumped whilst the other baled. The skipper was almost done, but the bosun did double spells with the bucket. The water still gained. It was frantic, back-breaking, heart-breaking work filling the bucket in the angles and corners of the cabin top, lifting it high overhead and chucking its contents over the side; at last, almost at the end of our strength, though the bosun's efforts were gigantic, the skipper gave a great shout, "She's rising!" and slowly the gunwale lifted and she rested on an even keel, but still she was full to the top of the cabin hatch, and it took another hour to get her dry, but the pump now was in full work, the leak was above water-line, and at last we were able, as the day began to break, to sail her off into deep water, get into the dinghy, and trudge back to the hotel. We slept from 4.30 till 11 and then sailed her with a fair breeze back to Kyle Akin, where the mate left us and Dugald Macleod patched her up. We got all the charts, and bedding, and clothes spread out on the beach, wired to Oban for fresh bedding, and for two days cleared up as far as possible. Clock, watches, aneroids, camera, books, bags, sketches and sketching materials, all ruined. At the hotel we met Colin Hunter, R.A., and Sir James Farrer, and every one was kind to the wrecked mariners.

For the rest of the cruise we were continually reminded that our ship had been for twelve hours beneath the waves. The wick of the oil stove refused to light, and our clocks, compasses, paints, canvasses, and of course pillows and mattresses, were useless.

The mate left us to it on September 2, having to go south. The skipper and bosun took Mr. Lawson, an English artist, for a sail up Loch Duich, and anchored in Totaig Bay. Here Lawson, after trumpeting for a long time for the ferry, was taken over to Dornie by Macbrayne's boatman.

Sunday, 4, was a glorious day, and we had a great drying of everything in the warm sunlight. The bosun, geologizing ashore, was stopped by the ferryman, who said that the tinkling of the hammer would imply that he (the ferryman) was breaking the Sabbath! As clocks and watches on board were ruined, we had recourse to a pocket sun-dial,

LOOKING NORTH FROM LOCH MINGARY, MULL [P. 154.

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but as its compass was rusty it was difficult to get the exact south.

The bosun discovered asbestos, and also at Cailleach, where we subsequently anchored, Torridonian "fossil ferns!"

At Isle Ornsay we despatched a claim for £20 to the East Coast Yacht Insurance Company, and heard about a great battle in the Soudan, and the capture of Omdurman.

In the morning our new clock, purchased at Isle Ornsay for four shillings, and made of course in Germany, rang a hideous alarum at 4 a.m. On repeating this performance, an hour later, the bosun shattered it with many missile weapons.

On reaching Mallaig, we explored the new railway cuttings, the bosun getting some good archæan schists and diorite. There was a grand though windy sky at sunset, a huge flaming angel rising from a dark cloud-bank in the west.

From Mallaig we sailed round the point of Sleat and into Loch Scavaig. As we entered the loch we saw a small steamer high and dry on its beam ends on the top of a rock at the entrance to the harbour behind Eilean Glas. "Loot!" cried the bosun, thinking it was deserted; but three seamen appeared and told us she was the *Scoura* from Eigg, and that Mr. Thomson, the owner, was over at Camusunary.

This loch is the wildest and grandest on the west coast. Two torrents roar down from the mountains, which tower sheer up from the sea two or three thousand feet. The Sailing Directions give a fearsome description of the anchorage, but no one can appreciate the weird loneliness of the place without sojourning there. The *Scoura* was uninjured, and got off about 9.30. Mr. Thomson rowed round from Camusunary at about 7.30, and spent a couple of hours on the *Blue Dragon*, telling us about his plans for the crofters of Eigg and Strathaird. We have since met him many times, and he has always been kind and genial to the crew of the *Blue Dragon*. On entering the loch the skipper saw broken water where no rock ought to have been, but it proved to be the splashing of a huge whale.

After a long sail next day, we safely entered Eigg Harbour from the north in black darkness.

Next morning we visited Eigg friends, and the bosun successfully hunted specimens of granophyre. We made an attempt to reach Muck, but the wind headed us and we put back. On Saturday, 10, skipper lunched with the McEwens, who had taken the big house for the summer. The visitor was very disreputable, but the hostess and her friends made allowances, and made him feel at home. Sandy Mackinnon showed the skipper a Catholic prayer-book and catechism in English, which had been washed up by the waves. The binding had been washed away, but the book was tied up in strong white silk, and there was a shamrock leaf between the pages. What has been its story?

On Sunday we made Port Mor in Muck, and found Mr. Sinclair, the minister of Eigg, "working in English," as a native told us (having already conducted a Gaelic service), in a cottage by the pier. There were half-a-dozen fishermen, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, the old school-master and his wife, and five or six girls. After the service Mrs. Campbell asked us to tea with the minister, whose acquaintance I thus made, and whose friendship I have since learnt to prize very greatly. On Monday, 12, we luckily had a grand N.W. breeze which took us right away to Oban, and leaving the *Blue Dragon* with Mr. Munro, we went south by the *Claymore*.

A CORRY, LOCH HOURN

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SUMMER CRUISE, 1899

OBAN—MINGARY—SKYE—EIGG—CANNA

NIMIUM NE CREDE EXPERTO

(A LIBEL)

"This narrow strait" (the Sailing Directions said),
"Is full of rocks, and difficult to enter;
Whirlpools are common here at every tide;
There are uncharted reefs on every side
And currents (twenty knots) along the centre."
"Come," said the Skipper, "we will go in there."
(We went in there.)

"There is no sand" (the Sailing Directions said),
"The anchorage is thoroughly unsafe.
There is no shelter from the frequent squalls,
Save on the west, among the overfalls.
Boats should go on to Loch MacInchmaquaif."
"Come," said the Skipper, "we will anchor here."
(We anchored here.)

SUMMER CRUISE, 1899

THE skipper, quarter-master (G. L.), bosun (M. R. C.), commodore (J. E. M.), and cabin-boy (C. G. L.) arrived at Oban on the 25th of July and found the good old ship tight and trim. Having provisioned up we made a speedy start with a light westerly wind on Wednesday afternoon. It was a beat to Lismore Lighthouse, but making over to the south shore we got a light breeze that took us to Duart, where we anchored close to a big white steam yacht opposite the boat-house. We had lovely views of Ben Nevis and Ben Cruachan. In the morning took the end of the flood up Loch Aline and waited there till the end of the ebb. A long beat up the sound with a freshening westerly breeze took us to Tobermory. On Friday morning the *Claymore* called, with Mrs. L., Kit and Gwen on board. The commodore joined them as he had professorial work to do at Kyle Akin and was not sure that the *Blue Dragon* would arrive there in time. In this, however, he was mistaken. There was a strong wind and a heavy sea was reported off the "Point of the Ocean," so we stayed in Tobermory till Saturday, then sailed across to Mingary with a reef down and anchored by the new pier west of the old castle, which we visited and explored after a long walk.

On *Sunday*, 30, the wind had gone down, and though misty we sailed out of the sound and round Ardnamurchan; within ten minutes of passing the light we lost sight of land and steered by compass in a dense fog for three and a half hours with topsail and spinnaker set; at last, when beginning to speculate as to where exactly we were, we saw the head of Scuir of Eigg almost astern, and soon afterwards saw dim land to port, which of course was Sleat Point. Just as the sun was setting we sailed into Isle Ornsay Harbour after a grand quick sail.

On *Monday* morning, which was bright and clear, wind

still southerly, we sailed with the end of the morning flood through Kyle Rhea, but lost the wind in Loch Alsh and rowed a mile, then got a nice breeze and anchored at Kyle Akin, where we found the doctor, commodore, Mrs. L., and the two little girls, who were just coming back from a bathe. The doctor was sketching on the "Lump."

Tuesday, *August* 1.—Our new mainsail had arrived with roller reefing gear. Quarter-master did some photography and we spent the day bending the new sail. In the evening we sailed to Loch Carron and back, and the doctor gave us a lesson in sea-fishing, but the girls objected to the monstrous gurnet that he kept fishing out.

Wednesday, 2.—Sailed to Balmacara, skipper landed the ladies there and then we sailed up Loch Duich, bringing the doctor back to his hotel in time for dinner, notwithstanding his prognostications. We anchored in the pool in Kyle Akin Harbour.

On *Thursday* we sailed with the ladies to Broadford. They inspected the place but decided rather to stay at Kyle Akin than go there. We sailed back with a smart breeze, the Cuchullins and the islands of the Inner Sound looking lovely in the evening light. A silly boat crew of trippers signalled to us with a white flag and we wore round and hauled up to them, but it was only their fun; they had been pretending to be in distress.

Friday, 4, the doctor left, having made some very artistic sketches, and we sailed with the ladies to Dornie, Loch Duich; found a charming store-keeper there, and after tea sailed back to Kyle Akin. The ladies were somewhat alarmed by the proximity of a huge whale.

Saturday, 5.—We sailed round to Plockton in Loch Carron, and as heavy fog came on, we only just got in in time. The cabin-boy purchased a handsome doll called Annie Plockton for the girls, who greatly appreciated her golden hair and blue eyes.

On *Sunday* we got back to Kyle Akin and sailed up Loch na Beeste, the girls walking over there.

Monday, 7, it was too calm to sail; the girls had a bathe off the *Blue Dragon*, taking splendid headers.

LOCH NA BEESTE [*P.* 160.

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Tuesday, 8.—The quarter-master left early by *Claymore* and we said farewell to Kyle Akin and the ladies and cabin-boy, and sailed through Kyle Rhea and past Isle Ornsay to Armadale, where we anchored inside the pier. Commodore and skipper walked over to "a village" and got provisions, and wired to the mate to meet us at Eigg. And so we ended the first part of our cruise. We had had splendid weather, and though there was a lack of adventure, the time had been spent most delightfully.

Thursday, 10.—Having seen the commodore off on his way to investigate camphor, skipper and bosun lay off to meet Langland's *Princess Victoria* with mate and his geologists on board. We got alongside all right and took them off, but learnt that they had arrived without any heavy artillery,[1] so we had to wait at Eigg till it followed.

Experimented at having breakfast together, but it took all morning, so decided to work it in two relays. Butler and John slept in tent, rest on board. Butler attacked pitchstone with small arms and did a good deal of execution. John was put out of action by splinter. In the afternoon we all sailed to Muck, landed there, and explored South Bay. Butler was enthusiastic at the variety of fine and coarse rock. Bosun discovered genuine pitchstone vein. Rowed back in fine sunset.

Sunday.—Skipper and bosun lay off for four hours waiting for Langland's cargo boat which never came. The monotony was relieved by a fierce encounter with a gigantic skate.

Monday.—Sailed up east side of Eigg, landed at Ru na Tre Clach, and walked to north end to get reputed granophyre. Skipper made reconnaissance in force alone and scaled an impregnable height. Went into Clanranald's Cave.

Tuesday.—Skipper went by *Gael* to Kyle Akin, Butler and John to old pier for pitchstone, and on Wednesday skipper returned by *Gael.* There was a big gale on this day.

Thursday.—Butler and John to Laig Bay. Mate and bosun found good olivine dolerite, and some unmarked granophyre or andesite above the old pier.

Friday.—Siege train arrived, and after paying a visit to Grulinn in morning, pulled up our stakes and got off to Muck.

[1] Sledge-hammers and pick-axes.

Saturday.—Tried to get to South Bay by sea, but fog prevented us seeing half-a-cable, and after lolloping dangerously near Bo Fineart managed to feel our way back to Port Mor. In the afternoon, in spite of rain and mist, Butler and John, much to the disgust of the latter, explored, but the mist was too thick for them to see much.

Sunday.—A great day in South Bay. Butler knocked out a lot of specimens which were got across to Port Mor and packed ready for the steamer.

Monday.—Rowed out of Port Mor, and past Godyke Rock, and then got a breeze down the south end of Rum. Breeze fell light about 2 p.m., and *Blue Dragon* made very little headway in the heavy swell. Got into a weird hole called Camus Haoo after dark: it looked the sort of place to out-Scavaig Scavaig itself in uncertain weather; sheer cliffs of 1,000 feet, pierced with gullies surrounding it. Too late to pitch tent, so made shift as best we could on board.

Tuesday.—Very quietly mate and bosun got up at five and took dinghy to have a look round. Rowed along the shore and selected what looked like a decent place to land, but got rolled over and over in the breakers. Collected bloodstone from beach, and prepared to get through breakers again; first attempt unsuccessful, as we were not smart enough, and so dinghy took somersaults; second attempt came off fine, mate scrambling into the boat like a bird, though he was standing up to his chest in water, and kept her head on in style.

Skipper made two successful attempts to wreck the breakfast, and then after breakfast went ashore with bosun, landing at a different place. Getting off again was only less exciting than previous attempts. Sailed over to Canna; skipper fixed up tent, while Butler had a hurried interview with Miss Thom. Here we met Sir Archibald Geikie.

Wednesday and *Thursday* were spent at Canna, the time being divided between the conglomerate on Sanday at Dunbeg and the agglomerate at the base of Compass Hill. Skipper sketched cross.

Friday.—A fine sail to Scavaig: fixed camp. In night, during a typical squall, dragged anchor, but suffered no damage, and spent night hanging on to red boat. Tenters

DUNBEG, SANDA (CANNA) [*P.* 162.

(Described at length by Sir A. Geikie in *Tertiary Volcanoes*)

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thought the Cuchullins were going to come on top of them.

Saturday.—Left Butler at Scavaig, and sailed to Eigg to get packing cases, etc. Very light wind, and took nineteen hours to do the twenty odd miles.

Sunday.—Skipper migrainish, but had recovered enough on Monday to set out again ; touched on Flod Sgeir but without doing any harm, and got back to Scavaig in three hours, where we found all of Butler that had not been eaten by the gnats.

Monday.—*Gael* came. Got some magnificent diallage, which quite cheered Butler's remains. Skipper went great walk up waterfall and returned minus most of his trousers.

Tuesday.—Left tenters and sailed to Soay. Skipper and mate 'palled' with old acquaintance called MacGaskel and bought lobsters.

Wednesday.—After collecting and trimming much Torridonian sailed back to Scavaig, and loaded up boxes for *Gael* to take off.

Friday, 1.—Made an early start for Mallaig, but without much wind ; kept close to the shore most of the way, and got a very good view of sections of Jurassics. Finally got into Mallaig in dark, and landed Butler and John, who slept the night at an hotel. Place was full of railroaders, and was quite busy : the saloon seemed to be doing a roaring trade.

Saturday, 2.—Got a lot of schists, and in evening went up Loch Nevis, and after pitching tent on a good spot and landing Butler, sailed further up loch and anchored in a snug little hole behind Eilean Guibhas.

Sunday.—Very early start. Had picked up tenters and all their belongings by 7 a.m., passed Mallaig at 9, and went for Eigg with three reefs and a thick fog. No sign of Eigg till we were a mile from it, so had to steer by compass. SS. *Thursbay*, of Liverpool, passed within a biscuit toss of us, and gave us the benefit of her wash. Got into Eigg wet through and cold; all changed into dry things : bosun promptly fell overboard.

Monday.—Butler got specimens from above old pier : packed up generally. Skipper, mate, and finally Butler (after many wanderings) spent evening at McEwen's.

Tuesday, 5.—Mate, Butler and John departed: skipper and bosun sailed over to Muck in morning with Colin Hunter, R.A., who had arrived at Eigg on the preceding day. Got back in time for Eigg Regatta, and decked *Blue Dragon* in bunting. Skipper let off fireworks in the evening.

Wednesday, 6.—Started on journey south. Went across to Loch Ailort and anchored behind Eilean Gobhair, on which there was a magnificent vitrified fort; the skipper made a sketch of it, and procured a noble specimen which is now in the possession of the Oxford Museum.

Thursday.—A short sail to North Harbour of Loch Moidart and walked across to the big loch and back. Came on thick, so stayed at our anchorage.

Friday.—Got out of North Harbour through some very nasty rocks and started on a long sail round Ardnamurchan, which we managed to weather, though at one time it seemed likely that we should have to run back to Eigg. Bo Askadil was in great form, sending up great spouts of spray. Managed to get into Mingary just before dark.

Saturday.—Went across to Tobermory, and after doing business there took the ebb down the Sound of Mull as far as Ardtornish, where we anchored for the night. Next day on to Port Morlach in Lismore, and on Monday down again and into Oban, passing on the way a yacht which had been wrecked and burnt on Liath Sgeir: all that remained of her was her boiler and part of her keel. Spent night in Horse Shoe Bay, and on Tuesday took the ship up to Ardentrive, left her, and took *Claymore en route* for a bit south.

NOTE.—In January 1900 (at the blackest time of the war), Maurice Richard Church joined the 40th Company Imperial Yeomanry, and sailed to South Africa in the *Montfort*. The skipper had the sad pleasure of sharing a last "stew" with his patient and indomitable bosun on board ship, and then said a last farewell to him on a bleak, rainy, February morning.

After noble service for a year, during which he was many times in action and won the praise and good-will of his officers, Church was killed in Methuen's fight at Hartebeestfontein, February 18, 1901.

One of his comrades wrote of him, "he was one of the few who never grumbled."

"Qui procul hic," the legend's writ—
The frontier grave is far away—
"Qui ante diem periit,
Sed miles—sed pro patria."

VITRIFIED FORT, LOCH AYLORT [*P.* 164.

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CHRISTMAS CRUISE, 1899-1900

ROUND ABOUT OBAN

YULE LOGS

Turkey on the table,
  Holly on the wall,
Chestnuts on the shovel,
  And mirth upon ye all!
While chant the carol-singers
  Round a hearth well-lit,
To warm chilly fingers
  Is the Yule Log fit!

"Nebby"[1] in the cabin,
  Ham and eggs for two,
Whisky in the tumbler,
  So cheerily, my crew!
While winter twilight lingers
  In seas wind-swept,
With blue-frozen fingers
  Is the Yule Log kept!

[1] The stove.

CHRISTMAS CRUISE, 1899–1900

WINTER cruising on the West Coast of Scotland is far more practicable and enjoyable than at first thought might be supposed. Two friends who can "give and take," and are content not to grumble at anything, are a *sine qua non*. Then the ship must be snugly canvassed, easily reefed, and handy, capable of being rowed, and if comfort is desired she should be stiff. A boat that lies over easily means confusion in the cabin. The *Blue Dragon* displaces 2½ tons, but owing to her great beam (9 feet), she is registered 7 tons at Lloyd's; yawl-rigged; draws 2 feet 9 without the plate, and 5 feet with the plate down, 25 feet over all, 20-foot water line. She carries a mainsail (with rolling reef gear) 250 feet, jib 80 feet (rolling), forestay sail 50 feet, mizzen 80 feet, and working topsail 50 feet. She has no forecastle, but very large cabin accommodation; unfortunately she has no coal stove. This is her great want, as oil stoves, though good enough for warming the cabin and for cooking, are no good for drying clothes. A small forecastle with coal stove would make her perfect. Our dinghy is a 9-foot "James," and has had rough wear and tear now for five years, but is every bit as useful as she was the day she was first dropped into the water off the decks of the *Clansman* at Stornoway. One hand can gather her on deck and stow her away in a very few minutes, and one hand can haul her up a beach. She cannot be too highly praised. We carry two stockless "Columbine" anchors, one 40 lb., the second 30 lb., 20 fathoms of chain to the heavy one and 15 fathoms to the other. Also a heavy manilla cable 20 fathoms. We find the snuggest mooring is with both anchors out, their chains being joined by the manilla. Thus they can both be weighed from the deck without taking out the dinghy. As regards weather we have had every variety, only two really cold days, two bad gales of wind, and other days

sunshine and shower and squalls and calms. The great charm of the Highland coast is (from a cruising point of view) that there is always a harbour under your lee, provided your ship is of the right kind. You can run your boat right up to the lee side of an island or promontory, jump into your dinghy, and take a line ashore which, with an anchor, will let you lie snug for the night. My forty-pound anchor is really hardly heavy enough for absolute security, but anything heavier means a terrible grind in any depth of water for one man or even two.

To those who are fond of roughing it occasionally, and love the sea and the coast, I heartily recommend a winter cruise in West Highland waters in a suitable craft, and with suitable companions. Of course the nights are long, but with reading and cards and cooking they go quickly enough.

The skipper and professor met at Preston on Tuesday, December 26. The day was splendidly wintry. The low sun lit up the snow-clad hills. The last three hours of the journey were cold, slow and jolty, but at Oban we met the cheery Neil Munro, who told us that the *Blue Dragon* was all in order. Next morning we found the dinghy and sculled across. The frost was hard and our fingers numb as we rowed—the bilge in the dinghy was frozen—but the morning was lovely and the mountains of Morven and Mull beautiful. The bay and scenery never looked so charming. The wind was east and light, and we made several tacks and used the oars before we got moored off the town. Then we provisioned up and stowed away, and in the deepening twilight crossed back to Ardentrive. We were about to cook haddocks, but found no frying-pan on board, so we made an excellent soup of chicken-broth and a "Maggi" with a table-spoonful of port wine. Then we closed the cabin and lit the stoves, and soon got a glorious "froust" and also melted the ice which had gathered inside on the roof; and soon it was sort-of-raining, but we dried up, read, and turned-in in a multitude of rugs, and each helmeted with a knitted head-gear. So ended Wednesday, 27.

Thursday, 28.—Twenty-four degrees of frost. Skipper sampled his new sleeping-bag, and we turned on "Nebuchadnezzar" (the oil stove) and ran a hot-water bottle; but we felt

the cold before morning and there was ice on the cabin roof inside, which had to be thawed. Skipper made wheaten porridge which was voted very satisfying. Professor went ashore and got frying-pan. Wind light, easterly, a fine morning but cold looking. It would have cost a fiver to induce us to bathe! Went across to Oban, got a clock, secondhand, for five shillings. Then sailed off tacking for Loch Nell. The wind was light at first, but came puffing out of Loch Etive and we took in a reef; anchored close to Beregonium just as it got dark, a gloomy evening, glass down ·4, so took out a second anchor as some heavy squalls betokened a strong wind coming—sunset yellow and not very promising. We were snug enough here with wind anything north of east and west, but a south-wester means cut and run. Skipper sketched Oban in the distance as we sailed along. The glass was down a good deal. It has gone down one inch in the last thirty-six hours. A gusty night; first, jib got loose and the professor went and settled it. Then, at about a quarter to one, the dinghy began to bump, as the tide and the squalls were strong, so we got it on deck, whereupon we enjoyed some Australian wine and biscuits and a pipe. At about three the skipper turned out to lash the mizzen, which was flopping.

Friday, 29.—Wind still strong from N.E., got rather wet rowing ashore. Took in fresh water; visited Beregonium, a vitrified fort. With the help of a kindly old native, who had helped previously a Dr. Smith to investigate the place, and who mounted the hill with a pickaxe, we got some specimens. I believe the hill was an island when the fort was built, and that the beach has been raised since. The stuff of which the walls are built forms a striking contrast to the old red conglomerate of the hill to the north-east.

The fort would be useless unless the hill were an island, and, if it were, it would be strikingly like the fort on Goat Island at entrance to Loch Ailort. After visiting Ledaig post office we got on board and reefed down, took in the anchors, and sailed away under close-reefed mainsail and foresail south. It was no use beating north to Shuna, etc., against the N.E. wind, so we sailed off to Kerrera with a heavy following sea

and went down the sound. We anchored for lunch under a high cliff on the mainland in the sound, just opposite to Great Horse Shoe Bay—but found it was no anchorage to stay in, as the bay dried out and was rocky, so we sailed off again to Gallanach Bay, just opposite Sgeir Dubh Light; here we found a narrow, snug harbour, safe from everything but S.W. or W. Skipper took out extra anchor and a rope ashore in case of a shift of wind, whilst professor made tea. The glass is down now to 28·65, and we don't know what to make of it. The wind at present is light, and it is raining slightly.

A calm, black night, some rain, slept very comfortably till the alarum clock woke us up at eight.

Saturday, 30.—A dull grey morning, wind S.E.; finished the haddock for breakfast, saw two ugly-looking rocks that we must have gone very near when beating-in in the evening.

Cast off our various moorings and setting full mainsail and foresail we sailed around south of Kerrera and Bhaic Island to Loch Spelve in Mull. With fair wind and tide we soon entered the loch and anchored in five fathoms at the north-west corner of the northern end of Loch Spelve, lunched, and went ashore to the shooting lodge which belongs to the Guthries of Duart; got bread, eggs and milk for nothing but thanks. I took Angus Livingstone, the caretaker, a tall, pale, black-haired man, on board. When he saw her he said—"Darn me if she isna the *Blue Dragon!*" I gave him whisky, a smoke, and a Christmas *Strand Magazine*, and we talked about the west coast till it was time to fetch the professor aboard, and we parted rare friends. Relaced mainsail. The professor is deep in a work entitled *Dead Men Tell no Tales*. The wind has now fallen and the glass up ·3 inch.

Turned in at 10, wind having gone round to W. light. Skipper woke at 12.15, found wind rising and moaning, heavy gusts and storms of rain, then a veritable hurricane came madly down on us from the mountains. *Blue Dragon* got broadside on and the dinghy bumped alongside, sure signs that we were rapidly dragging our anchor; tumbled out of bed, put on what clothes we could, bent the big manilla on to the chain (20 fathoms) after some difficulty in the darkness; after

pulling up once or twice and dragging again, we finally held fast, turned in very wet, had some biscuits, wine, and a smoke, but could not sleep till the alarum went off at seven in the morning, then got two hours' sleep till nine, when the professor cooked excellent ham and eggs. The spindrift flying all round and over us—the top torn off the water, a truly wild morning, glass up ·25, it has gone up ·7 inch since yesterday morning—much too rapid!

This was *New Year's Eve, December* 31, 1899, and the gale continued till 3.30 p.m., rain and spindrift, and we sat in the cabin and speculated on getting ashore in the dinghy, when it began to take off after a harder blow than ever. With enormous toil we slowly got in the manilla rope, then with frequent easies we pulled the anchor out of the hard mud, set foresail and mizzen, and sailed round to snug anchorage and took out two anchors. Then went for a walk of a mile or two in oilies. Then we drank toasts and the professor recited the "Absent-Minded Beggar" in his best style. With every hope for a calm and peaceful last night of '99—not of the century as the professor is often saying—we turned in.

January 1, 1900, *Monday.*—We were wakened by the alarum at 7.30; raining, dead calm; skipper got breakfast and we took up the second anchor and then got ashore when she swung to the other; but we soon got off, and rowing and tacking in the light E. wind we reached the narrows just before the turn of the tide, and so decided to sail to the south end of the loch; anchored at the head by the road and walked (three and a half miles each way) to Loch Buy to send our New Year telegrams, and had tea at the post office. Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon, blacksmith and post-mistress, entertained us with much hospitality and some news of the neighbours, including the "Lochbuy" and his greatness. We admired the grand *gabbro* mountain Ben Buy, and then walked back three and a half miles to the *Blue Dragon.* As it was not quite dark we thought we would save the beat to windward in the morning, and so crawled up to the bay just opposite the entrance and there anchored in black darkness, having narrowly missed running-down a small island. After supper

the wind perversely came in from the E., the only point to which we were exposed, so the skipper took out the second anchor. We are in rather a jumpy sea and are likely to have a good tossing to-night. The second anchor, which brought us under the lee of the point, saved us much tossing though it blew hard from the E. all night. Glass 30·0.

Tuesday, January 2.—Up early, wind strong from E.N.E., glass down ·2 inch; got up the anchors and started close-reefed soon after 9 (before sunrise), beat down the entrance of Loch Spelve with the tide, reefed still closer when we got outside, as the sea was high and broken and the wind heavy, had a very wet sail across to the mainland, had to go south of the Red buoy on Sgeir Dubh, tide rip south of Kerrera, reached the mainland a good deal south of Loch Feochan, and as the wind was now very strong and more northerly, we did not fancy the beat up Kerrera, so seeing a snug harbour marked just to the west of the northern entrance to Seil Sound (or Clachan Sound) we lowered mainsail and ran under headsails and mizzen past the Dun Horses, which showed their ugly heads, but we took a passage between a little island and the shore, which almost dried out and so we found ourselves on the mud. It was the lowest of a low spring tide, so we took out an anchor astern and waited for the tide. It was sheltered, so we did not bump much, and we were on mud. After lunch we hauled off and ran through the channel and anchored behind the islet (unnamed). Then we went ashore and walked to Clachan Bridge and had tea there. A cold, wet, dreary day; we are longing to see the sun. However, we get up a good heat in the closely-shut cabin and dry things as well as we can with the two oil stoves. It is one of the blackest of black nights, raining and blowing, and we cannot see the islands close to us; however, it is a landlocked little hole and we hope for a snug night. Glass down half-an-inch since last night, now 29·5.

Wednesday, January 3.—A comfortable night, alarum wakened us at 8. Still blowing a gale from N.E., glass 29·6. Heavy rain, so we stayed in and read all the morning. After lunch the rain took off and we went ashore; walked to Clachan Bridge, got some paraffin and bread, walked a mile or so

on the Oban Road. Met three women hawkers, sent off telegrams by a chance wagonette from Oban. When we got back to the harbour wind was higher than ever and more from north, quite a sea in the harbour. Skipper rowed very hard against it and got soaked, whilst professor walked by the shore till we got to a point to windward. Having got aboard we took out second anchor. It blew very hard indeed all the evening; grand sunset, though wild. Cooked a glorious hare soup. Glass 29·8, wind N.

Thursday, January 4.—A comfortable night, glass up to 30 in the morning, but wind strong, still from N.N.E. Fine sunrise, magnificent cloud effects. Snow-covered mountains of Mull, with the dark purple lower ground and the light of their white tops, the dark indigo water broken into white horses, and the rugged rocks which formed our harbour in the foreground, made a fine picture.

It blew hard, but at 11 we determined to start, and got a slight lull to beat out between the islands; we made many short tacks, avoiding the Dun Horses and the rocks of Eilean Dun, then a long board out to Bhaic Island, then in to the mouth of Kerrera Sound. Here it blew a heavy squall, so we anchored in a small bay at entrance to Loch Feochan, looked up the entrance to the loch in chart and Sailing Directions and found it difficult enough. The tide runs five knots, four hours flood and eight hours ebb; we ought to wait till three-quarter flood, but that would be dark, so we started after two hours flood, found the ebb still running hard out, and promptly ran aground, chucked out anchor and took a line ashore. At first we could not get the centre-board up, but at last succeeded and we were afloat. Skipper rowed ahead to look for a passage and had hard work to row back, as the tide suddenly began to run up in full force, so we took in anchor and line and began to row. The channel is very winding, and at one point the wind and tide both caught us and set us broadside on a shallow; however, we got off, and in backing violently, both of us at one oar, smash it went and the professor fell backwards and knocked his head against a cleat; then we set sail and managed to clear the shallows and ran through into the loch, beat about, and finally anchored in the dark off

Ardentallan House. A beautiful crescent moon has just risen and it is a lovely night. Glass 30·15.

Friday, January 5.—A comfortable night though cold. The *Blue Dragon's* decks covered with hoar-frost. The condensed moisture in the cabin causes the ceiling and sides to drip; felt-lining would be useful. A lovely sunrise; went ashore and filled water-butt at Ardentallan House. Game-keeper told us that a week ago the loch was frozen over for two days. Wind came moderate and steady from S.E. Set sail, took dinghy aboard, and made for the narrows. The professor had his hand on the plate, and as the tide was running out he fully expected that we should have to stick on a sandbank till the tide came in in the evening. However, we made the passage successfully at a tremendous pace, never touching, and sailed up the Sound of Kerrera with topsail set in grand style. Reached Oban about 1. Went ashore and had a square lunch at the Royal, got papers and letters. No news from the war. It is nine days since we saw a paper. Got a new oar in place of the broken one. The slip was awfully slippy, as the professor said, and the skipper, hastening down with the oar on his shoulder, slipped flat down on his back, luckily without damage. We left Oban at 3.20, and at 4.15 reached Lismore Lighthouse, having taken down a reef. The breeze was getting stronger and the tide was with us. There was quite a respectable tide race between the Lady Rock and the lighthouse. Though getting darker, the sky gloomy, and the wind seemed rising, still we held on for Loch Aline, did not see the red beacon though on the look out for it, ran through the narrow entrance and anchored in $4\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms under the south-east promontory of the loch. Took out a second anchor. The professor said we need not have got any bread at Oban as there was a very good roll on board. We cooked chicken broth. Glass 29·85, wind S.E.

Saturday, January 6.—Rather a restless night. Just as the skipper, after keeping watch for some time, had got to sleep, the professor yelled out "Are we dragging?" The skipper's answer is not recorded. Wind S.E., glass down to 29·6, heavy rain; cleared a little at 12, so we started, ran with tide through the narrow exit from Loch Aline, and sailed with fair

wind against tide up the Sound of Mull, soon set topsail and hummed along, reached Tobermory at 3.30, were hailed by the *Ivanhoe*. The old man wanted to know if we had passed a fore-and-after. The only ships we had passed were the *Claymore*, in the dark last night, and the *Fingal* this morning. Went ashore and visited old pals at post office, newspaper shop, and Mull Hotel, and McMillan. Also found the hawker Macalister and his wife, whom we had seen at Soay and Eigg; heard that old McPhairtrish was hale and well in the workhouse; hope to go and see him in the morning. Went aboard the *Ivanhoe*—teetotal ship—would not accept whisky; had a long yarn with the skipper and owner, Hugh Macalpine —very great on the Gospels. Calm evening, glass slightly up.

Sunday, 7.—A calm, peaceful night, lovely bright morning, frosty. After breakfast skipper walked to the Poorhouse, one mile, and saw the Governor and old McPhairtrish. The poor old chap looked very venerable and comfortable in bed, with his red-stocking-nightcap on. He was very glad to see "his dear friend." The Governor walked part of the way back and told me of his life in the Hong Kong Police. We started about 1 p.m. with a light S. wind and negotiated the Dorlinn Narrows successfully, the short cut out of Tobermory Harbour. After lunch skipper towed her, with topsail set, in a dead calm, and we pottered on very slowly till sunset, when the tide turned against us and the wind came ahead. In the darkness we made for the Mull shore, lowered topsail and reefed her. At last we anchored in three fathoms off Aros Castle ruin, and, as it looked baddish, took out a second anchor, and had supper. It has come on to blow hard from south, luckily it is an off-shore wind, but we are tossing about and straining at our two anchors, and hardly look for a comfortable night. The weather changes rapidly here at this time of the year. Glass 29·9.

Monday, 8.—A stormy night, heavy squalls and rain; looked out once and found rain and cloud obscured everything. Morning dawned bright—rain over—glass 30·0; sketched Aros Castle, found we were in a very good place with the wind as it was. The professor bathed!!! Got up the two anchors, which ran on the same cable a manilla

between the two chains. Set topsail and with southerly wind sailed free till we were off the Grey Islands; then came a heavy squall and rain, and we lowered topsails and had lunch. As we reached Lismore Lighthouse the wind got much stronger and the tide race looked heavy, so we rolled up jib, brailed up mizzen, and reefed down the mainsail. She went through the race in fine style, several green seas swept over the bows, and we discovered that the water was above the floor boards, but the pump refused to work, bottom valve damaged, so instead of going up to Dunstaffnage, as we intended, we made for Oban, set more sail and beat into Ardentrive Bay. Munro's carpenter said he would have to take out the pump, so we baled her out and moored to the buoy. Skipper rowed across in the dinghy in a great storm of wind and rain, and brought back papers and kippers; had both stoves going to dry up the cabin. The night was not very peaceful as fierce gusts came in all directions and knocked us violently against the big buoy, and the dinghy against the sides of the *Blue Dragon*.

Tuesday, January 9.—Sailed across to Oban, packed up, and departed for England, having thus finished a fortnight's cruise.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1900

OBAN—CRINAN—TARBERT—BRODICK—KYLES OF BUTE—GOUROCK—OBAN—EIGG—OBAN

AN ESSAY IN SCOTS

(*By a Saxon Chiel.*)

The Bairdweel Road is unco braw,
  Its charms I'm no denyin',
Indeed, gude sirs, ye never saw
  A sight mair edifyin'.
Tis theer oor bonnie schule-hoose stands,
  Where every gleg wee "nipper"
(A word in use in southron lands)
  Daes credit tae the Skipper.

But eh, by far I'd sooner be
  Aroond these islands cruisin'.
Though schule's as braw as braw tae me,
  Faith, this is mair amusin'!
I'm varra, varra fond o' Greek,
  I lo'e ma English dearly,
But Hieland places, sae tae speak,
  They touch ma hairt mair nearly.

Dagont! I wud the Autumn Term
  Was nae sae quick i' comin'.
One's schule-days crawl like ony worm;
  One's holidays are hummin'.
Sae need we leave the bonnie sea
  For books and vain endeavour?
Nay, Skipper, let me sail wi' ye
  For ever and for ever!

THREE GENERATIONS
(Brodick, Arran)

[P. 17[illegible].

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SUMMER CRUISE, 1900

THE skipper, quarter-master (G. L.) and cabin-boy (C. G. L.) joined the old ship at Oban one Friday morning at the end of July. Thanks to the care of Mr. John Munro and his brother Neil, everything was in capital order, and after a two hours' stay to provision up we drifted away down the Sound of Kerrera with topsail and spinnaker set, anchored by the Light at the southern entrance for the tide. The cabin-boy found fourteen gulls' eggs on the Cutter Rock, and the skipper rowed back to Oban to get the one thing we had left behind—a bucket! With the evening tide we sailed down the Firth of Lorne, through Sheep Sound, and into Easdale. We had the company and guidance of the *Witch* of Campbelton, whose skipper sang us songs of the sea through the megaphone, and our cabin-boy there and then determined never to re-visit the *Blue Dragon* without one of these modern marvels. Next morning (Saturday) we followed the *Witch* out at 5.30 a.m., and with a strong fair breeze and tide ran past Pladda Light, through Dorus Mor, where the wind came very strong and easterly, and into Crinan at 10. Here it began to rain hard and we hired a horse to tow us through the canal, got through and paid our dues by 3, and started off for Tarbert and got a real good dusting. A south-east summer gale was blowing and kicked up a very nasty sea. We reefed down all we knew; luckily nothing carried away, or we should have had a bad time. As it was we were glad to run into Tarbert under jib only. We found the little town *en fête* with a fair, whirligigs and roulette tables; made small fortunes, and slept as well as we could for the riot of steam organs and other noises of the fair. Easdale to Tarbert in the day was not bad. On Sunday afternoon we sailed to Inch Marnock, and on Monday reached Lamlash, having some fluky and strong puffs down from Goatfell. Here we found

the whole family party and cruised in the neighbourhood of Lamlash and Brodick for three weeks; the chief incidents being a pleasant picnic to Holy Island, whither we conveyed the Mater and the doctor and four other passengers (Mrs. L., K. L., M. W., and A. E. L.), and here we were joined by the admiral (J. E. M.). The doctor and the cabin-boy and girl took many photographs, which afterwards we developed, enlarged, and transferred to lantern slides. Another incident was a fine sail to Ardrossan and back, and lots of short sails about Arran, also a huge expedition to the top of Goatfell from which we were lucky enough to get a glorious view. Also the Highland games at Brodick, in which the cabin-girl beat all the Highland lassies under twelve years of age, and received a prize from the fair hands of the Duchess of Hamilton. The Mater and doctor did some beautiful sketches of this charming island, and we all voted it unsurpassable, though the skipper has a private opinion that it is not quite up to Mull and Skye and his favourite islands further north. Whilst at Brodick we had several strong easterly breezes which made it an unpleasant anchorage, so we took refuge in the river on legs.

Then the admiral and skipper put into the river at Glen Sannox for a night and sailed on to the Kyles of Bute, anchoring behind Eilean Dubh, whence the skipper explored the vitrified fort on Burnt Island, put into Rothesay Harbour, experienced a terrific thunderstorm off Innellan, spent a delightful day in Holy Loch, paying a visit to Loch Eck and to the illuminated Castle grounds of Dunoon, saw a grand regatta and sailed across to Gourock, where we just missed Robert Banner, an old friend, who was cruising in Irish waters. Here we picked up the mate (H. V.) and sailed the next day to Little Cumbrae, anchoring off the Old Castle ruin, landed the admiral at Mill Port, and sailed on to Dungoil on the south-west of Bute. Here we explored the vitrified fort and got specimens of andesite, and anchored for the night in St. Ninian's Bay, got some curious geological specimens, sailed up to Eilean Dubh in the Kyles again. Next day we sailed back through the West Kyle and round Ardlamont into Loch Fyne, and explored another vitrified

THE COMMODORE—CALLED "ADMIRAL" [*P.* 180.

(Brodick, Arran)

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fort on Eilean Aoineadh, spending the night in a weird, out-of-the-way bay.

Next day across to Tarbert and then up to Ardrishaig and entered the Crinan Canal. Started with a horse in company with the *Mary Ann* of Loch Aline, and found old friends in the skipper and his boy, who declared a pear we gave him "the finest apple he had ever eaten." We reached the sea-loch at about 12 and sailed with the tide through the Dorus Mor, anchoring off Lunga; explored the island and got much white heather. Next day we passed a big wreck of a 1,000 ton steamer on Bo No and reached Oban in good time in the evening. The mate here departed to England and left the skipper single-handed. However, skipper did a good solitary sail, for he left Oban and made Tobermory on Friday, visited old friends there, and sailed off on Saturday morning early and reached Eigg in five hours. Found Sandy Mackinnon well and hearty, and had a visit from Shon Macdonald and a present of lobsters, though all his other Eigg friends were away. Next morning (Sunday) sailed off round Ardnamurchan to Mingary Castle for lunch, and across to Tobermory in the evening. Monday night anchored in Loch Aline, having had a rough sail down the sound, the wind being a strong south-wester. Tuesday evening reached Oban, after being becalmed for a couple of hours, and bathing, with full sail on the *Blue Dragon* and no one on board! Left the *Blue Dragon* in charge of Munro, and thus ended a very delightful summer cruise. For seven weeks I had slept every night in the old ship. We had every variety of weather, with lots of glorious sunshine. Alas! my Frena camera failed me, as all the films stuck together. However, the photographs taken at Arran by the other cameras were excellent, and I got a good many sketches.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1901

OBAN—LOCH ETIVE—SHUNA ISLAND—
OBAN—IONA—EIGG—SUMMER ISLES—
POOLTIEL—BRACADALE

THE LOG OF THE CABIN-GIRL

Read, landsmen, what our cabin-girl hath writ
  Of voyages amid the stormy seas.
Doth she complain of hardships? Not a bit!
  Rather 'mid storm and wreck she takes her ease
  Unruffled by such minor ills as these,
And lies serene and placid in her bunk
When Skipper turns all shades of blue with "funk!"

What if the log lack literary style?
  Doth it not ever bear the stamp of truth?
And further sweetly demonstrate the while
  The irresponsibility of youth?
  Oh, joyous time, ere yet, devoid of ruth,
Old time comes reaping 'mid the whitening hair,
And leaves the careworn cranium smooth and bare.

Here is the joy of life on sea and land!
  Where some might seek the elusive synonym;
She sprinkles "ripping" with a spendthrift hand.
  The rules of composition, faint and dim,
  What should they be indeed to her or him
Who knows that holidays were meant for play,
And reckons school a million miles away?

Oh, halcyon days! Oh, ripping, ripping time!
  Is it too late to call ye back once more?
To feel the freshness of that northern clime;
  To hear once more the angry ocean roar;
  To see the soup and eggs upon the floor?
Nay, read this story of the Scottish main,
And the dead past shall wake to life again!

SUMMER CRUISE, 1901

I THOUGHT I would try the experiment of taking the family for a cruise in my little yacht during the last ten days of July. I secretly expected that they would desert the ship for the nearest hotel after a night or two on board, but was agreeably surprised to find that they enjoyed the roughing it in rather close quarters.

On our arrival at Oban, *via* Crinan, we found everything in perfect order as usual, thanks to the care of Mr. John Munro. Mr. Neil Munro, who takes an almost fatherly interest in the little craft, conveyed our stores across to Ardentrive in his water-boat and put us all aboard the *Blue Dragon*, and we sailed with a fair breeze for Dunstaffnage.

As K. Lynam kept the log she shall describe our cruise in her own words.

Dad skipper, mother cook, Garner mate (I call him swob) and I cabin-girl. We had a lovely sail, though there was not much wind, and I steered some of the way, but we had to row into Dunstaffnage. We had a ripping supper of kippers, went a walk on shore in the lovely moonlight, expecting to see ghosts come out of the old castle, but only an old sheep with horns and a mangy coat came at us. Then we went to bed, and it was awfully funny getting into a sack of rugs, but we slept all right.

In the morning we had a dip in the sea and the water was freezing. After breakfast we went ashore and explored the castle, which is awfully fine and big, and is built on a huge rock. There are lots of old rooms in it and we went on the top of the walls. There are two guns in it which were taken from a boat of the Spanish Armada; they have got some writing on them. The Stuarts were the owners of the castle, but they were all killed by Colin Campbell, the Green, except

one Donald Stuart, who afterwards recovered it again, and slew Colin, the Green.

After leaving Dunstaffnage we sailed up Loch Nell and anchored by a vitrified fort, which we explored and photoed. There is not much to see, but Dad thought it was very interesting (see note on p. 191). Then we sailed to Connel Ferry, where we anchored and went into the town to buy things. We charged the Falls of Lora against the tide, but it was not very strong then, and we anchored for the night behind Abbot's Island, in Stonesfield Bay, having run on a rock while going in, but we pulled up the centre-board and got off. It was a lovely anchorage, and Dad went for a stroll on the island and disturbed some strange big birds.

In the morning we saw three razor-bills when we were bathing. Then we sailed up Loch Etive and the scenery was simply ripping, and we went just under Ben Cruachan, about 3,000 feet high. We saw a lot of sheep being collected on the mountain and they looked just like stones. We anchored for lunch off a big stone on the side of Airds Bay, opposite to Taynuilt. We were just going to have a lovely soup, a mixture of Maggi, peasoup, and meat lozenges, when the mate kicked it all over, and it went boiling hot all over his bare toes, and naturally scalded him. Mother bound it up in oil, and after dinner Dad and I went to find a doctor. We had to walk a huge way, and there was an old chapel on the hillside among the trees, and of course Dad made a bad pun, saying "There is a young chap-ill on the *Blue Dragon*," for which he got jolly well pinched. The doctor was very kind, and gave us lint and a bandage, and told us to wash off the oil with carbolic soap. Then we had a lovely sail across the loch, the spray was dashing over the bows, and there was a great gale (?). But when we got to the other side we anchored behind a little island, and the water was like a duck pond. We made a tapioca pudding that was simply ripping, and then we went a walk ashore. It was an awfully pretty place. A mountain came right down to the water and its side was covered with trees. We went through a village where some of the men from the quarries were, and there was such a drunken man who had such a squint, but he was not a Scotchman.

GARNER, CABIN-BOY AND BO'SUN

[*P.* 186.

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In the morning we went up to the head of Loch Etive nearly. The weather was lovely and the views were awfully fine. Then we sailed back with the tide, but it came against us, and we had to go down the Falls of Lora against the tide, which is a very hard thing and took us a long time. Once we went a little backwards, but the topsail helped us through. They are making a huge bridge at Connel for the Caledonian Railway to go over. After that we sailed out of Loch Etive and into what is called the Lynn of Lorne, which we sailed across, and then had to row behind an island where there are no inhabitants, and is entirely the home of the seabirds, and is all cut up by the water which is over it. It is off the Island of Lismore. Dad, Garner, and I had a bathe. I took a dive for the first time since we were up in Skye two years ago. The water was lovely. After dinner we went and sat on the island and found a lot of old nests, but no eggs. The birds made such a row, they cackled the whole time. It was awfully hot and I burnt my legs and arms in the sun, and then scratched them on the heather and rocks. Then we set sail with the wind behind us, which we had with us when we went in exactly the other direction in the morning. We went on well for a long way and saw a seal's head, like a dog's, poking up and looking at us, until we saw on the mountains a thunderstorm, and the wind dropped and then it poured with rain, so we got into Airds Bay, just behind Appin, and anchored by a steam yacht called the *Argo*.

Next day was lovely, wind northerly, but we had a strong tide with us. We had to tack but went awfully fast past Port Appin and anchored off Shuna Island on the south side. We went up to a farm, the only one on the island, and were welcomed by Duncan MacLachlan and his whole family of seven youngsters, and we took their photos, explored the old castle, and Dad and Garner brought the *Blue Dragon* round to the east side. We had a ripping tea at the farm. Then we went across to the mainland in the dinghy and saw a ripping old castle called Castle Stalker. Next morning. Sunday, July 28, we drifted about in a D. K. (dead calm). We were going to have a grand tapioca pudding but the cook knocked it all over the floor! A lot of porpoises came

round us and a big fish that I believe was a shark. At the time a breeze sprang up and we sailed along rippingly to Ballachulish and shot the narrows against the tide and round into the little bay just below the palace of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. We had a lovely evening walk along the shore of Loch Leven. Next morning Garner took the water-butt to a waterfall, but *what a fall* he had ! (I made this and got jolly well pinched for it.) Then we went up Glencoe in a carriage and I counted thirty dogs in the village. We saw lots of ruins of old houses and there is a monument where the chief's house was. We saw the rock where the signal for the massacre was given. There is a loch right up in the mountains, and high up the glen there are no trees and it is awfully wild. We had lovely poached eggs in the evening, but, like the tapioca pudding, they were knocked over on the floor and we had to make some more.

Next morning we bathed and then sailed out of the harbour with the tide and against the wind, so it was very rough outside. We were starting back for Oban, but stopped at Kintallen. Here Dad mended the water-butt with marine glue, which made a horrible stench and smoke and spoilt a cup. Then we sailed on against a light wind and anchored on the east side of a little island called Gobhain (Goat Island), with no inhabitants except sea birds.

Next day we had a rough sail to Shuna. There was some blasting going on quite near, and it was awfully funny to see the smoke coming out before the bang. In the evening we sailed to the north-west point of Lismore, where we anchored for the night. Dad had never been there before. After supper we all went for a lovely walk up a mountain (?) from where we had a ripping view of piles of small islands.

Next day was rather wet and stormy, but we set sail. When we were half out of the harbour we struck on a rock and there was great excitement. Dad and Garner got out the oars and tried to shove us off, and at last we got off. The tide was going down and if we had stayed on much longer we should have been left high and dry. I took it all as a joke, though Dad thought it was very dangerous and was in an awful funk. We sailed down to the south of Lismore and

THE CABIN-GIRL—AND STRAWBERRIES [*P.* 188.

ST. PANCRAS
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anchored by an old castle, which we visited. The walls are all double and there was a staircase between them which you are still able to walk up. Then we had a splendid rough sail with the wind dead behind us. There were huge waves beating on the Lady Rock. We saw two whales and soon got into Oban and anchored off the South Quay. Dad got some kippers and had an awful nightmare, and yelled out "the spike is coming down," and waked all of us up and made me quite frightened. We were wakened next morning early by steamers coming and going, and we constantly bumped against a buoy or a boat which was close by, and what with Dad's nightmare it was the worst night I had had.

Next night we slept at the Royal, and the next day Granny joined us, and we went by the *Grenadier* to Iona. It was very rough and seemed very dangerous going amongst a lot of small rocks in the Sound of Iona. Mr. Dewar met us on the pier and we went straight to the Free Kirk Manse.

(*Here ends the log of the cabin-girl and the skipper resumes.*)

On Saturday, August 3, after watching the *Grenadier* sail off, Garner and I started down the Sound of Kerrera. The delightful weather of the last few days had now changed, and we got a strong south-wester and anchored in the Little Horse Shoe, where we stayed all Sunday, and on Monday only got as far as Clachan Sound. It was really a gale and many vessels were wrecked on the North Irish Coast. On Tuesday it was somewhat better and we had a good sail to Carsaig, but just as we got past Ru Faolin the squalls came down fiercely and more westerly, so we put into Carsaig and stayed there weather-bound all Wednesday. On Thursday we started early, with a moderate southerly breeze, the sea being very rough, especially off the Torran Rocks. We got into Iona Sound in the evening. Here we stayed till Monday, August 19, generally anchoring for the night in the Bull Hole. We often had a very rough passage across the sound, as the wind was constantly south. We took the Mater and family across to Bull Hole and to Staffa. On Monday, Marsh and Vassall joined us, and after seeing the family off for Oban in the *Grenadier*, we three (commodore, mate and

skipper) sailed to Ulva Sound. Reached Tobermory at midnight on Tuesday, and on Wednesday, August 21, after a glorious four-hour sail, dropped anchor in the harbour of Eigg Island and visited Sandy Mackinnon and his old dog Prince.

Next day was calm, and though we made the north point of Eigg we put back, and in the evening visited Colin Hunter. Lovely evening lights on Mallaig and Arisaig. John Macdonald brought us some lobsters and a salmon. On Friday we sailed across to Mallaig and afterwards on to Armadale.

I must now summarise the rest of the cruise and leave out incidents and adventures.

We sailed to Kyle Akin, were storm-bound after a very wet effort to beat out of the narrows—sailed to Totaig in Loch Duich, where we did some interesting geology. Hence we had a splendid forty-mile sail to Loch Torridon, passing the wreck of the *Lady Geraldine* on the Murdock Rock, on to Gairloch and Loch Ewe, and thence to Tanera Mhor, Loch Broom and the Summer Isles. Here George Maclean was delighted to see us and made us very welcome. This was the most northerly point we reached, and on Tuesday, September 3, we sailed south forty miles to Loch Staffin in the north-east corner of Skye. Next morning we rounded Ru Hunish, passed Loch Snizort, and on to Pooltiel, which we reached just in time, as a strong southerly gale set in which lasted a week. Here we made the acquaintance of John Macpherson, the martyr of Skye, who had won for the crofters compensation for disturbance and fixity of tenure. We made one futile effort to get away, reaching Ramasaig, a wholly impossible harbour, and having to run back through a very heavy sea off Neist Point. On Tuesday, September 10, the commodore left us in the *Flowerdale*, and on Wednesday, thinking we should have a fine sail to Tobermory we started at 4.30 a.m. with a northerly breeze—but, alas! off Canna it fell dead calm. We bathed from the ship, top-sail set, and idled about all day, but at 10 p.m. a strong southerly breeze again sprang up, and after beating about in the black darkness all night, we resolved in the early morning to run for Bracadale, anchoring at 5.30 a.m., Thursday,

September 12, after a twenty-five hours' sail. After a snooze we went ashore and arranged with McBrayne's boatman to leave the *Blue Dragon* in his charge, took a trap across to Portree, and so home by the steamer to Oban. Mr. Munro sent three men to fetch her home, and they took a week over it, being storm-bound in Rum for five days. It has been a most pleasant and interesting cruise. We had Dixon's *British Sea Birds*, and made out several rare species ; we also did some geology, a little painting, and much photography.

NOTE.

Vitrified Forts.—On small islands or promontories off the west coast of Scotland are remains of these forts.

A wall has been built up of stone, generally hard schist or gneiss, and in some way or other such intense heat has been applied that the stones have been melted and fused together, so that the surface has assumed a vitreous or glassy appearance, and the wall solidified. Who built these forts, or how the heat was applied, is a mystery to me. I have never found any one who had even a theory. The first one I visited with Church was in Loch Teachdaish, a southern branch of Loch Sunart, in 1898. It surrounds a round hill-top (a sketch of it appears facing p. 148), and there is a hole in the middle in which rain water might have been collected. The best example I have seen is on an island at the entrance to Loch Aylort. The island is a double one, and there are two forts (a sketch of it faces p. 164). Others that I have seen are on the south-west of Bute, on an island on the south-west of Ardlamont peninsula, on Burnt Island in the Kyles of Bute (the remains have clearly been the origin of the name—possibly Burnt Island in the Forth has the same origin), and in Loch Nell, north of Oban, though very little of this fort remains. I have several specimens, and gave some to Henry Balfour, Professor of Anthropology at Oxford. He has placed specimens in the Oxford Museum, but is unable to throw any light on their history.

C. C. L.

CHRISTMAS CRUISE, 1901–2

OBAN—DUNSTAFFNAGE—SHUNA—BALLACHULISH

PRE-DIGESTIVE CALM

On clinkered planks the wavelets lip,
  And summon me from dreams;
I seize a towel and take my dip,
  Gilt by the first sun-beams.
The *B. D.* rocks as the Mate dis-bunks;
The Q. M. looks at the sea, and funks;
  The K. B.'s still in bed;
But the Steward is taking a cursory look
In the *B. D.'s* wonderful cookery-book
  Hid in his wonderful head.

Ah, moment blest beyond compare,
  To feel an aching void,
To sit in the sun and dry my hair,
  And see the Steward employed!
For he's cooking as only the Steward can,
And the yolks drop plop in the frying-pan,
  The shells in the old boo-ket;
Sizzle and fry ten minutes, and then—
"Breakfast is ready, gentlemen;
  Any one hungry?"—"You bet!"

CHRISTMAS CRUISE, 1901–1902

BY THE Q.M.

C. C. Lynam	Skipper.
W. J. L. Wallace . .	Q.M. (Quarter-master).
C. G. Lynam (aged 14) . . .	2nd.
J. E. S. Richter (aged 13) . . .	Boy.

THE Q.M. arrived at Greenock on Monday, December 23, in a storm of snow, and boarded the *Clansman* at 5 p.m. Half-an-hour after the appointed time of starting, the skipper and the rest of the crew came on board, much to the relief of the Q.M., who had given them up. After a hearty meal with Capt. Baxter and a brief and breezy stay on deck, we retired for the night, to be awakened by the tossing round the Mull of Cantyre. The boy and the Q.M., both new hands, came through their trial with flying colours, and breakfast and Oban were the next things either could remember. At Oban we were met by Neil Munro, who announced the *Blue Dragon* all shipshape, and that vast stores awaited us. Then we all went over to Kerrera to fetch the *Blue Dragon* and get the bedding, charts, etc., on board. We fetched the *Blue Dragon* and all went off to the post office, and then the skipper, boy and 2nd went off to secure the turkey and stores that had been ordered at Oban. Later they met the Q.M. and gave him the sad news that the order had been addressed to Robertson, not Robert Mitchell. Now Robertson was a chemist. However, he was also a wise man: he had forwarded the order to a grocer and all was well.

Tuesday, December 24.—Finally, at 3.30, with glass 28·5, we sailed for the Little Horse Shoe Bay at the south-east corner of Kerrera; there was only a light S.W. breeze and the tide was against us, but with the Q.M. steering we dropped anchor in the bay just after sunset. The boy, Q.M. and 2nd went off to

explore and light bonfires, leaving the skipper to stow, which he did to the wonder and awe of the new hands, who at first had seen no hopes of a bed at all. Soon after supper we arranged our bunks; and thus ended the first day of the winter cruise, a beautiful day of sunshine on a calm sea, surrounded by green hills, with the snow-clad mountains of Mull and the Ben Cruachan range in the distance.

Wednesday, December 25.—On Christmas morning the skipper and the Q. M. bathed and found the water quite warm, though the boy and the 2nd were incredulous and funked it. After breakfast we set off for Castle Gylen, a delightful old ruin built by the Macdougals of Lorne, dating back to the 13th century. The skipper sketched, while the crew explored the castle, taking photos and inspecting the geological peculiarities which had been pointed out to them. Then we hurried back to our Christmas dinner of turkey and plum-pudding, and blessed the providence of the skipper, though the 2nd protested that the A. and N. plum-pudding could be bought for half price at Oxford. The 2nd has a great turn for economy, but he couldn't deny the excellence of the dinner. In the afternoon we received Christmas greetings from No. 10, Brook Street, and sailed for Oban to fill up deficiencies in our stores, and to get young Nebby, the new oil-stove, who showed signs of being objectionable, into working order. We got all we required on board by dark and sailed back in the moonlight to the Little Horse Shoe. On our arrival the skipper spent hours in lining with felt the bunks of the 2nd and boy, which he did with great skill and toil, and with good results. The bunks were now all warm and quite watertight.

Thursday, December 26.—Next morning, after a bathe, we left Kerrera and sailed with a fine north-westerly breeze for Eilean Dun and anchored off Clachan; after an excellent turkey stew, thanks to the heroic action of the Q. M. who carried the rest ashore on his back through the chilly water, we sought the post office at Clachan and went on to visit Mr. Dewar, brother to Mr. Dewar of Iona. He was from home, but his wife, *née* Buchanan, entertained us with *tea* (in spite of the combined names)—and a very good tea too. She also showed us over her house at Tighantruich, which she lets

in the summer, a good house just on Clachan Sound, with plenty of fishing and shooting. Mrs. Dewar was thoroughly Scotch and seemed to resent the timid attempt of the Q. M. to claim to be a compatriot. Her son gave us some interesting information about the bridge over Clachan Sound and seemed well up in the date of its building. We were all glad to get in, as the wind was getting cold and the rain was just coming on.

On Thursday night the boy and 2nd entertained the company with a concert, which they continued in bed till long after the Q. M. and skipper had gone to sleep.

Friday, December 27.—Glass 29·5. Bathe as before. We sailed from our anchorage off Clachan with a wind from nowhere in particular, doubtful whether to sail for Loch Feochan, the Sound of Mull, or Loch Spelve ; we finally resolved to make for Loch Spelve. After an hour's sail we were becalmed, and tossed and drifted for some time till we saw a breeze coming up from the south. Plans had to be changed, and it was now a question of the Sound of Mull or Dunstaffnage. However, we sailed on and the Q. M., 2nd, and boy concocted a most excellent soup of leeks, to which meat-lozenges and potted fowl were added on the suggestions of the skipper and the boy ; it was a really splendid brew, which the Q. M., who had at last found his appetite, devoured with great relish. It was now generally agreed that our destination was Dunstaffnage ; and with a fine following breeze we sailed past Kerrera, and finally reached the historic old castle of Dunstaffnage about 3.30. The wind was fair and the sun was only just setting : there was no reason why we shouldn't go on up the Falls of Lora to Loch Etive and Abbot's Isle : but was the tide with us? There was no doubt it ought to have been, but the 2nd had grave doubts and said so. Anyhow, we found no difficulty in passing the new railway bridge and sailed gaily on for some way till the wind dropped and the Q. M., in the most approved style, tried his hands at the sweeps and was much surprised at the labour until the skipper instructed him in the right way. We continued thus for some time, and as the darkness came on we saw that it would be a hard task to make the anchorage behind Abbot's Isle. After an

unsuccessful effort to charge the centre of the island, we at length managed to force an entrance, with the help of the lead, through the darkening shadows, and safely moored to a buoy that the 2nd triumphantly sighted, not without sundry criticisms of the blindness of the rest. Thus ended a grand sail for seven and a half hours in a glorious sun, that made one forget the very existence of the cold damp South.—A plum-pudding has just been boiled, which the 2nd will be unable to eat as he has devoured no less than three pounds of raisins in the course of the day, and had to be forcibly stopped from the fourth pound by the skipper: to the rest the consequences may be terrible.

Saturday, December 28.—The plum-pudding luckily has had no ill effects. Glass 29·2. A strong wind and rain in torrents; bathe as before, but rather painful. The 2nd showed he could venture out before breakfast, and bravely pumped the boat out while the rest were eating. At breakfast it was resolved that the Q. M. should go off to Oban and purchase stores and get letters. Accordingly he started from Achnacloich by the 11.15 and returned laden with stores and Christmas cards at 1 p.m., to find a soup ready for consumption: this soup was not such a success as the one of the day before, and much of it found its way into the bucket. The skipper's reputation as a cook was somewhat weakened. After lunch, chiefly plum-pudding, we tried to start for Dunstaffnage, but the Q. M. failed to cast off from the buoy and we only avoided our friend the island by the great efforts of the skipper with the sweeps; then we had a fine sail down the Falls of Lora, where we surged and whirled along magnificently to a safe anchorage off Dunstaffnage Castle. The Q. M. went off for water and on his return we had tea; and tea over, the Q. M., boy, and 2nd set off to see the castle, which was so ably described in the log of the summer cruise. It is very fine and its walls are immense. Then in the darkness the three set off along the Lynn of Lorne for a walk, forgetful of the anxiety of the skipper, who was awaiting their return on the *Blue Dragon*. Needless to say they lost their way, and after many tumbles and falls into ditches, following the directions got from a farm house, they at last reached the *Blue Dragon*, where they were

received by the skipper, too rejoiced at their return to be angry at their absence and its folly. On the whole it was a most exciting day, and promises to end with a nice meal, if the smell of the sausages the 2nd is cooking has any meaning in it. P.S.—It had, too: but, alas! the cook, in trying to escape the heat of the cabin, has just fallen into the frying-pan, luckily cold.

Sunday, December 29.—Glass steady at 29. A fine warm morning. After breakfast we were boarded by a farmer from Dunbeg (a farm-house which is let during the summer months) called MacNeagh; he had a long conversation with the skipper, telling him amongst other things that he had been greatly upset by the skipper's hallooings on the previous night, as the anchorage was by no means a safe one. He seemed to appreciate "a drap of the cratur" that we gave him. After his departure to get rich that he also might be able some day to give us a drop at Oban, we set off up the Lynn of Lorne, bound for any place to which the wind might take us. The wind, however, left us in the middle of a great discussion as to the length of our walk on the previous evening, and while waiting for a breeze the boy and the Q. M. proceeded to make a soup of which the skipper subsequently remarked "It is an A1 soup, I must really tell the mate of it;" the mate is a connoisseur in soups.

Then the breeze came at last from the south, but only a very light breeze, and we had to content ourselves with making the islands off Lismore; isles that rumour says the skipper will one day purchase, and on which in days long hence he will build his castle.

We had resolved not to go for Shuna (as we could not get there before dark), and very wisely, as the wind dropped before we reached our anchorage, and we rowed in; the Q. M. and boy at the sweeps, the 2nd steering, and the skipper giving directions from the bows. We made fast with several ropes and anchors, and are at present praying that the wind may keep from the south. After anchoring we all went on shore and explored the island, which abounds in rabbits, all starving, poor little beasts, at this time of year. The 2nd and boy set off to catch one, and later shouts were heard that they

had got one. "We caught it running about," they said. Really the poor creature could only crawl, and the 2nd most kindly put it out of its pain: it was a mere bag of skin and bones. Then we came back for tea, and are now all looking forward to kippers for supper. Every one is rather glad that the 2nd has at last sat down to a book, as all were a bit weary of "Abdul" and "The train to Bangor," two songs of which the 2nd thinks he knows parts.

The day finished appropriately, as after supper the skipper and crew sang hymns for an hour. Our former prayers were unavailing, and we went to bed with the wind in the south and our pillow was in reality the foaming billow.

Monday, December 30.—Glass slowly falling and a strong breeze still from the south. There were two alternatives, the one to stay on the island after securing the *Blue Dragon* all we knew and sleep in the cave; the other to make a dash for it and tack out between a small rock and the side of the bay into which the seas were running straight. It was only after a long deliberation that the latter course was resolved on; the Q. M. regards anchorage that requires two anchors and a rope to the land as undesirable, but in that case it seemed the only possible place. To continue, the skipper, at great peril to himself, went in the dinghy and loosed the rope from the land. Then the Q. M.'s skill at hauling up anchors was really tested; twice he hauled up the large anchor, and then came the final struggle of drawing the boat up to the little anchor and getting it on board. This he did to his own satisfaction with a great deal of unnecessary toil. Then the skipper with great skill sailed the *Blue Dragon* out to the open sea in spite of the fact that at one time shipwreck seemed inevitable. We were all very glad to get off, especially the Q. M., who was in a great funk. With the wind aft we soon made Appin and Shuna, where we cast anchor; and it seems likely that again we may toss considerably for parts of the night. We landed on Shuna and made for MacLachlan's farm, where we were received by the whole family with open arms.

Mr. MacLachlan was out himself, when we arrived, but soon came in and was delighted, though surprised, to see us. Tea was soon produced, preceded by a wee drop of whisky,

SHUNA SOUND, APPIN

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ST. PANCRAS
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Alas for Scotland! the only Scotchman on the *Blue Dragon* refused to drink it; however, the skipper rose to the occasion and we all sat down to tea—and such a tea; eggs, and scones, and oatmeal cakes, not to speak of shortbread and an excellent cake and a roaring fire, a luxury none of us had known for a week. We all ate enormously, but it was not so much the food that delighted us as the way in which we were entertained by a really charming family. After tea we were all enlivened by songs by the boy and the Q. M., in the choruses of which every one joined. It is to be regretted that the 2nd, in spite of his known singing powers, so often displayed on the *Blue Dragon* this cruise, absolutely refused to open his mouth. However, he somewhat redeemed his character by giving spelling lessons gratis to the little MacLachlans. Meanwhile the skipper was fondling at one time a baby, at another a small girl Barbara (tell it not in Bardwell Road!).

Outside the rain was pouring and the wind roaring, and thrice we rose to go, only to be ordered back to our seats by the fire. At last we had to depart at 8 p.m., though we were all pressed to stay the night. Mr. MacLachlan insisted on coming through the rain and cold to conduct us to our boat, a really kind service, for which we were very grateful, and which but few men in this world would have performed so readily, if at all. Finally, leaving our dinghy on the shore, we managed in one of Mr. MacLachlan's boats to find the *Blue Dragon*, and bade a hearty good-night to our host, and are now snugly on board defying the elements.

Almost as soon as we were on board, the tossing began, and we were in for a night of it. The skipper said he was not going to turn in, and at about 11 p.m. both he and the Q. M. looked to see if the *Blue Dragon* was dragging her anchor: the Q. M., who is really a very nervous person, was quite certain she was; it was now blowing almost a gale, and the Q.M. has since admitted that he was almost overcome by fear, listening to the howling of the wind, the beating of the rain, and the straining of the boat.

Tuesday, December 31, began very early for the skipper and the Q. M., who at 5 a.m. set out in the boat to put down

another anchor, the tide having gone out. After this all was well and all slept soundly till 9 a.m., and it was not till 9.45 that the Q. M., followed by the skipper, sallied forth for his bathe. By 11 we had finished breakfast. The boy and the Q. M. went off to fill the butt, and the skipper and 2nd remained on board to tidy up after the wetting and confusion of the night before. On their return we immediately got up sail. All the MacLachlan family had come down to bid us adieu, and we sailed off for Ballachulish amid waving of caps, shouting that we would call in on our way back. With a fair breeze we soon left Shuna behind. By this time lunch was in prospect and the Q. M. again tried his hand at a soup: in spite of a wondrous mixture, including beef, ham, chicken, and apples, a soup resulted that seemed to meet the approval of every one but the cook. Meanwhile we were passing Goat Island (as it has been rechristened), and later the *Fusilier* passed us amid heavy showers and squalls, and we reached Ballachulish, and soon after charged the falls against the tide, to the admiration of many beholders,—a dismal spot in winter, surrounded by snowy mountains, with the melancholy valley of Glencoe looming in the distance. Soon after anchoring, having had lunch at 4 p.m., the skipper went off by himself to the post office, as the rain was pouring.

We are now in a really safe anchorage, and there is every prospect at last of a peaceful night. In the skipper's absence, in the growing darkness, we all got very anxious and hoisted the riding-light, which unluckily did not prevent the skipper from having a very nasty fall from the pier.

Wednesday, January 1, 1902—*New Year's Day.*—Glass steady at 29·5. The last night of the old year was spent in absolute peace and quiet. The new year began with rain, and the Q. M. and 2nd failed to post the letters that had to be posted before 8 a.m. By 10 a.m. the Q. M. went forth for his bathe and found on his return that the 2nd and boy had been funked into bathing by the skipper. A sort of New Year's Day miracle it was: there was no shivering on the brink; they were in and out again in a second, led on by the skipper; the 2nd, it appears, is going to make this bathe last for the year.

All this bathing and persuading to bathe took some time, and it was nearly 12 before we set out in the rain to drive up the historic valley of the Coe. We passed through Ballachulish on our way, and in spite of shops being shut, the skipper managed to effect an entrance and purchased most of the place. It is an ugly, slaty place, swarming with cocks and hens and dogs. To-day there were crowds of men strolling about doing nothing, trying to look as if they enjoyed a holiday. As we went on, we passed on the left Lord Strathcona's new house just under the Pap of Glencoe, and soon reached the monument that was set up some fifteen years back to MacIan, the chieftain of Glencoe, who was so treacherously butchered in 1692. It is indeed a gloomy valley, and one's wonder is that any one can have ever lived there. There is hardly a tree to be seen, and the rugged sides of Ben-y-Benyon, the highest mountain in Argyll, and the surrounding hills, absolutely repel one with their terrible loneliness. It is no home for man, and the modern Highlander seems to appreciate that fact, as, except for the hotel, there is but one farm house in the Glen. The ruined cottages still tell their tale of murder and desolation. Up on the lonely pass one can picture the whole scene with all its horrors of snow, treachery, and night, when the shot from the signal rock, as it is now called, gave the sign to the soldiers to begin their work.

Far up on the mountain above the little loch at the head of the pass can be seen the cave of Ossian, an almost inaccessible spot far away from the world. After taking some photographs we drove back to the Clachaig Hotel, where we had a good tea and hastened back to get across the ferry to the *Blue Dragon* before the dark came on. The skipper went round by the post office to get the letters and we were all pleased to receive news from home; though there were no mince-pies from Kit, the last writer of the log, as expected. It is the first day we haven't sailed, but we have had a pleasant day and have seen Glencoe at its best; we find that arising at 10 a.m. has its points, as we only require three meals in the day and want them all: the last one of the day is just approaching, heralded by a

fragrant aroma. Really the sea makes one as hungry as a horse.

Thursday, January 2.—Glass 29. Fair morning, after a rough and rainy night; the Q. M., as ordered, got up to have his bathe before 9, in order to allow the skipper to do likewise, but in spite of all his[1] efforts there was no breakfast till 10, which made him hungry as well as angry; however, all bathed and dressed and breakfasted before 11, and we set sail with no wind to speak of and drifted down with the tide out of Loch Leven. Soon we were enveloped in a genuine Scotch mist, and the skipper put on his oilies and steered, while the crew spent their time reading in the cabin; the 2nd distinguished himself by reading twenty pages, and was so pleased with himself that he became quite obnoxious. A lunch of plum-pudding relieved the monotony. We were now heading for Goat Island (which, by the way, is really called Baile Gobhain), and as the tide was running up we took to the sweeps, but soon a heavy swell foretold a storm from the south, and we had a most exciting sail up against the wind, plunging and tossing grandly; we are now snugly anchored to the lee of Goat Island, securely fastened to a great boulder on the shore; we are so safe, that there is certain to be a dead calm.

Friday, January 3.—Glass rising. A strong wind from the south with pouring rain: luckily the night had been a calm one, for at 5.30 the Q. M., restless as usual, arose to look out at the night, and on putting his feet to the ground splashed into two inches of water. He straightway roused the skipper, who sent him out to pump: on going out he shouted that the *Blue Dragon* seemed to be aground, which proved to be correct, and it looked as if she had a hole in her, but after an hour or so of waiting the skipper managed to get her off and there was clearly no great leak, the water in the cabin being probably caused by the bows being raised and consequently the water running to the stern. Half a gale of wind was now blowing from the south, and we were all very glad of our rope on shore. In spite of rain and wind, the 2nd, Q. M., and skipper all

[1] N.B.—The skipper, who is pedantic, claims that the "his" refers to himself.—Q. M. But it doesn't.—*Assistant Editor.*

bathed, though the first two were only induced to do so by the bold example set by the skipper. The rain continued to pour and the wind to howl, and we seemed likely to remain where we were: so we settled down to our books. At 1 o'clock the skipper concocted an excellent soup, full of all manner of things, and we again fed gloriously off plum-pudding. At about 2.30 the rain ceased, and we all went ashore on the island to stretch our legs and fill our water-butt, if possible; this latter was accomplished with some difficulty, and all returned to tea, when the skipper, to avoid a recurrence of the misfortunes of the night before, went forth in the dinghy to put down another anchor; in so doing he was within an ace of losing himself, the dinghy, and the anchor; however, all is now secure and we are all hoping that the wind may drop and allow us to move from this lonely spot. P.S.—In the evening it became obvious that we were leaking and we all busied ourselves for an hour or so, seeking for the leak. We got up all the floor boards and then pumped and sponged her out, only to find that the leak was at the bung, no worse and no better than it had been all the cruise.

Saturday morning, January 4, dawned in a gale of wind and rain, still from the south. Glass 29·5. We were all glad to see daylight, especially the skipper, who had not turned in the whole night. At 11.30 he had found the boat resting entirely on the rope from the shore, and had lengthened the rope. Still the tremendous squalls, with pelting rain and hail, made it necessary for him to keep watch, for if the rope gave we would have had to clear out.

Nevertheless we were all able to have our bathe, and after breakfast it was resolved that we should leave Goat Island somehow; and at about 12.30, in an interval between the squalls, we set sail for Shuna, a long beat against a very strong head wind and sea. We had hardly started when it became clear that it was nearly impossible, so we again sought our snug bay in Goat Island to wait.

To avoid getting down sail and anchors we tried to beat about in our bay, but the Q. M. unluckily at a critical moment let loose the foresail, and we were on the rocks; however, he somewhat redeemed his character by jumping out on the

rocks and keeping her off; the centre-plate was not damaged, and in a short time we made her bows swing round and again anchored in our bay. The Q. M., who was very wet and a bit shirty, changed his clothes and we had lunch. Lunch over, we started for Kintallen, and with only the foresail set we raced up Loch Linnhe amidst surging seas, and brought to in Kintallen Bay in what seemed a regular hurricane. The skipper and Q. M. then landed to post letters and get in provisions; at the store they found that there was no post office for three miles, but luckily caught the postman and sent off our letters. The store-keeper was an old friend of the skipper's, who years before had given him a bed. After buying up the shop they returned, and in getting on board in the dinghy the Q. M. again got wet, and is now sitting very angry wrapped up in rugs, only kept alive by the prospect of supper. It is the painful duty of the writer to mention that the 2nd has again relapsed into his habit of singing snatches of songs with no tune: it is, we fear, incurable. The south wind still prevails and it looks as if Oban would never be reached this side of term time.

Sunday, January 5, 1 a.m., we all arose hurriedly: the wind had shifted to the north and several strong puffs had sent the *Blue Dragon* within a couple of yards of a large projecting rock. We had anchored close in to avoid the force of the south wind and were consequently unprepared for a north wind from the open sea. It was with great difficulty that the 2nd was roused: he said he would rather drown than lose his sleep. The *Blue Dragon* now seemed certain to go on the rocks, but luckily the wind shifted east and we were safe, and the 2nd and boy were allowed to go back to bed, but were told to be ready to come out at a minute's notice. The skipper and Q. M. resolved to watch during the night and the legs were put out in case we grounded. The Q. M. took the first watch, but after one hour or so was allowed to retire by the skipper, which permission he basely accepted. At 7 she began to bump, but no harm was done, and we all bathed before 11, except the 2nd, who funked it.

It was a lovely morning with a record glass, 30·2: so after breakfast we set off for Shuna, though the 2nd seemed to

think Goat Island a more likely destination. We beat down Loch Linnhe against the flood tide and a strongish breeze from the south, and, alas! what would have been a pleasant sail was marred again by rain. The *Blue Dragon* went well and we reached Shuna by 4 p.m.; after tea we all set off with a lantern to the MacLachlans' farm, where we spent a most pleasant evening. We found they had waited tea for us, and regretted that we had not come straight up. All the children were off to school next day, and we were just in time to see them; without doubt bonnie wee May will carry with her a very high opinion of the courtesy of the *Dragon* school-boy. Finally, about 9 p.m., we tore ourselves away, hoping that Mr. MacLachlan would soon be able to come and see us all at "that school-house afar on the banks of the Cher!" We are now safely on board meditating a long and peaceful slumber.

Monday, January 6.—Glass 30·3. Fine but strong breeze from the north-west. The Q. M. made every one very angry by getting up at 8.45 and having his bathe. Just at that time Mr. MacLachlan passed, rowing his children over to school, and stopped on his way back for a chat. After every one had bathed, *i. e.* by about 11 a.m., we had breakfast, during which meal the skipper and the boy went off to photograph the MacLachlans' farm hand, Sandy Macgregor; and then the Q. M. and boy went off to see the old castle on Shuna and take photos. At 12 o'clock we reefed down all we knew and sailed to the south-west on the lee side of Lismore. It was blowing very hard and the first part of our sail was a very rough one in the open sea between Shuna and Lismore, but the *Blue Dragon* again went well, and we managed to weather the rocks off Appin and sailed along Lismore in still water. Soon after we met the *Fusilier* and exchanged greetings with her; as yet we were uncertain where to anchor for the night, but at last decided to make for Lismore Pier, and after a most exciting sail cast anchor in a small bay by the pier. The Q. M. had been much frightened by the violent squalls that struck the boat, and was very glad to let go the anchor; may he not have to get it up hurriedly in the middle of the night, when the wind springs up from the south! We have all just been ashore, visiting the post office,

where the old lady who kept it tried to terrify us with tales of shipwreck. However, we were reassured by the owner of a smack, who told us that the anchorage was quite a sound one.

Tuesday, January 7.—Last night was a night of disasters. As soon as we got on board we were disagreeably surprised by a heavy swell and anticipated an unpleasant night. To make up for our discomfort the skipper set about making an apple pudding, but, alas! our wheat flour turned out to be wheat meal. However, nothing daunted, he made his pudding; it tasted well enough, but as the 2nd remarked, chewing-gum wasn't in it, and those who ate most suffered most. Then followed a most awful night of rolling[1]: it was impossible for those in the outside bunks to sleep, and their troubles were intensified by the fact that the 2nd and boy slept the clock round as usual.

Tuesday morning.—Glass 30·4. Fine again but a strong west wind. The boy and 2nd both funked their bathe. We breakfasted early and set off for Oban if possible: but the wind was very strong and gusty, so we sheltered under the Craig Islands, and discussed the advisability of spending the night in the cave, while we ate a soup which had been made by the skipper, of which the vegetables, unluckily, had hardly had time to cook: but we toasted the bride and bridegroom whose wedding in the South of England was at that moment taking place. Finally we resolved to up anchor and sail for Dunstaffnage. As soon as we left the shelter of the Craig Islands, we found that we had to face the full force of the ocean rollers and a heavy gale, and the *Blue Dragon* plunged and staggered over the waves under the foresail and a well-reefed mainsail. It was the roughest sail of the cruise, but the *Blue Dragon* is a fine sea boat, and the blowing and wetting were most exhilarating to eyes that had known but little sleep the night before. After about an hour's sail, during which the 2nd energetically baled out the seas which found their way below, we cast anchor in the bay behind Dunstaffnage, with the wind still blowing hard in spite of the continued rise in the glass. We're beginning to suspect that glass. In the evening we sang hymns.

[1] Due to the pudding?—*Assistant Editor.* No!—Q. M.

Wednesday.—Glass 30·4. After a stormy night the sun rose on a rainy morning, and it seemed doubtful if we should leave Dunstaffnage. The wind, however, seemed less tumultuous, and at about 11.30 we set sail. The Q. M. had risen with the sun and had cooked porridge and bacon and eggs, while the rest lay and dozed and jeered at his cooking, and it was mainly owing to his energy that we were able to leave Dunstaffnage at all, as we only caught the last of the ebb. Anyway, we got off, as stated, about 11.30, and sailed down the Lynn of Lorne towards Oban. In spite of an almost dead head wind and a heavy sea, the *Blue Dragon* soon reached the entrance to Oban between Kerrera and the mainland. Here we met the *Cavalier* and exchanged greetings; with some difficulty we managed to get in against the tide, and by 2 p.m. had anchored off Oban and resolved to start by the 4.10 for Stirling. As we were packing, Mr. Neil Munro came aboard and took over the *Blue Dragon* into his charge, and we managed to catch the train all right.

Thus ended a most pleasant and eventful cruise. In spite of the time of the year and the stormy character of the weather we were never upset at all by the cold, and the Q. M. and skipper enjoyed a bathe every morning. The writer would recommend any one who is desirous of recruiting his health to try a cruise on the West Coast of Scotland in the winter months; of course there is one thing that is not always attainable that the *Blue Dragon* possesses, and that is an excellent skipper, who can even put up with a rather quarrelsome and unmanageable crew.

THE Q. M.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1902

OBAN—TOBERMORY—EIGG—CANNA—
SOUTH UIST—LOCH BOISDALE—BARRA—
LOCH SKIPORT—SKYE—ORONSAY—OBAN

THE ANCHOR AND THE MATE

In vain old scientists had tried
  To find the Laws of Motion,
Though to the task they all applied
  Exemplary devotion;
Till thus a man—*videlicet*
Sir Isaac Newton, baronet—
  The controversy closed:
"All force exerted must be met
  By equal force opposed."

On the fore-deck there stands the Mate,
  And hauls the anchor-chain,
But scarcely seems (despite his weight)
  A painful inch to gain;
His shoulders of the broadest size,
His brawny arms, his sturdy thighs,
  Have won him great renown;
So, if the anchor will not rise,
  The *B. D.* will go down.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1902

July 26, 1902.—We reached Oban in the afternoon, and the skipper went across to Kerrera to see how the *Blue Dragon* was getting on. He found her all right, as usual, in Mr. Munro's good care, and we determined to sail the next day, but unfortunately the next day, the 27th, was a Sunday, so we respected the Scotch feelings and had to wait. Mother (cook) and myself (cabin-girl) slept at the Royal Hotel, while the skipper slept on board. However, Monday being fine, we set sail down the Sound of Kerrera with a good breeze, although right against us, and anchored in the Little Horse Shoe Bay, where we had lunch, mostly consisting of tinned things from the stores. After dinner I rowed about in the dinghy and managed to run aground and nearly upset twice, the skipper having a good snooze meanwhile. We then rowed ashore, and the skipper succeeded in throwing my camera into the water and so spoiled the films that were in it and thoroughly wetted the inside. We then walked to Gylen Castle, a lovely ruin, which is right at the end of Kerrera, and we talked about the old days when it was the home of lords and ladies. After tea we made the acquaintance of the musical box, and, the rain coming on, stopped the night there.

Tuesday, *July* 29.—A very showery day. Skipper got up at 6 a.m. and sailed us back to Oban, and then he went to meet Garner, the cabin-boy; but his train was an hour late (not a very unusual thing: the people of Oban seem to calculate on its unpunctuality), and so we did not have breakfast till about ten o'clock. Then we went shopping, and all divided up and were waiting for each other in different places for three-quarters of an hour in the pouring rain. We then set sail and went up the Sound of Kerrera, when a huge squall came on, and a deluge of rain and sleet struck the deck. However, this finished in about five minutes, and then

a great calm came on, but we managed to get into the Little Horse Shoe Bay, where Dad and I had a bathe, but the water was freezing. After dinner Garner and I went for a row, and after tea we went for a walk to the strange little island post office. We stopped the night in the bay, and the skipper and Garner went for a row to the lighthouse on a rock, where they found about thirty eggs and a lot of little birds ; but of course they did not touch one—we don't take eggs or kill things on the *Blue Dragon!* Lovely evening, and we had hopes of a fine day to-morrow.

Wednesday, July 30.—Cold and dull morning ; so only skipper bathed. After breakfast we got up anchor and sailed for Clachan Sound. There was a strong wind and we were tossed about by great Atlantic rollers, so after only about one and a half hours' sail, we anchored safely behind a lot of islands, which we explored and looked for eggs but found none. After dinner, for which the skipper made a soup of compressed things, we went for a walk to a public-house at Clachan, where we got some bread and a glass of milk. Coming back we walked through bogs, and I carefully sat down in one. In the evening we rowed to an island, which has a dyke on it looking just like a big castle. We there frightened a good many rabbits and found some mushrooms. There was a heavy swell, and we had rather a dangerous row in the dinghy.

Thursday, July 31.—A very nice morning. Skipper and I had a bathe. After breakfast we set sail and crossed the Firth of Lorne with a good wind, but just when we had got to the entrance of Loch Spelve it dropped, and there was a dead calm. Meanwhile we had dinner, and after that we got up the entrance to the loch with great rowing against the tide. We then anchored by a rocky island, upon which Garner and I landed and found 22 eggs, two broken addled ones, and two fluffy young birds. There were eight eggs, something like a hen's, only much bigger, all in one nest and quite different from the others (? cormorants). After tea we set sail again, and went right to the west end of the loch, where we moored to a buoy. We then went ashore and had a walk to Loch Uisg, which is very pretty. The skipper did a sketch, but it

MRS. ELIZABETH LIVINGSTONE
(Loch Aline) [*P.* 214.

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was too bad to be looked at. We had a very good soup for supper and then turned in.

August 1, *Friday.*—Skipper and I had a bathe; Garner was too funky. After breakfast we set sail, and went up the loch with a good wind behind us and got out against the tide. We then whizzed along with the tide and wind behind us at seven knots an hour. But suddenly, when we got to Duart Castle at the entrance to the Sound of Mull, the wind dropped, and we were left tossing about; but we had dinner and after that another breeze came and we went on; but it fell again, and we had to row. The wind came again, and we sailed on into Loch Aline against the tide, which had by this time changed, and anchored there. We then went ashore and went to see Mrs. Livingstone, an old lady of eighty, whom the skipper had often seen before. We then walked to the post office in the pouring rain. We came back, and were very glad to get on board again.

August 2, *Saturday.*—A dull morning, but we all had a bathe. But soon it began to pour, and did not stop till evening, the glass going down all the time. However, we read an awfully exciting book, and then played bridge—skipper and Mother against Garner and me, and we were badly beaten. We read in the afternoon, and went for a walk in the evening to the post office to get our letters. The cabin-boy managed to drop a useful part of the ship's equipment overboard, to the skipper's indignation.

August 3, *Sunday.*—Rather a dull morning, so we got up rather late and then bathed. About 10.30 the skipper and I went on shore meaning to go to kirk, but as one began at 12 and the other not until 1.30, we determined to go on board again, especially as it began to rain. After dinner we set sail and sailed to the far end of the loch, round the big steam yacht *Rannoch.* Then we went on shore and walked up to the old castle and sketched it, and coming back we met the owner.

August 4, *Monday.*—Rather a nice morning. We all three bathed. Then we sailed out of the loch with the tide, with Mrs. Livingstone, the old lady, waving us farewell. We then beat eighteen miles to Tobermory with the wind dead against

us. [Note.—The cabin-girl steered with great patience and skill.] We took about six hours, and just as we got to the harbour the wind dropped, so we had to row, the skipper talking to the skipper of the *Mary Ann of Loch Aline*, meanwhile. We moored by the quay, and then, leaving Garner on board, we went to get some provisions, and talked to Mrs. MacMillan about Oxford in her shop. We then went and saw a waterfall. Then, having gone on board again, we sailed gently to the Big Cove, where we anchored, but we found that all the water was dried out, so we had to go much farther back. Then the skipper, Garner and I went ashore on Calve Island, leaving Mother in charge. The skipper painted, while Garner and I chased all over the island. Two big schooners were towed into the harbour looking like white ghosts in the lovely twilight.

August 5, *Tuesday*.—A dull morning, but we had a bathe, and then with a good wind set sail for Loch Sunart. We went along splendidly till we got to the entrance, but then the wind dropped and we tossed about, so I rowed two hundred strokes, then we got a breeze with rain, and we sailed along and watched two porpoises enjoying themselves. We anchored in Loch Drumbuy and went ashore. It is a most beautiful place, and the gorgeous sunset made it look even more lovely. Dad and I got in the dinghy, and we went whirling down some rapids into a big lake on the other side; there Dad sketched and I rowed about. But we were shouted to by Mother and Garner, so had to go back. We returned again and brought Garner with us, but we found the island on which Dad had been sitting covered over with water, so we had to go on shore. Then Garner and I paddled about in the shallow water and watched a lot of crabs, and then came back and had supper.

August 6, *Wednesday*.—A nice morning. Skipper had a bathe. After breakfast Mother, Garner, and I set out in the dinghy for the lake, intending to bathe. But we could not go over the rapids as there was no water over the stones, so we landed and walked to the lake, and I found some white heather. But on arriving at the lake, we found that the water had all dried out, leaving only about an inch. So after

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having paddled a bit, we had to go back, having missed our bathe. We found the skipper longing to sail, because he thought that the *Blue Dragon* would touch the bottom. So we sailed out with the wind dead against us, but managed to get to Salen, after stopping for lunch in a little bay on the way. In Salen harbour we found the *Mary Ann of Loch Aline*, and the skipper went on board, taking with him a box of biscuits and a bottle of whisky. Then we went on shore and got some stores, and afterwards went for a lovely walk.

August 7, *Thursday*.—A nice morning. Skipper bathed. I did not, because we were going to in the middle of the day. We had a very nice sail to a little inlet in the island of Oronsay, and there we anchored. The first things we saw were about fifteen seals swimming and splashing about in the water; but we frightened them and they disappeared. Then Mother, Garner and I bathed from the dinghy, and whenever we tried to walk we sank up to our knees in mud. We then "hoofed" the frying-pan, as we found about five holes in it. After tea, Mother, Garner and I walked about ten miles, up hills and through bogs, and found some white heather, and saw seven such funny animals, which were all different colours. We first thought they were deer, but then saw that they had great long beards, so took them for goats. We frightened several big birds which were something like grouse, and we saw heaps of wild ducks. Altogether we thought it was rather a weird island.

August 8, *Friday*.—A lovely morning. We all had a bathe, and I got a shilling for swimming round the yacht and dinghy. We then noticed about five big seals lying on the shore in the sun and several more in the water. So Garner and I rowed ashore and then quietly walked to them to try and get a photo, but just as we got to them they all splashed and swam away; so we were jolly annoyed. We then set sail and tried to get to Mingary, but the wind only came in puffs when we were by the shore, so we determined to sail for Tobermory. Directly we got in the open sea we were caught in a great wind, and simply "scooted" across the sound into Tobermory Harbour, where we anchored by the

Mary Ann. The skipper then went ashore to the photographer and got some stores, while I rowed about. In the evening we went for a great walk to the lighthouse, and had to go up 145 steps. Then it began to pour. The skipper then went to get some milk at Duncan MacVicar's house. We then went across to the Big Cove, getting there at about 9.30, where we had a cold supper of herrings in the dark. We were all very angry with the skipper.

Saturday, August 9.—A nice morning. All bathed. We watched the boats start for the race for the Coronation Cup; then set sail for Mingary, taking about 1½ hours, and anchored just south of the castle. We then landed and explored the old ruin; it is one of the finest we have seen. After sketching and photographing it we strolled along the shore to the *Blue Dragon* and gave some cigars to two salmon fishermen, who hauled up their nets and got two. We then had a ripping sail back to Tobermory (six miles in three-quarters of an hour); saw a whale, and finally anchored alongside the *Mary Ann.* Whilst the skipper was ashore the dinghy was sunk by some rascally boys. In the evening, being Coronation Day, we toasted the King and Royal Family in ginger wine, and let off some Roman candles, and then watched a splendid bonfire and some rockets.

Sunday, August 10.—After a very rolly night we sailed under jib and mizzen into Big Cove. It was blowing very hard, and after bathing in the rough sea we managed to get ashore and walked all over Calve Island, watching the waves in the sound and large flocks of gulls. We then ran over the heather and ferns to the narrows and back to the *Blue Dragon.* It was a lovely sunny day, but the wind was strong. In the evening we played hide and seek on the island.

Monday, August 11.—Our last day on the old *Blue Dragon.* After breakfast we beat into the harbour of Tobermory; packed up, and left her in charge of a sailmaker and carpenter. Skipper went with us to Oban on board the swift steamer *Gael,* and we saw Marsh and Wallace on the quay. Mother, Garner and I stayed the night at the "Royal," and left for England at 6 a.m on Tuesday with many regrets. The good old *Blue Dragon* was as snug and pleasant a home as a

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(Iona)

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Queen could wish. We had splendid sailing, saw some lovely scenery and creatures of all sorts, had very little rain and some sunny days and nice walks, and altogether enjoyed ourselves immensely. The skipper says I must say we were a very useful and good-tempered crew, and always made the best of things ; and I hope the new cabin-boy will work as hard at keeping the log as the cabin-girl.

Tuesday, *August* 12.—Having paid off the crew, the skipper shipped a new company—J. E. Marsh, commodore ; W. J. L. Wallace, quarter-master. The mate, H. Vassall, is expected on Thursday. We caught the *Gael* from Oban at 7 a.m. Routed out old Donald Campbell, the sailmaker, and found that he had patched the sail and got the dinghy rowlocks screwed down. At 11.30 we sailed off with topsail set for Loch Sunart ; got the wind aft through the narrows off Charna, and sailed against the tide right up to Strontian, never having got further up than the Laudle Narrows before. Went for a walk and astonished three native young ladies by our unique appearance. The commodore's chief article of clothing was a waistcoat, also a scarf. The Q. M.'s hat matched the skipper's beard. The commodore, who started with strontianite as an objective, ended up at the inn, and the skipper returned to sketch. After supper skipper boarded the *Caterine* of Glenmore (Master Anderson), and gave them cigars and grog. So finished a long day. It must be recorded that we got our stove, "old hell" (a pumping "Primus"), in working order.

Wednesday, *August* 13.—Fine morning, but no wind ; got some splendid fresh herrings from the *Caterine*. At 11.30 rowed and drifted with topsail set down to Laudle Narrows, got through just at high water, and had a great race with a big lugsail fishing-boat. She beat us to windward and got well ahead. But just west of Salen it grew light and came aft, and we set spinnaker and passed her, and left her a long way behind. She stopped at Borrowdale, and we got the wind light ahead again, and tacked between Resga and the land, and finally, as it was getting very calm, dropped anchor in the narrow inlet in Oronsay, where we had seen the seals before. It was eight o'clock on a lovely evening, and we cooked

herrings and then went for a dark stroll on the island. We saw and frightened many seals.

Thursday, August 14.—Bound to get to Tobermory to meet the mate, so as there was not a breath of air we started rowing, and rowed and towed steadily for three miles to the Stirks, when we got a southerly air and set topsail and made a close haul of it into Tobermory. Met Guinness, who had sailed up from Dublin in a very nice cutter like a Scotch fishing boat, sharp stem and stern. Met the mate, who at once "hoofed" the old teapot, which had no lid, and sent skipper to get a new one. He had travelled on end from Fermoy for thirty-six hours. We filled water-butts and started off for Mingary, but it was so calm that we could not get out of the harbour, and so anchored in Big Cove, Calve Island. After dinner on army rations skipper rowed off to Guinness' boat, and had a yarn. A perfectly still evening; a great halo round the moon.

Friday, August 15.—Up at 6.30 and rowed out of the cove before 8. A slight air from south-east. We set topsail and spinnaker and sailed with Guinness' boat, the *Marishka;* off Ardnamurchan we saw the biggest whale we have seen. Hove-to just north of the light, and skipper explored the little harbour, or rather harbours, in the dinghy. Lunched and sailed on for Eigg; wind very light and going south and west. Saw another big whale: we used the new log. Off Eigg the wind died away or came in airs ahead, so rowed into the anchorage. Skipper sketched while mate talked to Sandy, and the Q. M. walked up to the top of the Scuir in record time. Sandy showed us his picture and his renovated house and his new dog, Major. Poor old Prince died just before the New Year. Sandy gave us eggs and came aboard in the evening.

Saturday, August 16.—A glorious day, but no wind till evening. We gave Sandy the ship's musical-box, which amused him. His house has been lined with pine panels; he said the proprietor had "done up" the house for the picture. We sailed off with a dead head wind for Rum or Canna, but drifted about all day off the north of Eigg watching thousands of dog-fish (one of which the Q. M. speared with a boathook), birds of all sea sorts, and one gigantic whale. The sunset was a

gorgeous one. Every ravine and peak in the mountains of Rum, Skye, Eigg, and the mainland was lit up in turn, then sinking into deep purple shades ; but such a scene is indescribable—it is worth living through the dullest of life and scenery to see. We found a heavy roll coming into Loch Scresort, but rowed across close under the north side, and there anchored in smooth water just off the new castle of Rum, which might be imposing on the banks of the Thames, but is utterly out of place at the foot of Halival and Askeval.

Sunday, August 17.—Calm and fine all day till evening, when a southerly breeze brought rain. Glass down from 30 and upwards, where it has been for the last fortnight—now stands at 29·70. The commodore having dosed himself with patent drugs on the previous evening did not scintillate with wit as usual; in fact, during one spell at the helm he was found fast asleep with his chin on the tiller, provocative of photography. We drifted about in calms off the east of Rum till the breeze came, and we sailed with a fair wind into Canna harbour after an eight hours' sail. The first part was in company with Dunlop's cutter, *Bloodhound.* We duly celebrated Sunday with hymns.

Monday, August 18.—Strong N.E. wind. Stayed all day in Canna harbour ; got bread and water, also 4 doz. of eggs, 2 lb. fresh butter, and a *Glasgow Weekly Herald* from Jane Campbell. Q. M. and skipper rowed over to Sanda Island, and the latter made a sketch of the curious rock, Dun Beg. We interviewed John Mackinnon and Wm. Campbell, and resolved, if fine, to go to Hyskeir, where they are building a lighthouse, in the morning. The *Enigma* (yawl) is lying beside us. Though a wet night and morning there was a glorious sunset—Rum all pink and mauve, and the clouds magnificent. The wind is howling, though the full moon is shining. We posted letters, and the question is, whether the commodore will board the ss. *Flowerdale* at 5 a.m. for a necessary (liquid) luxury.

Tuesday, August 19.—The mate answers "*solvitur dormiendo.*" A bright morning ; turned out at 7. After breakfast set sail with a northerly breeze for Hyskeir, a rock-islet half-a-mile long, about eight miles west of Canna. Here they are

making a new lighthouse. We hove-to off the east side, and the skipper discovered a snug little anchorage; but there were many rocks though the chart does not mark them, so we rowed in. Skipper, mate and bosun landed, and skipper climbed to the top of the lighthouse, as yet only 50 feet high, though it will be 100 feet when finished. We had a long talk with John Ross, Oban, and got some nice specimens of the rock, which is pitchstone, exactly like the Scuir of Eigg—a continuation of it. We saw the plan of the lighthouse, and mate instructed Ross to send a cargo of stone to Butler.

The wind had backed to the west, and we sailed back with spinnaker and topsail in two hours. Just after leaving Hyskeir a little black petrel came and perched on the bumpkin; afterwards we saw a jumping dolphin. It leapt about 10 feet clear out of the water. On the rock we found a young tern and several eggs. On reaching Canna, skipper went ashore and sketched the old castle, whilst the commodore fetched letters from the post office. Then skipper rowed off to the *Aileen* (yawl), Royal Mersey Y.C., and told the owner that he (the skipper) thought it very unsportsmanlike to shoot from the yacht indiscriminately at the practically tame sea-birds. The owner replied—"Sorry you don't like it," but soon after left the harbour. Afterwards we visited the Campbells. The wind has backed to the south and it rains.

Wednesday, August 20.—Q. M. fell overboard whilst collapsing the dinghy. Sunshine gleams and brief showers and gusts of wind; set sail, but found the north wind prevented us from laying our course anything north of Soa, so after a heavy pounding in head seas we ran back to the harbour. The *Hilda* came in from Loch Scavaig with reefs down. Her skipper is Rennie; Douglas, mate; with Neil Campbell of Eigg, as hand. Skipper sketched the old cross, and in the evening cooked a soup of Gye's process. Then we all went aboard the *Hilda* and talked nautical and climbing shop. The commodore came back very piquant and pleaded for a riding-light.

Thursday, August 21.—A fine bright morning; no wind. After reciprocal photography with the *Hilda* we rowed out of Canna harbour and photographed the cliffs as we passed. The Q. M. rowed 500 strokes to Bodstall, the Pillar Rock off

CASTLE ROCK, CANNA
(Skye in distance)

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Compass Hill. Then a breeze sprang up from the south-west and remained steady for some hours. We set the log off the end of Canna at 12.15, and logged 27 knots to Loch Eynort, in South Uist. We carried topsail up to the entrance to the harbour, and then busted through the narrows expecting to see a perch marking a rock in the middle, but no perch did we see, and before we knew exactly where we were (under jib only) we were hurtled through the second narrows. It was four hours' flood, and a high spring tide running seven knots made it a chance whether we hit anything, as the place is studded with rocks. We lowered all sail, and the mate and Q. M. rowed her hard in the teeth of the wind into a snug anchorage, a small bay on the right hand after passing the second narrows. It is an utterly lonely spot, and probably no yacht ever came here before us ; not a cottage or tree to be seen. As we sailed to-day we got into a school of jumping dolphins that jumped and dived close to us. Skipper tried to photo them, but found it difficult. The bay we are in was full of seals when we entered. It is a wild and stormy night with wind and rain.

Friday, August 22.—A tempest of wind and rain all day. Stayed at our snug anchorage and were glad to be there. Saw one solitary wind-torn native woman go to a wretched hut on the mountain side. Q. M. and skipper went ashore in "oilies" and explored the narrows, and in the evening skipper took out a second anchor—terrific gusts from S.W. We spent the day in reading, piquet, and bridge. A grand potato and egg feed at night.

Saturday, August 23.—Wind still stormy from S.W., but sun shining. After bathe and breakfast, at which we finished our last loaf, we reefed down and sailed out of the narrows rowing and backing. There is a terrific tide swirl with back eddies. As the wind was strong and gusty and dead ahead it was ticklish work. We anchored in Kirkdale Bay, south of the narrows, and went a walk to the top of Ben Eallan, 585 feet, from which we could see the Atlantic, Barra Sound, Loch Boisdale, and all the thousand lakelets of South Uist. After lunch we reefed down, and started for Loch Boisdale, but the gusts were so tremendous that we beat back to our anchorage. Then the skipper rowed through the narrows in the dinghy

and sketched. We played bridge in the evening. It is a gusty night, and the wind has gone more northerly. In the sunny mid-day we had all our bedding out to dry.

Sunday, August 24.—Wind still high, but off shore; started for Loch Boisdale, close-reefed and only foresail. Some heavy gusts, kept close inshore, inside Stuley Island and Dry Island, and with strong tide soon made the lighthouse off Calavay, Loch Boisdale. A long beat up the loch; anchored off the pier, and had a late lunch. Commodore and skipper went ashore and found out about steamers. After tea, skipper went to kirk and heard a good sermon from Mr. MacLeod: "Thou hast lien among the pots," etc. He quoted a curious poem—

> "Lying low, lying low, my Redeemer found me,
> Lying low, lying low, put His arms around me,
> Flying high, flying high, up to heaven He bore me,
> Flying high, flying high, through the gates of glory,
> Lying low, flying high, still the same old story."

The skipper then went three miles along the road to the Atlantic, but a line of sand dunes disappointed his expectation of seeing the sun set over the western ocean. The Q.M. and commodore packed up and are ready to go on board the *Staffa* at midnight, leaving the skipper and mate as sole crew of the *Blue Dragon*. The Q.M. finished up by making a vast stew.

Monday, August 25.—The Q.M. and commodore duly departed at midnight, and the skipper and mate are now left alone. After a late bathe and breakfast the skipper visited the hotel and begged and stole various newspapers, which gladdened the heart of the mate. We then set sail with a stiff S.W. wind for Castlebay. We covered the first four miles in forty minutes, and then we had to make long and short boards along the coast; passed Hart-i-Meal, Ru Mealavic, Eriskay, and finally anchored between Fuiay and Floday, in the Sound of Barra. We started close-reefed, but finished up with all plain sail. We passed the *Flowerdale* when making a long board out in a lumpy sea. The mate had twice to get up the anchor before the skipper was satisfied, and finally we had out the second anchor. Skipper went

ashore and ascended the highest point, from which he could see the north harbour and the western ocean through the intricate Sound of Barra, which no ship traverses but of necessity. A seal followed close to the dinghy. Fuiay is entirely uninhabited, but we saw some houses and a crofter's cottage in Floday. Several boats sailed past us, but none hailed us. It is a lonely spot. Off the headlands and the Sounds of Eriskay and Barra we met heavy seas. A certain amount of swell comes into our anchorage.

Tuesday, August 26.—Another day in the Sound of Barra. It blew hard from S. and a heavy sea came rolling into the sound. We reefed down and first tried to beat out of the narrow passage between Floday and Fuiay, but great breaking waves made it quite impossible, and we ran back and tried to get out between Floday and Hellisay, but here again we got some big combers on board, lowered mainsail and ran under foresail into a fresh anchorage between Fuiay and James Island. There we watched many seals playing on a rock. After tea at low tide we went through two very narrow passages into North Harbour, anchored, landed on Barra Island, ordered lobsters from Neil MacNeil, photographed his hut, found Rev. John MacLeod, quondam Free Kirk minister of Eigg, and renewed acquaintance with him. His wife gave us milk and oatcakes. It should be reported that the mate had not set foot on land since last Tuesday (this day week) at Hyskeir. It has been a fine sunny day, but blowing hard. The mate got Saturday's paper with an account of Sevenoaks election. At last skipper and mate have set foot on Barra Island.

Wednesday, August 27.—The morning was gloriously fine, and as the wind was still strong and the sea high, we resolved to walk six miles to Castlebay. We landed and left Mr. John MacLeod, the minister, to fill the water-butt, and had a splendid though sultry walk round the eastern side of Barra Island. We noticed two snug little harbours behind reefs on which the sea was thundering. Skipper photographed many crofters' cottages and the harbours. At last we reached Castlebay and admired the grand Castle Kisimil on a rock in the bay. It was the home of the Macneils of Barra till they

sold it in 1840, and is at present quite habitable. A 100-ton yacht, the yawl *Crimhilda*, Duke of Sutherland, owner, lay at anchor with lowered topmast. She is hired by Captain Sinclair. We had a capital lunch at the hotel, sketched the castle, hired a trap, and drove back round the western side of Barra. On the way we saw two most picturesque hamlets of crofters. Each crofter pays £5 a year for fifty years to the Government. (Everything done by the Congested Districts Board.) For this he has a few acres of land which he himself makes worth anything, may keep one horse, two cows, and five sheep. We saw the R.C. minister and his church—all the people practically in Barra are Roman Catholics. The surge and thunder of the mighty Atlantic breakers on the reefs and sandy shore, the deep blue of the sea, except when broken by the terrific breakers, the windswept sand, and the black reefs are the features of the western coast. We passed many carts carrying "peatses," and finally arrived at the minister's home. His good lady gave us milk and potatoes. After the skipper had sketched a crofter's cottage surrounded by hosts of girl and boy Gaels, who gradually mustered courage to come nearer and nearer until they entirely obstructed the painter's view, we had a supper of potatoes and eggs. The excellent lobster breakfast we had before starting in the morning must not be forgotten. It was a lovely sunset, every detail of rock, seaweed, sky, and mountain mirrored in the perfectly still waters of the loch until put into wavy motion by the oars of the dinghy. Seals bobbed up here and there, and great herons flapped their grey wings. At the hotel at Castlebay is a notice that seals may not be shot on the island in North Harbour. Altogether we are delighted to have seen Barra Island. The *Flowerdale* came into Castlebay whilst we were there. Mate says I must chronicle the fact that having bought best Long John and ordinary whisky, the best Long John was given to Neil MacNeil and his sons in mistake for the common.

Thursday, August 28.—Up soon after 6 a.m. to get the full benefit of the flood tide. A fine morning with wind south-east. Sailed gaily through the three narrows, but between James Island and Long Lungay, just after the mate

CROFTER'S COTTAGE, BARRA

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had retired to smoke, we grated on a rock. Luckily, however, we got off with no harm done. There was still a heavy sea running outside, but we carried full sail. When off Hart-i-meal near Eriskay, the black clouds we had been watching burst over us in a torrent of rain. The wind shifted round to the S.W., and we reefed down. After passing Hart-i-meal it cleared, and the wind went N.W., and then it fell calm, and we rowed 2½ miles from Ru Hordach to Calavay Island. Then we got a fair breeze again, the wind having boxed the compass in the course of three hours. We anchored off the pier in Loch Boisdale and had an excellent soup. Then skipper went ashore for letters, and amongst other things got Miss Freer's book on the Outer Isles. Skipper got copies of photographs taken in the earlier part of the cruise and letters. Skipper and mate went ashore and posted letters. Skipper sketched a second crofter's cottage. The crofter's wife said, "Mercy, it's splendid!" though in his picture of her standing at the door, the skipper did her charms scant justice. Afterwards had a long talk with the proprietor of the hotel, who gave us some splendid sea trout, and told the skipper how the Congested Districts Board worked, and how he had given a bit of his mind to Lord Arthur Cecil, who had been staying at the hotel. The kelp industry is reviving. The crofters now burn the kelp and send it burned to Glasgow by the "puffer" *Bloodhound*, which is moored off the quay. A fine night; wind N.W.

Friday, *August* 29.—Our bathe at 6.30 astonished and horrified the crew of the "puffer" *Bloodhound*. After breakfast on the excellent sea trout, the kind present of Mr. MacKenzie of the hotel, we set sail at 8.30 for Loch Skiport with a good flood tide and off-shore wind. We did the fifteen miles in three hours. We started with topsail, the first time we have set it since reaching the Outer Isles, but soon had to lower it by reason of heavy squalls off Ben More and Hecla. The coast between Eynort and Ushinish Light is very fine —caves and precipices. It was a beat up Loch Skiport, and with all plain sail she often had as much as she wanted. We anchored just off Alexander Campbell's cottage, and after lunch skipper went ashore and received a hearty welcome

from Sandy and his missus. He inquired after my little girl, having read her account of last summer's cruise in the *Oban Times*. We discussed Miss Freer's book on the Outer Isles, and the mate read extracts. Skipper sketched Sandy's house, and then went for a five-mile row in the dinghy to the head of the loch, where there is a cutting into Loch Bee, thus forming a waterway through to the Atlantic. Then he had a long talk with Malcolm MacEachen,[1] the piermaster, and got a drink of milk. After supper on the rest of the sea trout, we both visited Campbell and had a long yarn with him. Mrs. Campbell gave me a third pair of stockings. He gave us a tin of potatoes and a jug of milk. We made our way to the dinghy in black darkness over rocks and seaweed, the skipper carefully carrying the precious jug, but, alas! when he was sitting down in the dinghy, he capsized the entire contents of the jug. The mate took his shoes and stockings off, and boldly plunged into the water, as the tide had fallen, greatly astonishing Sandy, who thought it must be "verra cauld." It was a lovely day with one shower, but rain came on at night. We saw a remarkable rainbow in the morning.

Saturday, August 30.—At about 3 a.m. the *Dunara Castle* came to the pier, awaking us with her hooting and bringing a change of wind, which now blew from the east, and sent some swell into our anchorage. With this wind it was of no use to try for Skye, so we spent the day in Loch Skiport. Skipper made up a bundle of clothes and a pair of sea boots, and took them with some bovril to Mrs. Campbell for distribution amongst the poor neighbours. Then we sailed up to the head of Loch Skiport, Linne Arm, and saw the flood gate at the cutting into Loch Bee. Then we went up a hill and discovered a Pictish round dwelling and saw the Atlantic, the road across Loch Bee, and the wild, flat land of Benbecula, where water and land are strangely mingled. We made the acquaintance of Donald MacLeod, who with his sister rowed off to see the *Blue Dragon*, and to bring us milk. Skipper photoed and sketched the cottage, and then we sailed back. Mate had been reading aloud from *The Outer Isles*. Then we went

[1] He was drowned a few years later whilst sailing a small boat from Loch Boisdale.

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ashore, taking a lantern this time, and had a very pleasant talk with Campbell. Mrs. Campbell brought out her spinning-wheel and spun some wool for us. It is quite calm, but there is a swell coming into the anchorage.

Sunday, August 31.—As the wind had gone round to the south we got up at 6.30, and after waving farewell to our good friends the Campbells, we set sail for Bracadale, Skye. It is about twenty miles from Ru Ushinish, Loch Skiport, to Ru Idrigal, the north corner of Bracadale. We sailed to windward rather close-hauled the first fifteen miles, for nine of which we were out of sight of land as it was misty, and then had an easy reach to Port-na-Long opposite Struan—snug anchorage. There was a heavy sea and strong wind, and once we had to reef down, but the *Blue Dragon* behaved splendidly. We were exactly six hours; our log read nineteen miles. It has been a fine day though the sky was overcast, and the sail was fine. MacLeod's Maidens and the fine basaltic islands of Wia and Oronsay are of a very different order of scenery to the worn gneiss rocks of the Outer Isles. After lunch at three, skipper went ashore and sketched the islands and sunset from the top of a cliff. The mate has been reading aloud Miss Freer's interesting book on Tiree and the Outer Isles.

Monday, September 1.—Up early, but as the wind was strong from S.S.E., it was no use starting for the south. So we beat up Loch Harport to Carbost, about four miles. We started with full plain sail, but soon had to take off jib and mizzen and reef mainsail, as the gusts came down from the Cuchullins with great force. We landed at Carbost, posted letters, and got some bread (almost as old as ours) at the post office, photoed some children, and returned to the *Blue Dragon* for lunch. Ran down the loch under small sail, got some big slams off Ru-na-Clach, rounded the great cliffs of Oronsay, gybing three times (luckily we dropped the peak), under the lee of the islands, and anchored behind the shingle low water connection of Oronsay with the mainland; took out second anchor. At high tide the seas came dashing over the ridge. Skipper went ashore and walked all over the island. Lying down on the highest point, 800 feet perpendicular over the sea,

he watched the weird light in the sky and on the sea—a dim, hazy yellow light, the great cliffs of Wia and Ru-na-Clach, and the strange Maidens of MacLeod at the point of Ru Idrigal. When he returned to the *Blue Dragon* it was blowing a gale, and the *Blue Dragon* was plunging at her anchor. The *Dunara Castle* passed us. She last saw us in Loch Skiport early on Saturday morning. It has been a curious day, sultry at times, heavy black clouds all around, the sun mistily looking through now and then—no rain. We got a dim view of the veiled Cuchullins from Carbost. They appeared through a great circle of mist for a few minutes.

Tuesday, September 2.—A bright morning, but wind still strong from S. E.; good for nowhere, so we settled to stay where we were. Skipper rowed to north side of Oronsay, but there was a heavy sea. We then landed on the island and walked round the top of it. It was now a low spring tide, and the shingle and rock connection seemed a huge wall. We admired the fine cliff scenery. Skipper made a sketch from the *Blue Dragon* of the view northwards—MacLeod's Table, Wia, Harlosh, Tarna, and Oronsay all came in, with the *Blue Dragon* sailing up to her anchorage. He then made a photographic expedition to the far end of Oronsay, the little dinghy riding splendidly the big waves, which crashed in grand breakers over the reefs at the west end of the island: probably there was too much motion for successful photography. At high tide skipper rowed across the shingle ridge and decided that the *Blue Dragon* could go that way if necessary. He had great difficulty on landing in Skye owing to the heavy swell. The mate read *Lorna Doone* and peeled potatoes. We had a grand potato and egg dinner costing 6½*d.* between us, including drinks (ginger beer). There was a somewhat lurid though grand sunset, and as the glass remains low there is every prospect of our spending another day or two here. The *Staffa* came past us, and a large yawl, snugly reefed down, ran into Loch Harport for shelter.

Wednesday, September 3.—Glass down ·75, which, with a fall of ·25 yesterday, makes a drop of one inch in twenty-four hours. We may, therefore, expect something stiff. But the

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morning was lovely, wind light and shifting all round. We moved our anchorage, as we were very near inshore, and anchored nearer the east side of the little bay. Skipper went a row to the west end of Oronsay, and did some painting. Mate still reading *Lorna Doone*. At 4 p.m. it began to blow hard from S. W.; luckily we had out two anchors. There is a very heavy sea tossing us about, and we are about thirty yards from a rocky lee shore, the breakers dashing on the rocks just astern of us. Every prospect of a night of watching.

Thursday, September 4.—It was indeed a wild night. Till midnight the ocean swell made the *Blue Dragon* roll like a mad thing, whilst the strong wind kept her broadside on to it. We were about twenty yards from a rocky coast with the sea lashing up it in great spouts. Just to the right of us was a projecting black rock; the phosphorescent breakers on it were a wonderful sight. The night became inky black and we could see not a yard from the boat, nothing except phosphorescence and frequent flashes of lightning which momentarily lit up the wildness. About midnight the wind came hard from the N.W., and changed our rolling to pitching and tossing, and put our stern in the direction of the shingle ridge. We now turned in in our clothes after a cup of cocoa, but still kept a desultory watch. We were very glad when the morning broke and the *Blue Dragon* had weathered it all grandly. The glass, which had sunk to 29, now began to rise, and by 8 p.m. it had risen nine-tenths to 29·9, the wind still blowing fresh from the north, the point to which our anchorage is exposed. However, with the two anchors, we hope to hold on, as we have done all day. In the afternoon skipper landed with some difficulty (the dinghy during the night got half full of water). He then walked to Ulinish House, but though he knocked for some time no one came to the door, so he walked on till he came to a curious "earth-house"—a stone circular wall on a hill with underground habitations in it. Pictish earth-dwellings they are called. On descending he found a baker's cart and bought two fresh loaves, a very agreeable purchase, as all we had had now for three days was mouldy. He also found some mushrooms. After this pleasant four-mile walk he had great difficulty in launching

the dinghy from the rocks on to which he had hauled it, as the tide had come up all round. We had a grand soup of dried vegetables and chicken, and discussed politics and land-laws—the skipper being provoked by the sight of many roofless and deserted cottages, the crofters of which had been displaced to make a large sheep farm. The wind is still in from the north, but much lighter. The *Flowerdale* passed the other side of the ridge on her way to Struan, about five hours late. She must have had a bad passage in the Minch last night. Our morning bathe was in a roaring sea and torrents of rain.

Friday, September 5.—A peaceful night. Up at 6.30, wind light from S.E.; glass 30. Set full sail and left our Oronsay anchorage, but a dead beat in a lumpy sea was before us. Our log went to pot: it indicated $1\frac{1}{10}$ knots after we had sailed five hours and done about eight miles to windward. As the wind got stronger and the tide failed us we put into Loch Eynort (Skye), the windy loch, as the name implies. We anchored off the shingle promontory, and after a late lunch we climbed Ben Grula, 965 feet, in the hopes of the finest view there is of the Cuchullins, but only an occasional shifting of the clouds that covered them gave us a brief peep at the jagged summit. The row from the *Blue Dragon* to the shore had been so wet, the seas breaking all over the little dinghy, that the mate resolved to walk round the head of the loch to the other side, whence it might be easier for the skipper to put him aboard. But the skipper found it was even worse on that side, so he got up the anchor and set a reefed mainsail in the pouring rain, and beat up under a point on the north side. After a wet walk, and having seen two ancient ruined churches, the mate turned up, and the skipper rowed him aboard without much difficulty. The skipper then took out a second anchor, and well he did, for now it is blowing a gale with great gusts from the Cuchullins, and the wind is roaring and the seas beating against the ship, though the glass remains about 30.

Saturday, September 6.—Rain, and the wind still S.S.E., so we did not get up very early. The day gradually improved, but the wind entirely dropped, so we stayed in Loch

TWO CHURCHES, LOCH EYNORT, SKYE

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Eynort, wrote letters, and skipper took them to the shooting lodge, and found there a trap just going off to Carbost, so got the letters and a wire sent. Glad to send a wire, as from the pile of papers given us by the fishing tenants we saw that the gale of Wednesday, the 3rd, was a wide-spread one, and that the wind had attained a velocity of seventy-four miles per hour, which is a record for summer months since 1879. There seems to have been great destruction of shipping and yachts, and we were lucky to have ridden it out so well. The *Victoria and Albert*, with the King and Queen on board, left Stornoway on Wednesday morning and seems to have anchored in Dunnet Bay. We are anxious to hear how they stood the storm. Skipper sketched the two old churches as well as swarms of midges would permit. It is a perfectly peaceful and quiet evening.

Sunday, September 7.—Up 6.30; bathed in brown peaty water, our towels, which had been out all night, being sopping. Thick fog and light air from west; rowed and drifted out of Loch Eynort and out into the Sound of Cuchullin. Then the sun came out and scattered the fog, and a nice westerly breeze lasted till we got into the Sound of Rum, about fifteen miles. Here it fell flat calm, and after drifting about we put into Loch Scresort, Rum, followed shortly by Sir G. Bullough's 42-tonner, the *Mystery*, and then by the *Rhouma*, and finally by a big cutter, which was becalmed outside longer than we were. It was a grand sunset, and the glass is now 30·35, a record for the cruise. We saw a whale several times close to the *Blue Dragon*.

Monday, September 8.—Up at 6.30, and up anchor 7.30. Fine morning; wind S.S.W., glass 30·4. Sailed out of Loch Scresort with the *Noltland Castle* (ketch), bound for Oban. A close haul to north point of Eigg, then a long board out to the mainland; anchor down in Eigg Harbour at 1.30. Sent letters and telegrams by the boat returning from the *Gael*. Found Sandy MacKinnon making his hay, which had suffered severely from the storm on Wednesday. He had helped to move the *Scoura*, and stayed on board all night. Found that Colin Hunter was staying with the proprietor; saw the proprietor, Mr. Thomson, and young Hunter

Made a sketch of Sandy's renovated cottage. Saw Shon MacDonald and got two lobsters from him; went for a crack with Sandy in the evening. He told us a story of second sight—how 100 years ago an old woman had foretold the Mallaig Railway. Told us he had often attended a story-telling, or ceilidh, in his young days. He also told us there were two graves of the Lochlins, or Vikings, just outside his door, and that one was discovered at Kiel, and a sword found in it. He gave the skipper an old Catholic prayer-book which he had found by the MacDonalds' cave eighteen years ago. It contained no name; only a shamrock among the leaves. He also gave me a photo, taken of himself by Colin of Muck.

Tuesday, September 9.—Misty and some rain in early morning. Up at 6.30; wind N.N.E., fairly strong; glass 30·3. Ran with spinnaker set to Ardnamurchan Lighthouse in two hours; passed torpedo-boat destroyer No. 7, and anchored in Tobermory in two hours more. The Claymore passed us at Tobermory Lighthouse. Skipper rowed to her in the harbour and saluted Captain MacKechnie. As usual, the Tobermory youths half filled our dinghy. We sailed off to the anchorage by the Dorlin Narrows in a little bight of Calve Island, where we were out of the swell that rolls into Tobermory with a northerly wind. Skipper made a sketch of the narrows. A calm, quiet evening; herons flying about with their harsh croaking.

Wednesday, September 10.—Sailed up from the narrows to Tobermory; got and answered letters. We saw some more of the torpedo-boat destroyers, and sailed down to Salen; anchored off the old pier, and walked over the ridge till we could see Loch na Keal and Eorsa on the west side of Mull. A calm evening following a fine day. A steamer, possibly the new turbine, brought a crowd from Oban Games, and gave us a tremendous roll as she went north.

Thursday, September 11.—Quite calm till noon: then a westerly breeze sprang up, which took us with topsail and spinnaker set from Salen right down the Sound of Mull and up the Lynn of Morven, the whole length of Lismore to Shuna, Appin, about twenty-five miles, in just over four hours.

We raced a large schooner down the sound with some success. The topsail looks dilapidated, with eight or ten round holes burnt in it. We found Sandy MacGregor, who took us with the three children to Shuna Farm. Mr. and Mrs. MacLachlan were, unfortunately, away, but the hospitality we always receive at Shuna was awaiting us at the hands of Miss MacLachlan and Mrs. and Miss Turner. The children had just come from school and were as lively as ever. Skipper got some eggs from Mrs. MacKay, whose cottage has been nicely furnished and contains a piano and bagpipes. The glass is down and it looks windy to-night.

Friday, September 12.—A still morning until 10 a.m., when suddenly there came a blast from the N. E., and soon a fierce sea got up in the sound, spindrift flying and the *Blue Dragon* plunging at her anchor. In the worst of it we saw Sandy and Miss MacLachlan trying to row across, so skipper went in the dinghy and took her oar. It was a rough row across, and we could not get to the proper landing-place, so rowed to Portnacroish and waited there for Mr. and Mrs. MacLachlan, who were returning from Oban. The skipper, in his hurry, had gone pipeless and coatless; the latter was supplied by Miss MacLachlan's cloak, and the former, with the requisite fuel, he bought at the post office. In the evening it "took off," and we spent an hour or two at the farm. The glass is up again. We saw the new turbine steamer, the *Queen Alexandra.* It has been a splendid summer day, though very windy.

Saturday, September 13.—Fine; wind light from south. Took Miss and Mr. MacLachlan on board to sail them to Appin, but the wind was light and the tide against, so they rowed in their boat to catch the steamer. We made Oban in about five hours, settled our departure for Monday morning, and sailed down to Little Horse Shoe in two hours, anchoring in the dark for the first time this cruise. There were a few short showers during the day. Mr. Hugh MacDonald lent me Father Charles MacDonald's *History of the Clan Ranald.*

Sunday, September 14.—The gipsy encampment we saw last night disappeared this morning to their loss, for we meant to give them superfluous shoes and old clothes. A

fine day, and we sailed to Oban in the afternoon and anchored for the last time this cruise.

A few remarks on the cruise generally :—The weather has been very fine, but not very warm. We have only had two real storms—one in Loch Eynort, S. Uist, and far the worst in Loch Bracadale. We have visited a great deal of fresh ground. All the Outer Isles south of Loch Skiport were new, and we have now sailed the whole of the Hebrides from Barra to Stornoway. Miss Freer's book on the Outer Isles added great interest to our visit to the southern Hebrides. I saw a Pictish dwelling for the first time in Loch Bracadale. After four years we revisited our friends the Campbells, at Loch Skiport, and, of course, we visited again the MacLachlans at Shuna; Sandy MacKinnon at Eigg; and Wm. Campbell at Canna, not to speak of Duncan MacVicar, Neil MacDonald, and the MacMillans at Tobermory. Alas! my old friend, Angus Paterson (MacPhairtrish in Gaelic), died last autumn. The old ship sailed as well as ever. We carried on perhaps more than we have done for several years. She leaked practically not at all; nothing carried away. We made but one anchorage in the dark, probably because we made earlier starts. Our "James" dinghy, which had been re-covered with canvas, was not quite water-tight; she wants some more coats of paint, but otherwise she served us as well as ever. I have said before that the "Primus" stove was liable to smoke and go wrong, but we used one this cruise, and with a little extra care it worked well.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1903

OBAN—TOBERMORY—SALEN—EIGG—
ARMADALE—LOCH DUICH—MALLAIG—EIGG—
DUNSTAFFNAGE—LOCH SPELVE—
SHUNA—OBAN

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE

We have left the Cloch behind us,
  We have opened the Toward Light,
And Rothesay Bay's before us—
  It's there that we'll lie to-night.
In Rothesay Bay at the end of the day
  We'll anchor our craft and lie,
And a plan we'll make what route to take
  Over the sea to Skye.

Maybe we'll tow through Crinan,
  Maybe we'll round the Mull;
To-night it shall be decided,
  When the moon and our pipes are full;
When the moon is bright, and our pipes are alight,
  The Skipper and Mate will try
To settle our route from beautiful Bute
  Over the sea to Skye.

The Mate is humming a lyric,
  The Skipper smokes and smiles—
"What ho, my crew! 'vast planning;
  We're bound for the Western Isles;
O Isles of the West, O Isles of the Blest,
  Your lover and poet am I;
With a following breeze we'll go as we please
  Over the sea to Skye!"

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SUMMER CRUISE, 1903

BY THE JUNIOR CABIN-GIRL AND THE SKIPPER

We, *e.g.* the crew, consisting of Dad (skipper), Mother (cook), Garner, age 15 (gunner); Honor, age 15, and myself, aged 14 (cabin-girls), arrived at Oban on Thursday night, July 30. The next morning, after having had a good night's rest at the Royal Hotel, we steamed across to Kerrera in the "water boat," and there had a good morning's work in packing the *Blue Dragon* with eatables of all kinds (enough to last us till Christmas). In the afternoon we set sail with a good wind down the Sound of Kerrera and anchored in the Little Horse Shoe Bay, where we landed and pitched the tent for the females. (The tent is known as a "patrol tent," and is 6 feet square and 6 feet high in the middle. It packs into a compact bag, and has a stout canvas floor-cloth. On three mattresses, and with bracken underneath and rugs and blankets above, the three ladies slept very comfortably even on stormy nights.)

Saturday, August 1.—Garner, Honor, and myself had a ripping walk to Gylen Castle, although it poured most of the way. On our return we set sail again and went back to Oban to buy some things which we had forgotten (including some powder for Garner's cannon). Then we started again, and had a splendid sail to the Craig Islands, between Lismore and Loch Etive (known to us by the name of Our Islands). We anchored on the north-east side, and then landed to find a suitable place for our camp. The spot chosen was a place to which there was no approach, except through a bog, and through this we had to drag the tent. After a hard hour's work we at last, in the pouring rain, managed to get our resting-place ready for the night, the floor being covered with bracken. After a good supper on board we returned to our

camp, and there in a deluge of rain lay down to sleep. However, in the midst of a lovely dream, I was awakened by a lantern put into the tent, and then, lo, behold! a form appeared carrying a tin covered with verdigris containing some good cocoa. We kept the lantern, but it was rather a pity, for it showed us that the walls of our tent were covered with beetles of all kinds.

Sunday, August 2.—After striking camp we set sail, and with the wind dead ahead we got to Lismore Lighthouse. However, there was a dead calm just off the point, and, as the tide was just turning, we thought we should not get round. The skipper was very anxious to try the passage between Musdile Island and Lismore. But when the crew heard that only a short time ago a boat had been capsized in the passage and two men drowned, they mutinied and threatened to put the skipper in irons if he didn't at once "chuck it." However, a breeze caught us, and we sailed gallantly round the lighthouse, and had a splendid run right up the sound, getting from Lismore Lighthouse to Tobermory in five hours. We were unfortunate in not being able to admire the scenery, as it simply poured all the latter part, and we could hardly see any land at all. Arrived at Tobermory we got rooms at the Mull Hotel, where we spent a most comfortable night. One of the party certainly preferred a good bed to a stormy night in a tent.

Monday, August 3.—After buying a few more provisions, we set sail, and with the wind dead aft had a gallant run across the sound, and right up Loch Sunart to Salen, getting there in three hours. Unfortunately, we were again prevented from seeing the scenery by a real Scotch mist. Anchored in Salen Bay, we got rooms at the hotel for the females, and then went a ripping walk through the woods, which looked lovely after the rain. However, we were prevented from walking miles by another deluge of rain, and so had to turn back. After a good supper we read, being unable to go out on account of the rain. Hoping for a fine day to-morrow after the five days' rain.

Tuesday, August 4.—Pouring with rain, together with a mighty wind blowing up the loch. The *Blue Dragon* dragged

the big anchor and the chain round and round the bay, until the anchor got so stuck in the mud, that it took all the mighty strength of the skipper to lift it the next day. In the afternoon the crew, minus the skipper, who was too slack, went for a very long walk through some pretty woods. It still continued to pour all evening, and we again found rest in the hotel.

Wednesday, August 5.—Bright morning, but still blowing hard. After a good breakfast, the females came aboard, and found all ready for a start, the welcome being more cordial than the previous day. The joint cabin-girls got up the anchor with much puffing and blowing. After a long beat down the loch under close-reefed sails, we anchored at Lagga Bay for lunch in a storm of wind and rain. Then, seeing that Tobermory was impossible, we anchored for the night off Dorlin uninhabited old inn, close to the strait leading into Loch Drumbuy. The tent was pitched on the grass-grown path between the inn and water. We cut down bracken and covered the floor therewith. After supper on board, we spent the night in the tent, somewhat disturbed by horses that nibbled and neighed, and ghosts that flitted and shrieked.

Thursday, August 6.—Strong wind blowing straight up the loch, with a rough sea in the sound. Skipper said it was impossible to start, so we made up our minds to spend the day there, much to the disgust of Garner. Honor and I took a whole hour to bathe—half-an-hour to make up our minds whether we would or not, the next to be transported from the land to the boat. (Meanwhile the skipper was getting rather impatient.) During breakfast of bacon and smashed eggs, we perceived two carts crammed with sacks of wool and about eight men coming down to the shore. Skipper went ashore with his usual gift, and apologized for pitching the tent in their highway. We learnt that the steamer *Handa* was coming that day to take away the wool, one of the most important days in the year for the farmers. After a long talk with the men, Garner, Honor, and myself went for a ripping chase over Isle Oronsay, but got somewhat wet, as it began to pour, and our only shelter was under bracken. In the afternoon the juniors again went for a walk, or rather paddle,

while the skipper went for a tremendous row right across the loch to Borrowdale in the little dinghy half-full of water, being washed by mighty waves. Arriving there he bought some bread, of which we were in great want, having none left. The *Handa* came about three o'clock and took away the wool, the old chieftain shouting his orders in a splendid manner. In the evening the crew, minus Garner, who was too slack, went for a splendid walk over the mountains, but got right into the peat-bogs and lost the path. However, Donald MacDonald, one of the men from the farm, most kindly led us back to it, and showed us a beautiful spring from which we could get water. He escorted us back, and told "the young ladies to come and fetch some milk from the farm later on." This "the young ladies" did, but were met half-way by two men, who were not only bringing milk but also eggs. They walked back with us to the shore, and there the skipper met us, bringing with him some "Tobermory special" and also a few "smokes"—they absolutely refused anything else. Garner being somewhat slack, was reposing quietly on one of the bunks, but on being requested to take Mother ashore, found that he had a tail, in the shape of a bucket hanging behind, which one of the "kids" had quietly tied on. Thereupon followed a great chase on board, and the "kid" only escaped by nimbly climbing the mast. We had a splendid night in the tent, being very much gratified by the great kindness shown to us by the Highland farmers.

Friday, August 7.—A beautiful morning : all bathed. We set sail with a light wind dead ahead for Tobermory. About half-way we were becalmed, but later on caught a breeze and got to Tobermory about three o'clock. A splendid concoction was made during the sail, of which we all partook most heartily. Arriving in harbour we took out all the bedding and put it on deck to air in the lovely sunshine. The afternoon was spent in watching a diver go down, being much interested in his strange garb, and especially in his boots. A splendid supper of kippers was cooked by the (s)kipper, after which we rowed ashore and again found rest at the Mull Hotel.

Thus ended a most enjoyable week on the *Blue Dragon*,

in spite of the weather, with lovely sails and good nights in both tents and hotels.

Saturday, August 8.—After the glorious yesterday, to-day is awful—wind and rain and general tempest. We saw the ladies off on board the *Glendale* for Ardvassar, Armadale, and met the mate (H. Vassall). The latter procured the forgotten necessities, and, after a yarn with Neil MacDonald and MacArthur of Islay, the saddler, who made an excellent case for the camera and told us all about the harbours and whiskies of Islay, we went aboard. At one we started a great race between N. MacDonald's boat, the *Lizzie*, and MacLean's *Shamrock*. The latter got the best of the start, but MacDonald, who had Duncan MacVicar on board, got home first by three minutes. It was the final for the season's cup, and was a grand run. Both boats sailed splendidly in the strong wind and heavy sea. The skipper lent his chart of Loch Sunart to a big yawl with five men on board, who were proposing to navigate Loch Sunart with the west coast general chart only. Then we slipped over to Calve Island and anchored in the old place. The glass down a great deal, to 29·3, and it is a very dirty night. We got the new Paris stove into working order. Having first filled it with oil, and produced little but soot and smoke, we tried methylated spirits with complete success. N.B.—Garner replaced the old floor-cloth with a fine new piece of linoleum.

Sunday, August 9.—Glass down to 29·3—rained almost all day. In the afternoon we sailed over to Mingary Pier, and Garner and skipper walked over to Kilchoan old church ruins. It is in the Norman style, and there are two fine tombstones, trefoil ornament, and old ships, and on one a long Norman sword; no name or date. It does not mention the ruins in the *Gazetteer*. We had a long talk with a nice old lady of seventy, who was staying at the Manse, and had a son in Queensland, and whose present home was Campbeltown. We did little but read all day. There was a thick mist in the evening. We little thought when we turned comfortably in that we should be roused at 11 p.m. by heavy thumps, and that we should spend 3½ hours high and dry on the top of a great flat rock at the middle part of the entrance to the harbour, but so it was!

When we found she was on, she was too hard and fast to be pulled off. Luckily the wind was off shore ; strong and squally and raining. We tried to get her off, but could not budge her an inch, so got out the legs. Luckily the rock was fairly flat, and we gradually settled down with a considerable list to starboard. Manœuvring in pyjamas was cold and wet work, so we made cocoa and smoked and read till the tide rose again, and then hauled in our second anchor so as to keep her head to wind, and finally at 2.30 floated off into deep water. Such an experience might have had a far worse end. She had sprung no leak, and beyond everything shifting over to starboard, we had no mishap, though it was an anxious time, as we could not tell whether the legs would hold her up.

Monday, August 10.—We were not up very early, having turned in at 3 a.m. Then we tried for Ardnamurchan, but there was a heavy sea and strong wind dead ahead ; so we ran back to Tobermory. The yachtsmen to whom we lent the chart of Sunart were just sailing off to Oban, and as we passed gave us back the chart. At Tobermory a wire from the ladies at Ardvassar proposed going back on Wednesday, so we wired they must wait for us for two days at least. Then in the evening we sailed across with a light northerly air to Mingary, but did not anchor in the harbour of ill omen, but behind the long reef to the east of the old castle. Here we found fishermen, who advised us to get out a second anchor. We followed their advice, and it was as well, for when the skipper woke up at 3.30 the wind was blowing from the east, and we should inevitably have gone on the rocks. At 4.15 a.m. he put on the cooker of oats, and bathed—the mate following this noble example, but, alas, not the boy !

Tuesday, August 11.—At 5.30 we had breakfast and weighed anchor with a fair wind. We set topsail, and at 7.30 were off the lighthouse. At 9 a.m. we anchored in Eigg harbour—a record. Here Brother George and an old friend, Sandy MacKinnon, welcomed us as heartily as ever. They brought us Eigg eggs, as the boy dared to suggest, and dined with us off *rechauffé* hare and chicken. At 1 p.m. we set sail again, and ran with a dead aft wind and occasional showers to Armadale, passing a whale. We set the spinnaker, and so

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were not at first recognized by the ladies, who did not expect us till the next day. It was a fair forty-mile sail in all and a lovely day, an occasional rare shower, and consequent cloud effects, only adding to its beauty. The ladies hailed us from the rocks, and took us a walk through the delightful private grounds of the MacDonalds' castle.

Wednesday, August 12.—Another lovely morning with occasional sunshine showers, in the midst of one of which we bathed. We picked up the ladies at 9 a.m., and drifted about for some time in a calm, admiring the ever-changing light and shade on the mountains, and the wonderful views of the Cuchullins, Loch Nevis, and Loch Hourn. The girls bathed whilst she was drifting about with topsail set, and they swam round and round us ; but no dive! We did some photographing, and then a breeze sprang up, which was dead fair, and we sailed past Isle Ornsay and through Kyle Rhea in fine style. Then eastward to Totaig, and then in very light fluky airs got up to Ratigan, Loch Duich, by 7 p.m. We spied Margaret Mitchell a long way off, and hailed her through the megaphone. We pitched the tent, but Mrs. Mitchell insisted on housing the ladies. In the night we just touched the bottom at our anchorage.

Thursday, August 13.—Another lovely morning. The girls came aboard in a white boat—the *Swan* approaching the *Dragon*. We went ashore to drive away the cows, which were eating the tenantless tent. Then we inspected the wonderful gardens of Ratigan, and greatly enjoyed the fruit, while the girls superintended the fishing of trout in the burn. The mate walked over to Shiel Post Office. After lunch, Mrs. Mitchell rowed Margaret, Honor, Kit, Mrs. Lynam, and John Carson to the *Blue Dragon*, so the eight of us sailed down the loch to Ellan Donan for a picnic tea. The mate walked on to Dornie and obtained much-needed bread from Mrs. Matheson, the old lady who knew the *Blue Dragon*, and had read the cabin-girl's account of last year's cruise in the *Oban Times* (as who in the Highlands has not?). Some sailors in a boat were smitten with awe at the sight of the dinghy rowing ashore laden with the skipper, the mate, and Carson. It was a lovely sail there

and back. We had a great tea on board. The girls, with their usual frivolity, stuck burrs in every one's hair, not even respecting the grey locks of the skipper. The sunset was glorious; the Seven Sisters and Skuiroran were lit up with the lovely pink and purple hues of the Scottish sunset, and the dark trees and peaks stood out clear cut and brown against the gold and green and mauve of the western sky. The skipper struck the tent, and had to wade out waist-deep to get the dinghy, which he had neglected to make fast. Who would have thought that after so glorious an evening the glass would have dropped eight-tenths in the next fifteen hours? So it was, and on the morning of

Friday, August 14.—We woke up to find a raging storm, the wind, E. S. E., coming in great squalls from Skuiroran, and driving spray and spindrift. Skipper got out the second anchor, and she pitched and tugged and rolled uncomfortably all day. The girls went a walk to Shiel burn, and tried to catch the wily trout. Skipper, mate, and boy played picquet and read. In the afternoon the wind went down, and we went a walk, and skipper went to see the results of Margaret Mitchell's photography. Some of the plates were excellent. The glass went down still lower, and is now 29, the wind going more to the south. Skipper visited the salmon fishermen, John and Duncan MacLean. They had got fifty salmon in five weeks. They gave us a large flounder.

Saturday, August 15.—A very rainy day; glass down to 28·9, but not much wind. Occasional sunny intervals. About noon a tremendous thunderstorm, the mountains echoing and the lightning flashing. In one hot bright interval we walked up the hill, and the girls reached the highest peak of the pass to Glenelg, and ran down the brae barefoot. Then they bathed from the shore. In the evening we dined at Ratigan after great preparations in the way of washing and changing clothes. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell entertained us right royally, and afterwards we had games of proverbs and acting historical events. Margaret and Kit made two lovely princes, who were hideously smothered in the Tower. Photographs of the previous day's picnic were developed and printed. It was a stormy and very wet night.

Sunday, August 16.—Glass beginning to rise ; rose rapidly during the day, and at evening was at 29·7. Skipper walked to Shiel Inn and ordered a spring cart for the ladies to drive to Glenelg to-morrow morning. We landed their luggage. We entertained for tea on board Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Lynam, Kit, Honor, Margaret, and with our three selves just comfortably filled the cabin of the expansive *Blue Dragon*. Kit buttered and jammed biscuits for us in lieu of bread, of which we were short. The boy visited the salmon fishers with papers, etc.

Monday, August 17.—Up at 6, and all saw the ladies off in a two-horse wagonette for Glenelg, over the second highest road in the British Isles. Then the mate walked to the Shiel Inn and sent wires to Mayhew and George, telling the latter to look out for the ladies at Eigg. The boy steered the *Blue Dragon* down Loch Duich at 9.30, giving Margaret a chance of a photograph, which she successfully took from shore. We anchored near Totaig, and had a snooze and lunch ; then a dead beat with the ebb-tide through the narrows and down Kyle Rhea, where there was a good deal of commotion, and we had to reef for a short time. It was a very fine afternoon and evening, and after many boards across the sound we anchored at Isle Ornsay at 7.30 and enjoyed a glorious soup. The boy danced about the decks for some time to the music of the bagpipes on a yacht.

Tuesday, August 18.—We sailed from Isle Ornsay to Armadale—a dead beat. It was the boy's birthday, and he began well with an early rise, bathe, and preparation of porridge for us. It was a lovely day, light air from south and west. The boy steered all the time. The skipper bathed as we went out of the harbour. The mate had been ashore and renewed acquaintance with his friend the post-master. He also purchased some big mugs at the stores, as we had hoofed our old big mugs and only been able to get small china ones at Tobermory. The views all day of mountain, sea and sky were lovely, and we got some photographs. At about 6.30 p.m. the *Clansman* came round Ardvassar Point, and brought the Rev. A. A. Mayhew an old "steward, 1896," of the *Blue Dragon*, but one who had not

cruised in her for five years. He rated as missioner, his old office of steward being now but a sinecure in these days of cotton-waste and each man cleaning (or not) his own plate, cup, etc. We note with regret that the mate no longer keeps the table studiously clean as of yore, though he and the boy are still jealous of the spotlessness of the cabin floor. In the evening the skipper went for a stroll to the Ardvassar Hotel, and studied the suitability of Ardvassar Bay for an anchorage behind the islets.

(*The missioner who still calls himself steward here continues.*)

Wednesday, August 19.—A bright and sunny morning after a rainy night. All bathed, and after breakfast an attempt was made to reach Eigg. An innovation was introduced by the steward in the way of hymns, in which all joined more heartily than harmoniously, except the boy, who retired in obvious disgust. The wind proving contrary, our original intentions had to be abandoned, and we sailed east to Mallaig. The skipper and boy went ashore and returned with provisions, newspapers, and fancy postcards of a humorous type. After tea, the mate and steward went ashore and witnessed the rescue of "a wee bit lassie," who fell into the sea out of a fishing-boat, an event of the greatest interest to the inhabitants of Mallaig. The skipper, who rowed gallantly to the scene of disaster, arrived too late to render assistance. The skipper made a most excellent conglomerate of soup for supper. Before turning in, a hot dispute arose over the quantity of salt for the morrow's porridge. Curiously enough, it occurred to no one to suggest the advisability of "sparing the breath to cool the porridge" in the morning. The boy banged his head out of a nightmare of a surfeit of raisins.

Thursday, August 20.—Started about 10 a.m. in direction of Arisaig against a strong south wind in squally weather, once more with intention of making Eigg. Once more the weather drove us back to Mallaig Harbour. Here we spent the morning—rain without, "wind" and picquet within. Kippers and newspapers were then purchased, and the former cooked for lunch and the latter devoured by the mate. The

weather clearing, amidst sunshine and blue cloud we sailed round into Loch Nevis, a lovely loch of mist and mystery. Then the rain came down and the wind failed, and through a torrential downpour the skipper, assisted at intervals by the crew, rowed the *Blue Dragon* to the charming little bay of Tarbert. The bay is shut in on three sides by dark green mountains, whose outline is clearly reflected in the still water. Tiny waterfalls gush forth and dash themselves babbling into the bay. A bright green patch of field divided the little chapel from the deserted inn, and a stranded wreck upon the shingle forms the foreground to this delightful scene. The skipper landed alone, and was soon lost to sight along the path to Loch Morar, an inland loch. The mate gave the steward a lecture in geology, whilst the boy prepared a soup. After the skipper returned we ate our supper, discussed many ephemeral and everlasting subjects with conviction, yet without acrimony, and turned in after 11 p.m.

Friday, August 21.—At 6 a.m. the mate and steward arose and walked over a low neck of land between hills to visit Loch Morar, an inland loch of great beauty. After breakfast we sailed in rainy weather, with a contrary wind to Glaschoille, where we lunched. A landing in very choppy sea was safely effected in the dinghy, and the mate gave the steward his first practical geological lecture among the mica schists. A fine discovery of quartz crystals was made. After tea an attempt was made to reach Mallaig, but the west wind was too strong and the waves too persistent, and we were driven back in a stormy sunset to our old anchorage at Glaschoille. On the return journey the boy, in a most praiseworthy manner, rescued the sculls in a heavy sea. In the evening the skipper failed entirely to appreciate the beauties of Wordsworth, as selected by the steward.

Saturday, August 22.—After a late breakfast the skipper and boy walked to Inverie and back. On the way they encounted the Roman Catholic priest, who showed great interest in the abortive Cup Race. The skipper returned with papers and an addled red-breasted merganser's egg, which subsequently burst in the pot during the well-meant efforts of the boy to boil it. The morning was peculiarly

bright and sunny, with a strong west wind. After lunch we weighed anchor, and after two hours and a half we covered the distance of three miles to Mallaig. After tea, the skipper, steward and boy, went ashore and bought bread and fresh herrings. The two former then took a walk along the road to Morar and turned aside to view the reservoir, and then bog-trotted to the top of a mountain and enjoyed a fine view of Eigg, Rum, and Skye, with the sun setting behind, and glimpses of Loch Morar to the east. Fresh herrings cooked to a turn by the boy, who in cooking bids fair to rival the imaginative genius of his sire.

Sunday, August 23.—All arose at 6.30. Fine sunny morning and, to our delight, an easterly wind. We weighed anchor at 7.30 and set sail for Eigg with a breeze, never strong, which gradually subsided until we were left in a semi-calm upon a glassy sea. We bathed in sunshine some three miles out of Mallaig. The calm lasted for three hours, during which most of the crew slept to compensate for the early rising. After lunch a light N. E. wind sprang up. The eccentricities of a large whale, which approached quite close to the *Blue Dragon,* broke the monotony of the afternoon. As we neared Eigg, brother George was observed sailing out to meet us in the minister's boat, and we headed him to Eigg Harbour. After tea the whole party landed and were joined by Sandy MacKinnon, a very old friend. We visited the pitchstone dykes and the cave of the MacDonalds, which we explored with candles, and Sandy discovered human remains, which were pocketed by the boy. The mate explained the geological formation. On the way home Sandy pointed out a vast boulder, declared by the mate to be glacial. Sandy is inclined to be a little sceptical of geologists in general, and of the mate in particular, also of clerics who "work the stones" on Sunday. Sandy joined us at supper. The evening was spent in talking over past cruises.

Monday, August 24.—Pronounced by the steward to be St. Bartholomew's Day. George came to breakfast off fresh herrings. Soon after 9 a.m. we all started for Laig Bay on a perfect morning. We passed the post office and learnt that *Shamrock III.* had been defeated. The skipper sent a wire

to Tyrrell Brooks, a former companion in Eigg. We chatted with the Free Kirk minister, Mr. Morrison, outside his pretty garden, and a few minutes later exchanged pleasantries with the genial and breezy R.C. priest, Father Walker, who was distressed at the mate's diminished bulk. The view as one approached Laig Bay is one of extraordinary beauty. In front lie the triangular mountains of Rum, uncapped on this occasion by cloud, to the right the grand Cuchullins of Skye; in between the sea of delicate azure. As the road dipped to the right we descended beneath the magnificent "meniscus," or semi-circle of basalt, which fringes the bay. We passed through the scattered cottages of the crofters. The skipper discovered a ruined church, and we slaked our thirst at a lovely well half hidden by water-cresses. We then descended to the beach itself, and walked in the firm white sand of pure quartz, which is locally called "musical," because it emits a squeaking sound when called upon. To our disappointment the sand refused to squeak. Space forbids us to relate the wealth of geological formations discovered and discussed by the mate—pot-holes, and dykes, etc. The mate and boy lagged behind to collect sand, and the others proceeded to find lunch in the village. Mrs. MacLellan took pity on our weariness, and prepared eggs, oatcake, and milk. The mate and boy missed us, and walked a mile too far, and arrived as lunch was beginning, heated in more senses than one. After lunch we lay and dozed on the turf, and watched, with amusement, the sports of the eight shy MacLellan children. The walk home, burdened with squeaky sand, was fatiguing. The skipper and mate turned aside to visit Kildonan Church, and being very weary were rowed to the *Blue Dragon* by Archie Campbell. Archie is a distinguished student at Kingussie School and Glasgow University. He intends to enter the ministry, and has an excellent taste for poetry, as his select little library testifies. The skipper added a small copy of Matthew Arnold as a memento. In the evening our old friend Shon MacDonald brought us a present of lobsters. The proprietor of Eigg, Mr. Thomson, gave us a hail as he passed in his dinghy. George and the boy caught two fishes.

Tuesday, August 25.—Breakfasted off the lobsters. The

skipper stayed behind and painted a sketch of Sandy's cottage, whilst the others set forth to scale the Scuir with various objects—the mate and George to gather white heather, the steward full of geographical zeal, the boy to round off his exploration of the island. At a leisurely pace and by various routes the ascent was made, though only a few sprays of white heather were found. Upon the top of the Scuir the mate pointed out every mountain, island and loch to be seen. The atmosphere was so clear that the Outer Hebrides could be plainly descried. We hung over the great rock and gazed down the 500 feet precipice, and hurled boulders into the depths beneath and listened for the lingering crash. Then we sat down in a windless nook and smoked and enjoyed the peerless scene. But our appetites, whetted by the keen mountain air, turned our thoughts homewards, and the steward and boy raced down to the *Blue Dragon*, the mate and George waiting to gather white heather. After lunch the skipper went off to visit the minister, Mr. Sinclair, and took tea with him. The embarkation of a large flock of sheep, under the strenuous direction of Sandy MacKinnon, then engrossed our attention. That night we had two guests for supper, Sandy and Shon MacDonald, who brought us a dish of cooked trout as a present. Decided on a "grand secret."

Wednesday, August 26.—A day of rain and tempestuous winds, which confined us to our anchorage in Eigg the whole day. As the *Blue Dragon* bumped at low tide, a skilful change of anchorage was effected by the skipper and George, and a rope was attached to the large red boat near at hand. The skipper spent the morning with Sandy, and the mate and steward played picquet—the boy refused to leave his bunk. After tea the steward did a solitary walk through wind and rain to the manse of Mr. Sinclair, who hospitably entertained him with tea and conversation. Thus passed an uneventful day in the midst of the "fearful weather" so confidently predicted by Sandy MacKinnon the night before.

Thursday, August 27.—A late breakfast, as the weather was even more tempestuous than on the preceding day, and there was no possibility of rounding Ardnamurchan in the

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teeth of the howling south-wester. We watched Shon MacDonald and his son sail away before the gale for Kyle Akin. The waves ran so high and the wind so fierce that communication with the shore was rendered difficult. Indeed, to the skipper's regret, the canvas dinghy was dispensed with, and a heavy wooden boat used instead. In the morning the skipper, George, and boy rambled for exercise on Castle Island and photographed the breakers. Their return to the *Blue Dragon* was difficult and perilous, and it was only after several failures that the three, using the dinghy sculls as oars and the black boat oars, towing the dinghy, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in reaching the *Blue Dragon*. After tea the skipper and steward were rowed ashore by George after a prolonged struggle against the wind, and walked two miles to the post office and sent off wires to Oban for fresh stores to be sent by the *Claymore*. The rain stopped, and the walk through the high wind was most exhilarating. On their return they found that the *Blue Dragon* was further secured by a rope attached to the pier. We met Mr. Thomson, the proprietor, and thanked him for putting perches on the dangerous rocks, Flod Sgeir and Sgeir Garave. He was somewhat anxious about the *Scoura*, which was exposed to the full force of the gale. The skipper, who lay down in his clothes, ready for any emergency, passed a restless night.

Friday, August 28.—We breakfasted late, after all had bathed in a high wind but pleasant sunshine. The wind had slightly changed, but still all thoughts of Tobermory were out of the question, so we remained where we were. All stayed aboard till after luncheon, when the skipper, mate, steward, and boy went for a walk, the three latter to the post office, the former alone through the woods. After tea the *Claymore* arrived, bringing stores and newspapers (containing news of *Shamrock III.'s* third race), and letters. The skipper had a long final yarn with Sandy and after supper rowed George ashore, and helped him to haul up the black boat. George and the boy did some successful fishing.

Saturday, August 29.—After a quiet night the skipper put the porridge on at 5.10, and at 6 aroused, with difficulty, the steward and boy. The mate, after his plunge, filled the

water-butt, and at ten minutes to eight we set out for the longest sail we have ever made on the west coast. George photographed us from the rocks, as under plain sail we reached away to Muck. The wind was north-west, and a heavy sea was running. Under the lee of Muck Island we had to decide whether to shelter in Port Mor or to run across to Ardnamurchan. We decided on the latter, and though the sea was high and broken and at times dangerous, the weather improved, and we rounded the point at eleven. The boy steered from the point to Tobermory light, whilst the skipper set the spinnaker. We ran very fast before the breeze, reaching Tobermory light at 1, Lismore light at 5, and finally anchored in Dunstaffnage at 6 p.m.—a sail of fifty miles in ten hours. We had a stiffish bit of tide race against us off the Lady Rock, but the *Blue Dragon* took it as wonderfully well as she took the first great Atlantic rollers off Ardnamurchan. We explored the old castle and chapel of Dunstaffnage, and went an enjoyable walk. The afterglow of the sunset illumined the lovely mountains of Morven and the calm waters of Loch Linnhe. Glass, 30·15.

Sunday, August 30.—The steward enjoyed an early walk to Oban, where, notwithstanding the slowness of the *Blue Dragon* watch, he was just in time for early service. The glass had fallen ·15 in the night and began a rapid descent. We sailed for Oban with an easterly wind and anchored in the south bay. Soon it began to rain and blow fitfully, and by night the glass had fallen to 29·4 (a drop of ¾ of an inch). Everything looked so ominous that, at the mate's suggestion, the skipper took out a rope to a mooring-buoy. In the evening the skipper, with one companion, went in oilies to the service at the Presbyterian Church. One of the elders kindly helped him to remove his oilies. Afterwards he joined in a hearty open-air service. We turned in at 10.30, but at 1.30 the skipper was aroused by a roar of wind that burst upon us from the N.W., and in a few moments the *Blue Dragon* was plunging to her rope and chain in a seething shower of spindrift. The glass was still falling. The skipper roused the mate, and hastily dressing, roused the boy. The crew were ordered to dress and be ready to get ashore, as we were

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within a few yards of a rocky point, and our moorings might part or drag at any moment. The skipper and mate made coffee, and watched till the welcome dawn broke, showing a wild and picturesque scene. The boy emerged once from the cabin, but a blinding mass of spray splashed him in the face, and he retired to his bunk again.

Monday, August 31.—At 6 a.m. the skipper, mate, and boy had breakfast as well as the tossing of the ship would allow. At 7, in a lull, the skipper put the boy ashore, and the latter went off to the station for the south. We were very sorry to lose him, as he was an unusually patient, useful, and prompt boy, his only weakness being an objection to early starts, which was looked upon sympathetically only by the steward. As the day advanced the storm abated. The skipper and steward were able to go ashore and do some shopping and to get news of the election in Argyllshire. In the afternoon we cleared our moorings and beat across to Ardentrive. Then, with a light air, we sailed down to the Seil Island anchorage with topsail set. We walked to Clachan and got milk and eggs, etc. There was a gorgeous sunset. The mountains of Mull and Morven lay in purple relief, and behind them mirrored in the calm waters the lovely pink afterglow that can only be seen at its best on the west coast. It will live in our memories as a beautiful scene. Two fishermen, who, as in so many cases, knew all about the *Blue Dragon* from the *Oban Times*, visited us, and promised fresh herrings, if possible, for the morning.

Tuesday, September 1.—Anything more erratic than the movements of the barometer lately cannot be often experienced. Friday 29·5, Saturday 30·15, Sunday 29·4, Monday 30·1, Tuesday 29·6. After last night's calm and the glorious pink sky we woke up to find the glass down six-tenths, and a howling gale from the south; also that we are dragging our anchor, which must have been fouled in the calm, as we are only in four fathoms, and the wavelets, though fierce, have no real weight in them. So the skipper gets out the second anchor, but at first is utterly unable to row out to drop it favourably, but on a second trial gets it out close to the unnamed islet: a wet job. In the afternoon, when the sea

had somewhat abated, the mate hauled up the anchor, to which a ton and a half of seaweed was attached, and we beat back to our original anchorage. After tea the skipper and steward walked to Clachan Bridge over the hill, not without peril from growling sheep dogs, and bought milk.

Wednesday, September 2.—The skipper and mate breakfasted early. The steward arose later and cooked his own meal. The intention was to reach Colonsay, but like so many good intentions on this cruise, it was doomed to failure. In a gentle easterly wind, veering round to S.E., we passed Ardencapel and held much pleasant literary talk. While the skipper took a little nap in the cabin, the steward tried to educate the mate at the helm to an appreciation of Wordsworth. Beneath a silver-grey sky we sailed beyond the Isles of the Sea, and lunched as we sailed, till a mist came down which hid the distant coast line of Colonsay from our view, and the wind changing to the south, we decided to make for our old anchorage at Carsaig, on the Island of Mull. The entrance to this rock-strewn anchorage was not effected without adventure, and when at length the anchor was dropped, the rain came down. To the skipper in oilies on deck there presently appeared a boat, and a voice, which informed us that its owner was Sir Herbert Jekyll, who offered us supplies, and invited the crew to dine at 8 p.m. So hospitable an invitation was at once accepted, and the crew prepared with alacrity once more to re-enter the state of civilization. Salt water was boiled, soap, sponge, brushes and combs produced (but no razors!); clothes, once tidy, now found to be wrinkled or mouldy with damp, were raked out, and at 7.30 the crew surveyed itself without pride, yet with a certain feeling of quiet satisfaction, in the one ancient, discoloured, infinitesimal mirror of the *Blue Dragon*.

The skipper wore a grey flannel suit and a red tie, his trousers tucked into sea-boats, and his hair curled. The mate wore a proud collar, with high starch, and an electric blue tie, a blue coat, sky blue flannel trousers and yellow tennis shoes. The steward wore a red tie, a new canvas shirt, a grey Norfolk, and boots quite guiltless of blacking. A scene reminiscent of the last act in a melodrama was enacted after our sensational entrance into the drawing-room. The steward

discovered that his brother Arthur had been tutor to the son of the house, Edward Horner. The mate discovered that Sir Herbert was the brother of his old friend Miss Jekyll, who lives in a Surrey garden at Godalming; and Edward Horner discovered that the skipper was the deadly enemy of his "T'other," Summer Fields. These rapid and curious discoveries drew hosts and guests quickly together. The dinner was a veritable "feast of reason and a flow of soul." Unfortunately, one of the dishes consisted of saithe, which had previously been condemned, not without warmth, as unfit for human consumption by both the mate and steward! Nothing could have exceeded the kindness of our hosts. After an agreeable evening in the drawing-room, during which Lady Jekyll rallied the mate on Marcus Aurelius and mountaineering, and the skipper gave an impromptu lecture on the correct pronunciation of Gaelic to Mr. Horner, the crew bade farewell at 10.30, not, however, before they had received a handsome present in the shape of a bag containing 1 paunched hare, 2 lobsters, 3 cabbages, potatoes, oatmeal and salt. By the aid of the ship's lantern we groped our way back to the *Blue Dragon*. Thus ended a very delightful evening.

Thursday, September 3.—Breakfast at 8 a.m. off the lobsters. A start was attempted about nine, but so violent a hurricane of rain smote the ship that the attempt was abandoned for the time and the anchor dropped. The sun soon reappeared, and with it Master Edward Horner in a dinghy, who inspected the ship and pronounced the *Blue Dragon* "very smart." After his departure we again set sail, this time towards the east, as the wind was contrary for Colonsay, our original objective. Before a strong S. W. wind, in an exceedingly lumpy sea, the *Blue Dragon* ran beautifully, encountering specially rough water before the entrance to Lochbuie. As we left Carsaig we saw a yacht running under staysail and trysail. She was about one-eighth of a mile ahead of us. After running in her wake about five miles we managed to pass her and to photograph her. She was the *Thelma* and had come from Iona. As she ran over the great waves she often showed half her keel. The seas were

higher and the wind stronger than we have encountered for some years, but the *Blue Dragon* rode them beautifully, and went very fast under full jib and half the mainsail. About 3 p.m. we entered Loch Spelve, and sailed up the northern reach in a very heavy squall, dropped anchor, and landed. The steward then made some oatmeal cakes, which the mate politely enjoyed when hot. After tea the skipper and steward went ashore and procured milk at a house, and crossing a bridge over a fair-sized rocky stream with tree-clad banks, walked some way up the valley. Upon their return to the shore they filled the water-butt beneath a waterfall, an exciting feat in the dark.

Friday, September 4.—The crew awoke to hear fierce rain clattering down on the cabin roof, and so, because an early start seemed out of the question, breakfast was very late. The weather cleared, and it was decided not to attempt to escape from Loch Spelve, but to sail down the southern branch of the loch. In a very light wind, and beneath a very grey and lowering sky, this was done, and we dropped anchor at Kinlochspelve in water swarming with beautiful medusæ. About 5 p.m. the crew landed and walked three miles along the inland Loch Uisg to Lochbuie. The road lined with trees, and offering ceaselessly changing views of loch and mountain, was most beautiful. The mate, to his delight, discovered gabbro, glaciated boulders, and traces of moraines. A kindly postman not only took charge of the skipper's letters, but also directed us to the stone circle of fourteen good-sized stones, and to the old castle at the head of Lochbuie. This castle, built upon a mass of rock and covered with ivy, stands "four square to all the winds that blow" upon the waste sea beach. Darkness overtook us on our return, and we walked fast, dodging as well as we could the toads which infested the road. The dinghy was high and dry upon an oppressively shingly shore—at least so it was felt to be by the tenderfooted steward when we were compelled to wade barefoot to launch the boat. A storm was threatening, but we reached the *Blue Dragon* before the rain fell. A supper of boiled potatoes followed.

Saturday, September 5.—A very late breakfast on a very

stormy morning. The weather, however, cleared up, and the sun came out by 11 o'clock. After discussion, it was decided to offer the hare, which the skipper proposed to "jug," if the mate would skin it, to some neighbouring fishermen. In exchange we received three herrings, which formed our lunch. At 2 p.m., under jib and mizzen, we ran before a strong wind down Loch Spelve some three and a half miles to a little anchorage at Ardbeg, behind a little rocky islet, which was not reached without a good deal of short tacking and pulling at the oars. After tea we all landed, and bog-trotted to a very much ruined chapel, now converted into a burial ground. The afternoon was beautifully fine, and the wind abated. For supper the skipper boiled one of the cabbages from Carsaig in the soup, one of his most successful efforts.

Sunday, September 6.—An early breakfast and start at 9.30. As we were beating up Loch Spelve towards the narrows, close-reefed, we encountered terrific gusts of wind and occasional short sharp deluges of rain, to the accompaniment of which the mate and steward sang hymns in the cabin. The water, even inside the loch, was amazingly rough. When safely through the narrows we enjoyed fine weather, and ran before a strong wind round to Loch Don, where we anchored and lunched. As the weather looked so inviting, the skipper changed his mind and decided to put to sea once more and sail up Loch Linnhe. The weather, with the exception of one short burst of rain, was most propitious, and although we could see rain around us in all directions, which produced magnificent sky effects, yet we ourselves escaped as we sailed before the wind up the coast of Lismore. At the north-west end of the island we dropped anchor in the picturesque little bay of Morlach. After tea we went ashore, the mate full of zeal to examine the archæan limestone, of which the island is composed. We walked some distance south along the shore to the ruined Castle Coeffin, whose massive walls stick up in weather-beaten pinnacles upon a green headland. Little remains but the ruins of the hall, built strongly, high up on a mass of rock. A beautiful night with a silver moon gave promise of a fine morrow.

Monday, September 7.—This promise was not fulfilled.

We awoke to rain, mist, and wind; such rain, mist, and wind as the Highlands alone occasionally produce. In a lull we got up the anchor, and under close-reefed mainsail and jib we passed the low-water rocks that fringe the northern side of the bay, and soon were in a cauldron of spindrift, hail, rain and wind. We reefed down till there was barely any mainsail left, and steered for Shuna Sound. Under our shortened canvas we hissed along, the jib roller line fouled, and the full jib blew out, and we had to get up more mainsail to clear Shuna. Then, just as we ran into the sound, the jib split in two. Lowering mainsail we dropped anchor off the Shuna spit. Skipper crawled out along bowsprit and cleared the roller; so we got the tattered sail rolled up. After a short wait we ran round to the bay anchorage, where we ought to be secure from anything except the N. E. After tea the sun made his first appearance over a barrier of storm clouds, and we all landed and walked along the new railway line to Portnacroish, a cluster of white cottages and an avenue of Scotch firs. There we found the newly-built Appin Station, and the new station-master, who gave us the information as to trains to Oban the next day to convey the mate and steward on their way to England. Returning, we hired a machine from Mr. Black, the merchant, for our traps from the *Blue Dragon*. Eggs were bought, and the newspapers for the preceding week, an unexpected haul which delighted the mate. The skipper went to visit Mrs. Mackay, opposite Shuna Island, from whom he procured more eggs. We missed our old friends the MacLachlans, who had moved to another farm in Appin. The day wound up with potatoes and eggs—a fitting final supper for the mate and steward.

Tuesday, September 8.—Though the glass was up to 30, it was raining heavily at daybreak. However, in a lull the skipper conveyed the mate and steward ashore, lowered and took off the shattered jib and its roller, and this, with the baggage, was conveyed to the station in a cart. We viewed with interest the new line, stopping at Creagan, with its fine bridge, and giving us a glimpse of the upper loch; then Benderloch, close to the vitrified fort called Beregonium, past Barcaldine old castle, by the second greatest bridge span in

Europe over the Falls of Lora, which were roaring down in fine style, and after a considerable wait at Connel Ferry, on to Oban. The sailmaker very promptly and cleverly patched the jib in the few hours which the skipper could spare. Copies of photographs taken during the first part of the cruise were examined and sent on to England. One of the skipper, mate, and Carson rowing to Ellan Donan in the dinghy, and some of Laig Bay, in Eigg, were specially good. The skipper bade reluctant farewell to his comrades, and his way back to Appin was somewhat cheered by the company and information of Mr. Sutherland of Barcaldine. On arrival he sent the jib to the dinghy, and paid a very pleasant visit to the MacLachlans, who have migrated to a very fine farm at Kinlochlaich. The skipper was entertained by Mrs. MacLachlan, and was glad to meet Duncan on his way back to the *Blue Dragon*. I was glad to hear that old Sandy was still with the family. It was a dreary walk back in the pelting rain, and difficult to find the dinghy in the dark, nor was I cheered by finding that the glass was right down again to 29·5, and that the wind was coming from the only unprotected quarter. I anticipate a disagreeable night. The mate's watch having gone and my own being very erratic, not having been wound up for a few weeks, I can only guess at the time.

Wednesday, September 9.—At 6 a.m. I bathed and made porridge, and by seven got the jib fitted. (I guessed the time by the train from Ballachulish, and found by inquiry of the engineer of the steamer that I was a quarter of an hour slow.) Set full sail soon after seven ; a dead calm, so I rowed round the point into Shuna Sound. Then all at once came a deluge of rain and a great gust from the west that nearly drove her on to Knapp Point. However, I managed to reef down half the mainsail, and with a beam wind reached Appin Pier. It was then calm again, and I let out the reefs and drifted with the tide, which ran like a mill race. Then came more strong gusts. I hove to off the Craig Islands for lunch and to wait for the tide up Loch Etive, then sailed round to Salmore Bay, between Dunstaffnage and Connel Ferry. Then I walked to the ferry and saw the tide swirling up

under the great bridge. Returning, I had a long, hard pull in the dinghy against a fierce west wind, and then took out a second anchor, as the bay deepens to seventeen fathoms very rapidly. There, on many moorings, and on legs, was the little *Witch*, schooner, belonging to Mackinnon of Coll, whose acquaintance I made in a winter cruise some years ago. She looked worn out and at rest. The glass has gone up, and the moon is bright on the waters.

Thursday, September 10.—A fine morning, wind south-westerly, glass going down. I got out under full sail, and made a long board across to the Creag Islands, thinking that the wind would be sure to come round more westerly, but it fell light and headed me, backing all day, so I had to make many tacks. I met the yachts competing in the Royal Highland Yacht Club Regatta, and was six hours in getting to moorings in Ardentrive. Here I found Dr. Way, who had just come in from Coll, where his 15-tonner[1] had unfortunately broken from her moorings and got badly damaged on a rock. He was just returning to England. I rowed over in the dinghy, and dined at the Royal. I am afraid my grey sweater, sea-boots, and generally unkempt appearance were out of place at the *table d'hôte*, where were many people gaily dressed for the ball. The fleet of torpedo destroyers was at anchor off Kerrera, and the many yachts in the bay were illuminated. A great display of fireworks, lighting up in many colours the dark, still waters, made a vivid picture. I rowed over to Ardentrive, and had barely landed when the first blast was felt of the terrific storm which did so much fatal damage in the south.

Friday, September 11.—An old sailing friend, Workman, hailed me and came on board. His yacht, a big yawl, was hauled out on Munro's slip, having got on a rock in Loch Sunart. I packed up ; had a long yarn with Neil Munro, to whose good care in full confidence I once more confided the *Blue Dragon* and left for England.

A few desultory notes will finish this log. Oban has vastly improved as a holiday resort for the lover of Nature.

[1] This 15-tonner, the *Isla*, was purchased by the skipper in 1905 and re-named *Blue Dragon.*

The new railway to Ballachulish opens up fresh romantic and interesting scenery. Its station at Benderloch is within a few yards of one of the most interesting class of antiquities, a vitrified fort. The new road past Dunollie Castle takes away the feeling of disappointment which always used to overcome those who, having walked to the end of the old sea wall, felt that they could go no further. The extended railway pier is proving of the greatest convenience. A breakwater running out to the black buoy would vastly improve the harbour for the many small yachts and boats.

The summer has been an exceptionally stormy one. The glass has gone up and down in the most erratic manner, and we have had gales and rainstorms in quick succession. But this bad weather has been by no means confined to the west coast; indeed, from all accounts, it has been worse in England. Moreover, we have had very few of those dull, dreary, misty days, when everything is veiled in a dismal shroud. The quick succession of sunshine and shower have produced magnificent atmospheric effects, and great patches of rainbow colours, caused by the sun's rays shining on rainstorms at different angles in different places have been remarkable. The clouds have often taken remarkable forms and colours, and the mountains, with their heather, forests or rugged naked rocks, have never before seemed so grand. Though often stormbound, we have had half-a-dozen grand days with brilliant sunshine and gentle breezes, and we have done some fine sails. Tobermory to Armadale, calling at Eigg, and Eigg to Dunstaffnage, were real good day sails for a small craft like the *Blue Dragon*. As always, we experienced the heartiest welcome and the truest hospitality from the Highlander, whether of old or new aquaintance.

SUMMER CRUISE, 1904

OBAN—EIGG—LOCH NEVIS—MALLAIG—
PORTREE—GAIRLOCH—SUMMER ISLES—
KYLE AKIN—EIGG—OBAN—EASDALE—OBAN

A MOST EXCELLENT NEW AND LAMENTABLE BALLAD

To the tune of—*The Great Oak Tree.*

There sails a little vessel—
Oh, the bold *B. D.!*—
Though Poseidon pound and pestle
Little heedeth she;
Though the waters with her wrestle,
In a harbour she will nestle
Safe and cosy as the "Cecil,"
Will the bold *B. D.*
Sing joy,
And ahoy!
Let the winds blow free
On the jolly jolly Skipper and the bold *B. D.*

But she couldn't last for ever,
Could the poor *B. D.*,
And her timbers Time must sever
On the cruel sea;
She is gone from us; however,
Though she's done her last endeavour,
Can her crew forget her? Never!
Fare thee well, *B. D.!*
Sing φεῦ,
And adieu!
Let the tears fall free
For the sorry sorry Skipper and the poor *B. D.*

SUMMER CRUISE, 1904

PARTLY BY THE CABIN-GIRL

THE CREW.

Dad	Skipper.
Mother	Lady Passenger.
Garner (aged 16)	Quarter-master.
Kit (myself, aged 15)	Cabin-Girl.
Joyce (aged 14)	Junior Cabin-Girl.
H. V.	Mate.

On arrival at Oban we found the old *Blue Dragon* as taut and trim as ever. Her blue was deeper than usual and her cabin top had been painted a brighter and better colour, so that if possible she looked more beautiful. The jib which the sailmaker had patched last year was still standing, and was very picturesque. Neil Munro handed her over to the skipper with becoming pride in the little ship of which he takes such care.

We started from Oban about 6.30 p.m. on the evening of Thursday, July 28, and with a light breeze we crossed the Sound of Kerrera, and anchored behind Heather Island, just opposite Mr. Andrew's farm. There we found the tent skilfully pitched by the skipper that morning, and after supper, while the skipper rowed to Oban to get some provisions we had left behind, the ladies went a delightful walk on Kerrera, while Garner stopped on board to stow.

Friday, July 29.—A strong S. E. breeze, and at about 11 o'clock we started for the Sound of Mull. Unfortunately there was a real Scotch mist, and we could not see any of the mountains, and might have been in mid-Atlantic for all the land we could see while sailing up the sound. However, it cleared up later on, and we had a lovely sail through the Dorlin narrows, and as it was about two hours from

high-tide, we had quite an exciting time; however, we did not bump once, but safely anchored in the little creek on the right-hand side coming in from the narrows. We pitched the tent on Calve Island, and the three juveniles walked over to the other side to see our previous anchorages. Then, after a ripping soup for supper, we left Mother in charge, and rowed to Aros Bay. Then we walked right up to the waterfall, which seemed to be a lovers' walk, and where we all unfortunately seemed to have rather bad colds! The waterfall was not at its best, but very fine all the same. On the way down the skipper was successfully ambushed and frightened. We arrived back at about 10.30 p.m., awaking the stillness with our beautiful singing. It was a gorgeous sunset, and we had great hopes for a fine day.

Saturday, July 30.—Beautiful morning; we had a ripping bathe, and then after breakfast sailed to Tobermory. Garner, Joyce and myself landed to get some provisions, while the skipper sailed about in the harbour. At 11.30 we started for Eigg, and with a fair breeze got there at about 4. It was decidedly choppy off Ardnamurchan, but none of us succumbed. We saw a whale and a porpoise, but had no further excitements. Arrived at Eigg we had tea, and then landing were welcomed by Sandy Mackinnon, who took us up to his dear little cottage and gave us some milk. Then we walked to the MacDonald's cave, where in spite of candles we stumbled over rocks, but did not discover any of the celebrated bones. On the way back the cabin-girl had a talk with Dugald Macleod, whom we saw last at Kyle Akin. We had a very good night in the tent among black-beetles, earwigs, etc.

Sunday, July 31.—A bright morning; we breakfasted rather late, and then went ashore intending to get to the post office before church, but on being informed by the skipper that it was about a mile beyond the school (in reality only about 100 yards) we decided not to go, and instead went in search of some water, and met a lady who was "mightily concernt aboot a ship" (sheep) and a dog, so we tied the dog up for her and raided Mr. Sinclair's house to get some water. Then, while Mother and Garner went on to the post office we went to church, and heard the end of the Gaelic

SANDY MACKINNON AND DUGALD MACLEOD OF EIGG [*P.* 268.

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service, and then greatly enjoyed Mr. Sinclair's eloquent discourse, but unfortunately could only secure a Gaelic Bible wherewith to sing the Psalms and Paraphrases. After kirk, Joyce and I had a ripping bathe, and then started lunch at about 3 p.m. At 5.30 we all went up to Dugald Macleod's cottage and there had a most delicious tea. The skipper had a long yarn with Dugald, and then went to see Mr. Sinclair. Thunder and lightning rather disturbed the rest of the tentites, and the black-beetles grew even more numerous.

Monday, August 1.—After breakfast, leaving Mother in charge, we started for Laig Bay. On the way we called at Mr. Sinclair's and asked him if he would lend us his mare and trap to bring us back. He very kindly said he would, and asked us to ask the school-mistress to let out one Erchie McGilvray early, so that he would meet us at about 2.30 on the other side. We had a very nice walk, meeting Roderick Campbell and other old pals of the skipper's. We stopped at Mrs. MacLellan's, and asked if she could provide us with lunch in about an hour. Then, walking through bogs and fields, we at last came on to the shore, and lo! the sands squeaked! We were awfully pleased, especially as last year when the crew went, they utterly refused to sound at all. Then Kit and Joyce had a ripping bathe among the mighty breakers, and then we all started back along the shore, being instructed as to the geology of pot-holes, etc., by the learned skipper. We had a delicious lunch at the MacLellans' and made the acquaintance of five of the bonny bairns. We waited some time in a shed for our carriage, which, however, did not appear, and as it began to pour, we got rather annoyed to say the least of it. However, we started on, and met the carriage just below the school. We mounted among a throng of school kids, and nearly went to glory in going right over a wall. Joyce started driving, with no other excitements except charging through ruts, but when Kit took it in hand we had to go right down a field covered with stones and heather, and it was a wonder that we did not go right over, but as it was we only lurched from side to side. Arrived at the Manse, we had tea with Mr. and Miss Sinclair, whilst it simply poured with rain, and then came on board. We verily thought that

the plagues of Egypt were upon us in the tent, so terrible were the vast hordes of midges that invaded us.

> The midges came, the midges bit,
> And Joyce and Kit were in a fit;
> But Mother calmly clenched her fists
> And said, "Be Christian scientists!"

Tuesday, August 2.—The tentites were awakened at about 3 a.m. by the vile atrocious midges, and were only too delighted when the skipper at last came to fetch the girls for a bathe. The skipper, Garner and Joyce rowed to Kiel in search of some bread, but instead were given some delicious scones and oatcakes by Mrs. Campbell. In the afternoon, skipper, Garner and Joyce explored Castle Island, and were vigorously chased by some bulls. Then they rowed out to the *Clansman* and afterwards went to tea with Sandy, who entertained them splendidly, and gave them a delightful tea.

Wednesday, August 3.—As it was a very wet morning the inhabitants of the tent stayed in bed until rather late, and were not contented until the skipper at last brought them "blugger" (a contraction for breakfast and luncheon). Then they went for a walk along the rocks to explore caves, but were badly caught by the rain. On their return, they sat in the *Blue Dragon*, and two of the party spent their time in bemoaning the weather. However, we played bridge and otherwise enjoyed ourselves, Kit especially, as she beat the skipper at picquet. As it continued to pour till bed-time, the skipper and Garner went to the tent, and the ladies occupied the cabin. The skipper carefully let his bag fall into the sea, and thereby soaked all his belongings.

Thursday, August 4.—A wet day. We had an invitation to go to the MacEwans' (who were staying in Eigg) for lunch, and consequently the morning was taken up by "dressing." We were most hospitably entertained, meat being an agreeable change from puddings and soups, and Mother revelling in a clean table-cloth, etc.

On the way back the skipper thought he would be rather clever, and tried to jump a narrow stream; unfortunately for him he stuck in the middle, and consequently soaked himself!

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It continued to pour for the rest of the day, but cleared up in the evening. The ladies again inhabited the cabin. Joyce and Kit tried to be rather funny by putting a little note dated 1875 in a Schweppe's ginger-beer bottle, hoping that some one would find it and take it to the British Museum; but "sucks" for them, the rotten thing sank!!

Loch Scavaig, thou art bare but fine,
Thou hast no trace of stunted pine,
Nor tree of any sort.
Thy bare-faced cliffs are steep and straight,
The wind roars o'er at a dreadful rate,
And is by thy ridges caught.

Thy angry waters roar and rage
Against thy cliffs toughened by age,
Against thy cruel shore.
The ship that weathered many a sea,
And wrought herself from tempests free,
Survives not any more.

Friday, August 5.—A fine morning with occasional showers of rain. We made an early rise, took down the tent, said good-bye to Sandy, and started off with a fair wind for Loch Scavaig. It was an eighteen miles' sail, and we took about four hours. We nearly charged a porpoise "on porpoise," (purpose), as the skipper said! Loch Scavaig is grand, there are huge mountains on either side coming right down to the water, and no sign of any living thing except the sea-birds. We anchored behind Eilean Glas, and then went ashore to pitch the tent; we found it rather difficult to choose a spot, but at last preferred to pitch it in a swamp than where we should most certainly have been blown away. Then Garner, Joyce, and Kit climbed a terrifically high mountain, and came back by Loch Coruisk; they were very nearly blown over by the wind. Joyce found some white heather, but the others had no such luck. After tea we all went to Loch Coruisk, and very much admired the magnificent scenery. In the evening we had ghost stories, and did not turn in till eleven. Skipper and Garner had very hard work getting ashore, as it was pitch dark, the ladies sleeping on board, the males occupying the tent.

Saturday, August 6.—A dreadfully wet morning ; however, we all bathed. It poured steadily all the morning, and the waterfalls down the mountains were magnificent, but the skipper and Garner showed great energy and managed to pack the tent and bring it on board. At 2 p.m. we started for Mallaig with a fair wind, and fortunately it cleared up and we had a fine sail. The Cuchullins looked fine, their peaks just showing through the clouds, and we all longed to explore the caves at the head of Loch Slapin. We had the spinnaker and topsail all the way, and got into Mallaig at about 8 o'clock. Then as the tent and all its contents were soaking, we decided that the ladies should sleep at the hotel.

Sunday, August 7.—A beautiful morning. Skipper and Garner rose rather late after a rather tossy night. We came aboard and with a fair wind went up Loch Nevis. We devoted the sail to photography, and the skipper, no longer content with the dinghy, must needs row ashore, and photo. us going backwards and forwards. We tried to fish, but had no luck ; perhaps it was no wonder, as we were going at a jolly good rate. We anchored in Tarbert Bay, Loch Nevis, and pitched the tent in an awfully nice spot, and then put all the beddings on the shore to dry. After tea we went a long walk over the hills, and first visited Mr. MacLellan and his eleven children, and had a talk with him, and then went with Malcolm Gilles to his little cottage. We went inside, made the acquaintance of his niece and grand-nephew, who gave us some eggs and some milk. Most of us had never been in a cottage like that before, and we were all most interested in the peat fire on the floor, the smoke of which went through a hole in the roof. In this one room the men, women, dogs, cats, hens and ducklings lived together, and yet no room could have been more clean or comfortable. After supper Garner, Kit and Joyce went a sea-urchin hunt in the dinghy ; they found three beautiful pink ones, which Garner successfully cleaned. Except for two little showers we did not have a drop of rain all day, and Kit and Joyce very much enjoyed a ripping bathe in the middle of the day ; they swam ashore and very much amused about six or seven men who were watching them.

THE TENT AT LOCH NEVIS

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Monday, August 8.—A ripping day with not one drop of rain. The wind was blowing right up the loch, so we gave up hopes of going to Mallaig for letters. So we had a fine sail through the narrows right up to the head of Loch Nevis. There we anchored for lunch, and skipper, Kit and Joyce went ashore. They talked to an old man who was making hay, and he, with the usual Highland hospitality, invited them into his house and gave them some milk; they also made the acquaintance of his sister.

After lunch we again set sail and tacked up to the narrows and then went on to Inverie. Then the skipper went ashore to post some letters, while Garner sailed the *Blue Dragon* about the bay, round the ss. *Vanessa* (Mother, thinking Garner incapable, was in a "blue funk"). However, nothing happened, and we had a fine sail back to Tarbert. After supper we went a walk up the hill, and Garner climbed a mountain. Some fishermen gave us some herrings they had just caught, and the skipper gave them some whisky. Joyce hurt her toe and, sad to say, she used some not very "Joyce" language (as the skipper said). We had some sterilized milk on board which Kit tasted and said it tasted like bad fish!

Tuesday, August 9.—A lovely morning, the wind blowing right up the loch; however, after tacking for hours, we at last got out, and hoped to be able to get to Mallaig with the wind on our side, but the wind changed and it was a dead beat. We got there about five, and went to the post office for letters, but found none. We inquired at the hotel if the telegram had been sent, and had an answer in the affirmative. So we decided to return the next day. We then started with a fair wind for Loch Hourn, but again the wind came dead agin' us, and so we anchored behind a little island in Port na Clach, at the entrance to Loch Nevis. It was a new anchorage for the skipper, the consequence being that when we had once let down the anchor we discovered we could not land, so we had to heave it up again and row farther on. We pitched the tent after paraffining our faces, hands and legs to keep off the midges. We had rather sport in the cabin after supper, so did not go ashore until it was quite dark, and as it was low tide we rather lost our bearings, so after charging many rocks,

we made a big circuit, and after wandering about at last found our tent.

Wednesday, August 10.—A beautiful morning. Skipper and Garner bathed as usual but found it rather seaweedy ; so they heaved up anchor and rowed her out a bit for Kit and Joyce to bathe. In the middle of breakfast Kit shouted out "we are on the bottom!" We had forgotten to drop the anchor after bathing, so had gradually drifted ashore. However, the bottom was muddy, so there was no bad result. Again we started for Mallaig, Kit pulling up the anchor, and again the wind was dead against us. We moored against the quay and then went to the post office for letters. No letters had arrived. This we thought rather strange, as we had not had any for nearly a fortnight! We wired to the post office, Oban, and asked if they had received a telegram on Monday morning. They had not. So we went straight up to the hotel and asked the Boots whether he had sent it. He said he had given the telegram to the Buttons ; we had the Buttons up, and there it was in his pocket!! We were annoyed! We had wasted three days, all because of that wretched little Buttons. We got some provisions, books, etc., amongst them being a Descriptive Guide to Prince Charlie's country ; this, we thought, would tell us the history of all the old castles, Moidart, etc. However, much to our disgust, Moidart was not even mentioned, and the book consisted of advertisements of all the chief hotels. We started for Armadale after dinner, but halfway the wind fell light and there was a dead calm, but thanks to the gallant efforts of the skipper in the dinghy, we rowed into a light breeze. We passed across the bows of a fine old ship, *Hannah Crossdale*, and talked to the skipper, and photographed her. Arrived at Armadale we pitched the tent amid the pine trees, and after a supper of sausages, skipper, Mother and Kit walked to the hotel for some milk, but did not see the landlady, whom we wanted to have a talk with. Garner and Joyce fished, but unluckily did not catch any.

Thursday, August 11.—A nice morning. After rather a late breakfast we weighed anchor, leaving the tent on shore to look after itself, and started again for Mallaig. It was

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showery, but there were bright intervals, and we were very surprised to see the points of Eigg jumping out of the water, and Ardnamurchan with about three islands off the end—a mirage of course. When we got to Mallaig we at last found some letters. We again moored against the quay, close by a ripping yawl, called the *Mavis*. At about 3 p.m. we started again for Armadale. However, the wind fell light, and we again found ourselves in a dead calm, surrounded on all sides by whacking big jumping whales.

> But what filled us with much remorse
> Was the sight of a poor deceased old horse.

It was being floated up by the tide, and looked a dreadful sight. We had supper on chops, but afterwards came the great question of who will wash up? Every one had some excuse, and so at last the obliging skipper performed the objectionable duty. (We all regretted it next morning. The plates—ugh!)

Friday, August 12.—The ladies in the tent were awoken at about 2.30 a.m. by three inhuman shrieks that echoed right across the bay. We were rather disturbed, but put it down to one of the skipper's nightmares. The yells were followed by the pitter-patter of footsteps on the quay, and then we heard a splash, followed by some dreadful language. Vile noises were heard for some time, and then all was silence. We learned in the morning that two drunken men had awakened the stillness by their yells, and then promptly dived into the sea and swam for the *Blue Dragon*. The skipper splashed at them with the oars and refused to allow them on board, thereby bringing down curses upon his own head. One of the men was a splendid swimmer and the other managed to get ashore safely. They went off murmuring, and the rest of the morning was undisturbed. However, Mother was so infuriated at the foul language, etc., that she determined to go off that morning, so we saw her off in the *Gael* at about 12.15, and then started for Mallaig. Again we were becalmed, so Joyce and Kit bathed, and then, as we thought we most probably would not get to Mallaig in daylight, Garner and Joyce took the dinghy and rowed there, about four miles, nearly being capsized by a whale.

Skipper and Kit were left on board, the former going to sleep in the cabin, the latter at the helm. However, a breeze came up and we arrived at Mallaig at about 4 p.m. There we found a telegram from Mr. Vassall, saying that he would get to Mallaig at 7.30 that evening. So after tea we went a long walk to the Glasnacardoch Hotel, where we got some milk, and then walked back over the hills and had a lovely view of Eigg, Rum, Canna, etc., and the Outer Hebrides. We had some fine jumps over peat bogs, etc., and Kit succeeded in tobogganing, face downwards, down a road, when fleeing from the skipper. We then watched the *Claymore* come in with Captain MacAlister, whom the skipper had a talk with, but alas! no Captain McKechnie. Joyce and Kit, in their bare legs and gymsuits, evidently afforded much amusement to the passengers on the steamer. Then we went to meet Mr. Vassall, the mate, and finally, at about eight o'clock, started again for Armadale and the tent. At first we had a fair wind but later we were reduced to the oars. There was a gorgeous red sunset behind the Cuchullins, and we had hopes for a fine day to-morrow, in spite of the lack of dew and murky stars. We had a fine supper of sausages, bacon and tomatoes, which Garner successfully cooked. Then it rapidly began to grow dark. At about 10 p.m. we lost our bearings until we finally discovered we were steering for Ardvassar. Even then we could not discover the promontory until Kit sang out, "Rocks right ahead!" and we found that we were just charging it. It was only by dint of hard rowing (the phosphorescence was lovely) that we at last managed to get into the harbour at all. We anchored, but discovered it was too shallow, so had to row out, and it was 11.15 p.m. before we finally anchored for the night. The skipper brought the two girls to the tent, and as it was pitch dark we had some slight difficulty in finding our way, and the skipper still more difficulty in regaining the dinghy, which was high and dry.

Saturday, August 13.—A strong south wind was blowing, and the waters of the sound were flecked with white horses. There were heavy rainstorms. Kit was rather seedy and stayed in bed in the tent. Mr. Wood, the landlord of the doctor's house, took her some toast and tea. A stormy, wet night.

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Sunday, August 14.—The wind went round to the north, still stormy and wet, with fine intervals. Some kind person left a box of *Christian Heralds* and a Bible in the tent, as suitable reading for the girls, which they much appreciated. Kit and the skipper went a long and very pleasant walk nearly to Knock Castle, regaling themselves with delicious wild raspberries on the way. We had tried to get a carriage but without success, and we made the acquaintance of the Robertson family, an old sailor with three little children, of whom Flora promised to be a beauty.

Monday, August 15.—At 2.30 in the morning Mr. Findlay, of the yawl *Zuleena*, came aboard and asked the skipper to lend a hand as the yacht was aground. She drew eight feet, and they had carried away their jigger in trying to beat to Mallaig from Isle Ornsay. The *Zuleena* was a narrow ex-racer, very unsuitable for cruising. They had neither barometer nor chart on board and only fifteen fathoms of cable. After taking out a kedge, and a chat with Mr. Findlay, she got off with the rising tide, and at 4.30 they sailed off to Mallaig. We saw later that it was a wild night on the Clyde, and that the yacht *Iris* broke from her moorings at Millport, and that two brothers called Robertson were drowned, having taken to their dinghy, which capsized. One man, Ewing, managed to swim ashore in Kames Bay. Mr. Wood and his housekeeper had made the girls very comfortable for the night, the housekeeper kindly giving them her bed as the tent was so wet. In the morning they packed up, and we got them and their baggage aboard the *Gael* bound for Oban, and so Garner, the mate and skipper were left alone. The skipper packed up the mattresses and tent, and left them under a tarpaulin to be sent off by the *Claymore* to Oban. The girls had been an excellent crew, taking the rough with the smooth, and always willing to bear a hand, even in the unpleasant task of washing up. Joyce never looked fitter than just before her departure, arrayed in Garner's oilies. They were always merry and gay, and we shall miss their lively criticisms and irreverent remarks. In the afternoon we took a long walk to Tor Mor, and the skipper was glad to get a wire to say that the girls had safely arrived at Oban.

Tuesday, August 16.—The glass having gone up and the morning being fine, we got up early, and after bathe and breakfast sailed with the reef down for Kyle Akin. The mate's first anchor-getting was no slight task, as the anchor, after three days' holding, was clogged with vast seaweeds. The wind was strong, southerly; we anchored off Sandag Island, east of Isle Ornsay, for lunch, and to wait for the tide through Kyle Rhea. We sailed through with the *Gael* against the end of the ebb. At Kyle Akin we anchored off the pier waiting for water to get into the port, which we entered after tea. We visited Mrs. Anderson, who inquired after the wee lassies who, five or six years ago, used to buy up all her chocolates. The skipper rowed over to Kyle of Loch Alsh to get kippers, but without success. Garner discovered a large slab of chocolate which the girls had inadvertently left. The mate enjoyed two days' newspapers.

Wednesday, August 17.—After a breakfast on fresh herrings, which Garner procured, he and the mate went to get a hamper from Robert Mitchell, which had arrived per *Claymore*, whilst the skipper brought off a meritorious wash-up. After hitting the under-water extension of the quay we beat out of the pool with topsail set and a fair light wind, got through the Kyles, meeting fishing-boats returning. Then the breeze came from the N.W., and we made tacks between Scalpay and Longa Island, and then were as ever, becalmed in Caol Mor, a huge whale sporting about close to, then the wind came strong from the north and we got the ebb through the narrows between Raasay and Loch Sligachan. The wind was followed by a heavy rain squall, but we carried full sail and beat against a nasty sea up to the entrance to Portree, to which famous port we introduced Garner. A newspaper was the mate's objective, and that he obtained. We went round the town, and the skipper got some lint and bandages for a bad toe from the chemist. He also interviewed old Nicholson, who, some years ago, before the advantages of Kerrera and Mr. Munro had been discovered, had taken charge of the *Blue Dragon* and laid her up. The sunset was a fine one. We had had hot sun most of the day, gorgeous views, and a very pleasant sail.

Thursday, *August* 18.—Garner's birthday. The mate searched Portree for a reasonable tin-opener with indifferent success. With a southerly wind and misty sky we sailed up the Sound of Raasay, crossed over, setting spinnaker, in company with a big yawl, passed inside the rocks off S. Rona, having had a look into Rona Sound and Acarsaid Mor. The wind got stronger and a rainstorm of great vigour came on as we entered Gairloch, doing the twenty-six miles in five hours. We anchored off *Flowerdale*, and the skipper got the day's paper from the kind steward of the *Gael*, and, after the mate had digested it, rowed off with it to the *Lobelia*, a steam yacht. They had asked for it on the quay, but the skipper got no sixpence which he had expected, and hardly a thank you—though we consider the day's paper, in these exciting times of the siege of Port Arthur, worth its weight in gold. The sun sank lurid and watery into a bank of clouds—a dull day followed by a dull evening—but we had had a fine sail.

Friday, *August* 19.—We did the *Lobelia* injustice, for in the morning the owner, Mr. Clark Neill, came off and thanked us and offered any help he could give us. He is a Fettesian, and knew many of the mate's friends, including Tristram and N. MacLachlan.

As we wanted to beach the *Blue Dragon* and see why her rudder wobbled, we stayed in Gairloch and put her ashore by the quay, outside a fishing-boat, and held her up by a rope to the masthead. There was not much wrong with the rudder. The skipper got a sight of a paper at the post office, but Port Arthur had not fallen. Then we all went for a walk through the pine trees, and notwithstanding Garner's warnings the mate was caught flagrantly trespassing—by a lady. However, he made good his escape. The mate and Garner then went a walk as far as the hotel and watched a lurid sunset behind North Uist. We hope to float the *Blue Dragon* about 11.

Saturday, *August* 20.—A bright morning but very light air. We sailed at 10.30; wind, such as there was, N. W., so we beat up to Longa Island, envying the windward powers of a large racing yacht. We were becalmed for a long time north of Longa, and there was a heavy swell, but about 2 a

nice southerly breeze sprang up, and we set topsail and sailed against the tide up to Ru Rhea. There was a rather heavy swell all the time. We saw a big three-masted schooner yacht being towed south. As it was getting late we decided to put into the anchorage N. E. of Ewe Island. The skipper was steering and Garner came out to ask about the geography; he remarked "Is that Slaggan Bay?" Skipper: "No, it is one of those red sandy bays," pointing to the left. Soon the mate poked his head up and said, "Skipper, where do you think you are steering for?" "North end of Ewe Island." "You're steering right into Slaggan Bay"—the bay in which we had got aground eight or nine years ago, when George was on board and we had to strip (it was April) and shove her off. The skipper had only the excuse that the east end of the bay is just like Ewe Island, and that the sailing directions warn the mariner against the mistake. We hauled off and anchored in a snug little bay off Ewe Island, and, after a hasty tea, skipper and Garner climbed to the highest point to photo. the grand view of mountains at the head of Lochs Ewe and Gairloch—one of the grandest views in the Highlands. Then the skipper rowed away two miles to Ault Bea to try and get a paper. He went to the (so-called) hotel and found it full of drunken men. The landlord promised him a paper on the arrival of the post, which was late. He waited for three-quarters of an hour and then could stand the company no longer, but rowed back to the *Blue Dragon* in the dark. These bars ought to be absolutely closed. They disgrace and demoralize the Highlanders, especially gillies and other parasites of the shooting tenants. Several of the drunkards were southerners—no Highland fishermen among them. One of these southerners effusively claimed the skipper as a countryman. One well-to-do man, probably calling himself a gentleman and honoured with "Mister" by the crowd, was wholly incapable of riding his bicycle home.

Sunday, August 21.—A calm dull morning, followed by glorious afternoon and evening. A heavy rainstorm damped our enthusiasm for an early start. The skipper in oilies coaxed her with the oar to Slaggan Bay. There arose a nice

westerly or nor'-westerly breeze, and with topsail set in brilliant sunshine we sailed past Greenstone Point, Priest's Island and Angus Stack, and at last anchored in Tanera Mhor close to the pier, whereon stood our worthy friend, George Maclean, King of the Island. He welcomed us right heartily and gave Garner "a notion of āples and peas." He and the mate exchanged vast stores of information. His daughter, who nine years ago had visited the *Blue Dragon*, is now grown up. She gave us milk, and in the evening George Maclean came aboard and enjoyed one of the mate's cigars. He told us the story of Priest's Island, the sad tragedy of the Saint and Peggy and the savage men of Gairloch. The skipper climbed the highest point of the island, 403 feet, and found a sprig of white heather. A large whale was seen close to the *Blue Dragon* as we passed Angus Stack. The views were lovely and the Summer Isles well merited their name.

Monday, August 22.—George Maclean brought us lobsters which his wife had cooked. We ate six little ones for breakfast and two big ones for lunch. In the evening Garner cooked a great skate, which he and the mate pronounced excellent. The skipper reserved his judgment—with wisdom. The skipper went a walk on the hills with Maclean, who told him in his quaint way about his nephew of the Mishnish, and about three men with guns, and a boy, who were weather-bound and starving on Priest's Island for four days, and finally shot and ate a sheep, and then came over to Tanera Mhor and roused him on a Sunday morning. It was blowing a stiff breeze from the N. E., and after lunch Maclean sailed with us over to Achiltibuie (the green field). We sent off wires and went to the hotel to wait for an answer. The skipper read the newsless paper to the mate. We waited a long time for an answer to the mate's wire—but it did not come. Meanwhile a yacht had anchored in Tanera Mhor Bay, and lost her anchor and chain, and had to make for Ullapool. On returning we found that Miss Maclean had gathered us lots of white heather, which we packed up and forwarded to our respective sweethearts. The skipper went ashore in the dark to say good-bye.

Tuesday, August 23.—The skipper put the porridge on at 6 a.m., and we had the anchor up at 8. Huge waves came rolling on to the coast driven by a strong north-wester straight from the Atlantic Ocean. We had some heavy lurches off Priest's Island and off Greenstone Point, and as it would be probably much worse with a beam sea off Ru Rhea, we settled to run up Loch Ewe. After a nineteen miles' sail we anchored at 12, finished the Tanera Mhor lobsters, and rowed across to the mouth of the Ewe river, and went a five miler up the banks of the beautiful river. We had gone through a gate and found ourselves in the midst of a croquet party in front of a large house. We turned tail and bolted, but got a lovely view of Loch Maree from some high ground. Then we watched some fly-fishers thrashing the water, one from a boat rowed by a lovely girl in green, others on the banks—all with apparently no result whatever. After tea at the hotel where we had got illicit refreshment many years ago when walking from Gairloch, we beat to our old anchorage off Ewe Island. It took us three hours to do the five or six miles to windward, and we ended the sail in a dense shower of rain and mist. The day on the whole had been sunny and fine, with occasional showers.

Wednesday, August 24.—The mate gave so horrible an account of the coldness of the water and the bitter wind, that Garner, for the first time this cruise, declined to bathe. We had the anchor up at 8.30, and took one and a half hours to beat the two and a half miles to Fuora Island. There was a very heavy breaking sea, and we were almost inclined to run back, but being able to reach the Ru Rhea we were minded to go on, and found the seas better instead of worse off that dreaded point; having rounded it, we set top-sail and spinnaker and ran before the moderate northerly breeze for thirty-five miles. Gorgeous sunshine and lovely views made it a most pleasant sail. Off Rona we saw three great whales which spouted thirty or forty feet high, many times. They reminded us of the shells exploding in the sea, off Portland, only the spray of their spouting rose much higher. We hove to off Applecross whilst the skipper rowed ashore to dispatch letters and a telegram to Oban. Then

in the dying evening breeze we slowly made our way to Pol Doin, anchor down at 8.30. A forty-knot sail from Ault Bea in Loch Ewe. Pol Doin is a snug little hole, into which we had never found our way before.

Thursday, August 25.—It was a nice morning, sunny and calm, but the glass had gone down three-tenths, so we did not expect it to last, and we were not mistaken. The skipper and Garner went a walk ashore towards Loch Tosgach. Then we set sail at 12 and left our lonely but lovely anchorage. The wind was now southerly, and the sky black with storm-clouds. We had a dead beat of nine miles past the Crulins; the wind came gusty and baffling, and it was four before we anchored in the Pool at Kyle Akin. The letters we had wired for had not come, but we replenished our stale supply of bread. Almost immediately after anchoring, the storm broke in full force from south-east to south-west, and the skipper took out the second anchor and then went for a walk ashore. He had a long yarn with an old carpenter on the pier. Forty years ago he had sailed for Melbourne and Callao. Hurriedly the ship had left Leith, and he had entrusted letters (one to his sweetheart) to the pilot who left them at Deal, but the pilot never posted the letters and two letters for him were lost in the *Royal Charter*, so he heard no news for sixteen months, and the young Highlander was very homesick. He had seen the *Blue Dragon* years ago when the pier at the Kyle of Loch Alsh was building, and the mate had landed to geologize, and he recognized her at once. The fishing-boats are all coming into the harbour "with three rings down," as George Maclean would say, and it is a wild night.

Friday, August 26.—A wet and stormy night and morning. Skipper rowed across to Kyle of Loch Alsh, and got kippers and sixpenny books. He had a hard and wet row back against wind and tide. At 3 p.m. the mails arrived, and we got the first letters for two or three weeks, also some copies of photographs taken earlier in the cruise. The prints and film of one of them Garner was very anxious to destroy. The skipper fell into a horrible trap, he sat down on a soaking wash-leather. In the evening it cleared

somewhat, and we had a rapid run to Cailleach Bay, where we anchored, and went for a walk, watching a Langland boat steaming slowly up Kyle Rhea against the spring-tide. The skipper had a long chat with a Tobermory pal, on the quay at Kyle Akin. He was a fisherman called Yule, who told him all about the whale fishery off Harris and Shetland, and how the natives made the whalers cremate the carcasses of the whales, which had previously emitted a "wild stink" on the beach, or if towed out to sea, had attracted multitudes of dog-fish, which spoiled the herring fishery.

Saturday, August 27.—A bright morning followed by a dull day, with a heavy Scotch mist in the evening. We had a head wind, but beat through Kyle Rhea down to Isle Ornsay. The fishing boat *Jeannie* of Tobermory, whose skipper was Yule, beat us, but we were towing our dinghy. The skipper went ashore at Isle Ornsay, and got a paper lent him by the kind postmaster. We heard that a fine yawl (*? Moonbeam*), which we had seen at Kyle Akin, had got on the rock off the lighthouse. The skipper had a long yarn with the *Mary Jane* of Gigha.

Sunday, August 28.—Began with a very serious toss-up as to who should have the unpleasant row ashore, to take back a borrowed newspaper, and receive a telegram. To the mate, who least liked it, the lot fell. We had a dead beat down the Sound of Sleat, and put into a new anchorage behind Eilean Earrar. A kindly native whistled to us and then signalled "down anchor," so we moored in the best spot, taking out the kedge. There was some swell coming in, but nothing to hurt. The skipper visited Mr. MacDonald and his cousin, who had sailed in the *Lady Beatrice* and the *Normannia*, in the Mediterranean and Norwegian seas. They were very pleasant fellows, came aboard and admired the *Blue Dragon*, whose log in the *Oban Times* had greatly interested them. (Wherever we go the *Blue Dragon* is known and welcomed by readers of the *Oban Times!*)

Monday, August 29.—With a light southerly wind we beat to Mallaig. There we found Shon MacDonald of Eigg and the *Jeannie* of Tobermory. The skipper was invited on board the *Mavis* by Major Campbell. The *Mavis* is a fine cruiser,

ALEXANDER YULE
(Of the *Jeannie*, Tobermory)

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but draws six feet. She is on the lines of the Falmouth Harbour pilot-boats. A lovely sunny day, but very calm. The skipper admired the gorgeous sunset from the top of a high hill, with grand views extending from Eigg to Loch Nevis.

Tuesday, August 30.—We set sail at 10, and after drifting for an hour past Morar River, it came on dead calm with a dense haze, with whales spouting about, so the skipper handed over the charge of the ship to Garner, who proudly sailed her one hundred yards in one and a half hours. We then got a light air, and with topsail set, steering by compass, soon made out Eigg. We sailed up between the perches and touched the sand, anchoring at 3 p.m. We watched boatloads of sheep going off to the *Claymore.* Sandy told us that he and a horse had gone overboard the red boat, and that the horse had swum to Sgeir Garave, from whence they got her again into the boat. He also told us of the sad death of his poor doggie Fanny. Garner and the skipper rowed Shon MacDonald's boat, *Primrose,* over to her anchorage, and Mrs. MacDonald gave them milk and eggs, and some lovely fresh butter. Sandy came and had supper with us. It has been a very hot, thundery day, and the air has shifted all round the compass.

Wednesday, August 31.—Garner was up first! A coal tramp, the *Mary,* came in, and Garner went to tell them where to anchor. They were tootling for a shore boat and brought up alongside the quay. After taking Shon Macdonald's milk-pan, etc., ashore, and saying good-bye to Sandy, we set sail at 9.30 with a fairly strong westerly wind. We made Muck, meeting some heavy seas, Garner steering. Then we had a fine free sail for the point of Ardnamurchan, which we passed at 11.30, and set spinnaker and passed Tobermory Lighthouse at 1 p.m., $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Eigg round by Muck. The mate and Garner went ashore, and then, at 3, we sailed down the sound against the tide with the topsail set, anchoring in Ardtornish Bay at 6. Garner and skipper went ashore and roamed about the castle ruins and the old house, now utterly deserted and grass grown. A calm evening after a splendid day's sail. A large yawl with a huge spinnaker sailed down the sound; a very pretty sight.

Thursday, September 1.—A calm morning. Ardtornish Bay, with its old castle, wooden slopes, high basaltic cliffs, with waterfalls lost in spray as they fall over the edge, all made the anchorage one of the prettiest. We slowly drifted down with the tide, past the Grey rocks, and then got a southerly breeze which took us in fifty minutes from the Lismore Lighthouse to Oban. The race was not in form. Garner says these tide races are frauds! At Oban we anchored at the south corner and went ashore for letters, the mate being the only one fortunate enough to have kind correspondents. The mate and Garner spent an hour and a half at the hairdresser's, and afterwards used large quantities of soft soap with marvellous effect, somewhat marred, however, a little later, in the case of the mate, who put two hands and a foot on a recently dubbined boot. Then they packed up ready for an early start in the morning, when the skipper will be left alone. He has purchased some canvases and hopes to make some sketches.

Friday, September 2.—The mate and Garner went off to England by an early train, leaving the skipper sad and alone. Number 19, our old friend the porter, was on the spot to take the luggage to the station at an early hour. Getting the anchor in six or seven fathoms was a grind; I missed the mighty arm of the mate. Having deposited the "Berthon" at Ardentrive, and getting back the little "James," I sailed off for the Big Horse Shoe, landed, made friends with the postmistress, and took a walk across the island. Then sailed down to Little Horse Shoe, where the loveliness of the pretty spot is not enhanced by a row of three new cottages just built on the shore. I rowed across to mainland shore opposite, but found everything marked "Private," and guarded by triple barbed wires, so could not stroll along the pretty road. The owner must somewhat resemble the dog in the manger. At lunch I cut my finger rather deeply whilst opening a sardine tin! At Ardentrive I saw on the slip a magnificent great iron yacht built after the East Coast fishing-boat type at Aberdeen, splendidly arranged inside and out. The "Berthon" dinghy that Munro lent us was a foot longer and much broader than the little "James," but it is more than a one-man job to get

on board and collapse it. A wet evening. I began two paintings, one of the fishing-boats leaving Kyle Akin, the other the sunset at Tarbert, Loch Nevis.

Saturday, September 3.—After bathing in the rain, it cleared and I had a fine day with a gusty west wind. Taking the ebb-tide I sailed for Easdale. Just south of Kerrera there was a heavy sea and a squall of wind, so I reefed down, but in Sheep Sound let it out again and made a board to the north of Sheep Island to watch the Channel Fleet go by and to photo. it—eight battle-ships, two destroyers and a despatch boat. They slowed down and altered their formation from line to two abreast. Then I ran down Easdale Sound, rather a feat, as it is narrow and winding and has several rocks. I made friends with Neill Campbell, the ferryman, then walked to the hotel and met a doctor at lunch who had been out at the war, a very pleasant fellow with lots of stories. The *Blue Dragon* dinghy was in great request by youngsters of Easdale, three of whom I took for a sail—John Bruce, Donald Mackie and James Macintosh—down to Pladda and back. They were highly pleased, especially with the tea I gave them, cake and strawberry jam galore. The whole island consists of slate quarries (some 200 feet deep), with one gigantic dyke running right through it and towering like a giant wall. I got some excellent mutton at a butcher's. After dark, whilst writing the log, I heard shouts, and a great puffer, the *Sunflower*, came booming in. I hastily got out, oiled and lit the riding-light for the first time this cruise. As her dinghy just touched the *Blue Dragon* it was almost shutting the stable door after the horse was stolen. During the sail, the new pot of cream I had got at Oban discharged its contents all over my bedding and made a most horrible mess.

Sunday, September 4.—The worst day of the cruise so far. It blew half a gale from the S. S. E. in the morning, a whole gale in the afternoon, and a hurricane at night, glass down five-tenths during the day. I got out a rope to the quay. The *Sunflower* had taken in a great deal of water during the night and the steam-pump was choked, so I went aboard and gave them a hand at the pump. To see yesterday's paper I

went to the hotel and had tea there. The skipper and engineer of the *Sunflower* came and had supper with me on the *Blue Dragon*. The consequences of one of the mate's cigars which the engineer smoked (his first) were very unpleasant for him owing to the storm of wind and rain outside. Not even my reading of the "America Cup" from the *Draconian*[1] cheered him, though it greatly amused the skipper and owner. It is one of the worst nights I remember, sheets of rain and a howling gale, with black darkness.

Monday, September 5.—In the morning the weather was rather better, but the glass was still low, and still it blew hard from the S. E. However, I set sail for Oban, the boys of Easdale cheering the *Blue Dragon* as she left the harbour. There were some heavy squalls, and I reefed down and anchored, after two hours' sail, by the South Pier at Oban. The wind coming in squalls off the land from every direction, I took out a line to the red buoy, but she still goes round and round her anchor, and keeps bumping the dinghy. Ashore I got two welcome letters. When I got back to the quay no dinghy was visible and I had to wait an hour in the rain whilst a young fellow, who had seen two youngsters row off with it, went and fetched it back from the Railway Pier, where it had been abandoned. Two destroyers are at anchor in the sound and the rest of the fleet outside Kerrera. They have been signalling all the afternoon, and numerous launches and torpedo boats and ships' cutters have been dashing about the bay, landing Jack Tars by the score. One great ship's boat carried off a cargo of beef carcasses, and another, tons of bread. It was amusing to see a young middy ordering about his boat's crew, who seemed not to take the slightest notice of him unless he merely repeated the order of some grim-looking boatswain or quarter-master. As usual at this anchorage I am bumping a buoy and a boat as well as the dinghy, and the wind comes in as usual straight through the cabin door. Why, oh why, do I ever stay a night on the Oban side? Douglas of the *Thelma*, who met us going round Ardnamurchan, he coming south, we bound north, came and paid me a visit and was amused to read how the *B. D.* wins the "America Cup."

[1] See Preface.

It is streaming with rain, blowing hard, and the glass still falling. A box of flaked rice, the only cereal left on board, I opened and found horribly mouldy.

Tuesday, September 6.—The rope I had taken out to the mooring buoy was twisted seven times round the anchor chain, showing the extent of our gyration. I set full mainsail and jib, not feeling the full strength of the wind under the wooded hill; the consequence was a clean sweep of all the jars etc., on the table, a plate of preserved peaches and the pepper were deposited on an oil sketch of Kyle Akin which I had been touching up, and an open box of sardines was upside down on my pillow. I made fast to a Northern Lights mooring in Ardentrive, had a long yarn with Neil Munro, who discussed a new *Blue Dragon* with me and showed me a lovely agate he had picked up in a gravel quarry, also a fine specimen of a black stone axe which he had found close to his house at Oban. Also, most curious of all, a limpet shell sticking on a piece of basalt dyke which had been unearthed from under six feet of glacial moraine, and which is 150 feet from present high-water mark. I walked across Kerrera and photographed the fleet. With intervals of sunshine it blew hard and rained most of the day. I watched the battle-ships' cutters sailing about. The middies in charge mostly seemed to know little of handling a sailing-boat. With a few brilliant exceptions they always got their boats in irons for minutes when going about, and did not seem to know the elementary rule that when a boat is going astern the effect of the rudder is exactly opposite to what it is when going ahead!

Wednesday, September 7.—A fine morning. I sailed off just as the fleet started for Ballachulish, manœuvring amongst the great battle-ships and getting snapshots. They went outside Lismore. I sailed up to Appin with the flood, lowered mainsail and sailed over the banks that are dry at low tide, and anchored just north of Castle Stalker. I took a rope to the ring on the rock. Just then a boat, containing the tinker family Macalister, came alongside and reminded "yer 'oner" that they had seen us last at Soa, three years ago, and that the little girl was still wearing a pair of boots (probably the mate's) that I had given them. I

parted with some superfluous stores, but what they most wanted I had not! Then, having explored the old castle and its terrible dungeons, and having taken a photo. from a neighbouring islet, I sailed away for Shuna, as otherwise I should have to rise at 3 a.m. to get away to-morrow. Then I got a paper from Mr. Black and went on to Kinlochlaich to see my old friends the MacLachlans. The whole clan, except Miss Sarah, who was away, welcomed the skipper of the *Blue Dragon* as warmly as ever. Wee May is now quite grown-up and refused a kiss from the bearded skipper. Mr. MacLachlan showed me his fine farm buildings and the water-wheel which churns and threshes, and then walked back to the *Blue Dragon* with me. It has been a lovely day, with one or two slight showers.

Thursday, September 8.—A horrible day. All thoughts of an early start put an end to by storms of rain and wind from the south. At 3 in the afternoon I made an effort, snugly reefed down; but could make little headway against the fierce gusts. However, at 5.30 I tried again and got as far as Appin Pier, where, as it was getting dark and stormy-looking, I anchored. The ferryman came aboard and kept me company for a while.

Friday, September 9.—The last, and as far as sailing is concerned, the most exciting, day of the cruise. I ought to have stayed snugly at Appin or have run back to Shuna. It was blowing hard from the south and the ebbing spring-tide made a heavy sea. I put the porridge on at 5.30, bathed, and anchor was up at 6.30 a.m. I started under full sail and carried it till off Black Island, and then had to reef. By 9.30 I reached the Creag Islands and anchored off the shingle beach, as the gusts were tremendous, with torrents of blinding rain. Presently a smack put into the same shelter. At about 3 the wind shifted to the west, blowing if anything stronger; however, I reefed down and made Oban very quickly, the *Blue Dragon* riding over the beam seas in grand style. I had no sooner anchored off the South Pier than the most terrific squall of the day came on, and I tried to take out the kedge anchor, but was just going to throw it over the side of the dinghy when a sea broke right over me, and I had to paddle back to the *Blue Dragon*, half full of water. However, after baling I

managed to get the kedge out, and as now night has fallen it is blowing fits, I am glad I did. I went ashore and walked home with Neil Munro, who introduced me to Mr. Palmer. The latter had an agate very like the one that Neil lent me but not so good. Then Neil showed me a stone axehead that he had found in a gravel pit close to his house.

Next morning I travelled south, hardly thinking that I had sailed for the last time on the splendid little ship which had borne me and my friends so well from Oxford to the west of Scotland. In the following spring Munro sold her for me for £50 to Mr. Cameron, who sails her from his house at Ardgour to Ballachulish and in Upper Loch Linnhe. I hear he is well pleased with her. I have seen her since on the Ardentrive slip. In 1905 we had our first cruise in the new *Blue Dragon* (late *Isla*, see p. 262) which was purchased from the Rev. J. P. Way, Headmaster of Rossall School. Possibly a future volume may describe her voyages. But parting with the old ship was like losing an old friend; and it was only the need of more accommodation than her single cabin afforded, even when supplemented by a tent, that induced me to sell her. So farewell to my dear old ship!

*

RUDE DONATA

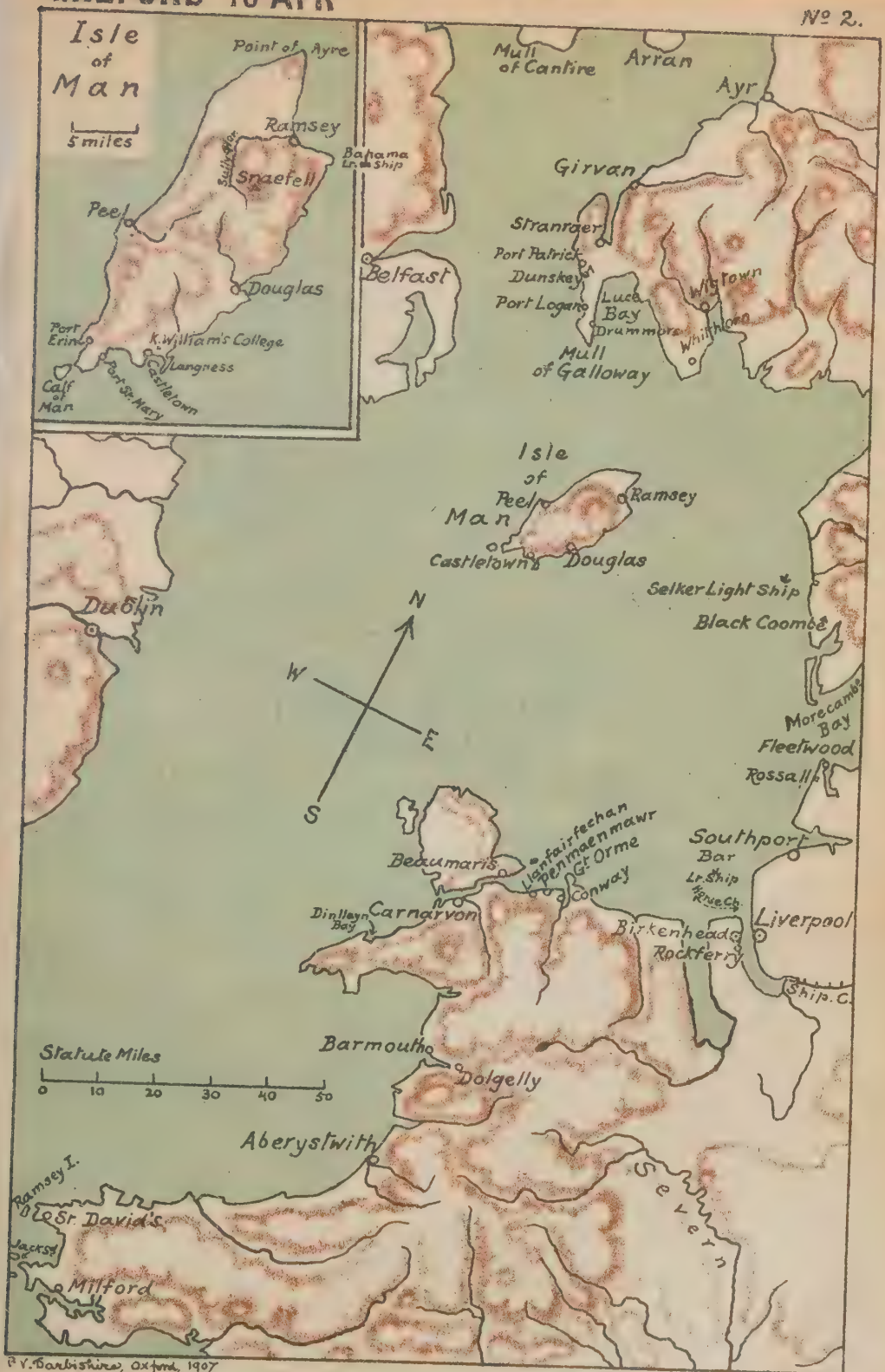
In calm secluded anchorage
Lies the *B. D.*,
Unheeding now what tempests rage
Out on the sea;
All her long voyage, stout of heart,
She has played through her toilsome part,
And, passing from the wide sea-stage,
Rests quietly.

Once in her sails the gusts blew free,
Joyous and rough;
Here they caress her tenderly,
Shrunk to a puff;
Once not the Sound nor Scottish Main
Her ranging spirit could contain;
Yet now a fathom of her sea
Is room enough.

To her we trusted life and goods,
As was her due,
Studied her many whims and moods,
Her faults but few;
So as we turn to face the swell,
We wave our hands in last farewell—
And then to-morrow to fresh woods
And pastures new.

MILFORD TO AYR

No 2.



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(COMPILED BY THE ASSISTANT EDITOR)

NOTE.—This index refers chiefly to proper names of people and places; other subject-heads are printed in italics. Only the more important references to names of places are given, and the reader who wishes to find every mention of places frequently visited by the *Blue Dragon* must exercise his common-sense. To assist him, each cruise bears on the blank page preceding it a short synopsis of the route.

In the vexed question of the spelling of Gaelic names, the assistant editor has followed the skipper, who reports that the charts spell one way and the atlases another. A Gaelic scholar supplies the following

SHORT GLOSSARY OF GAELIC PLACE-NAMES

-A *or* -ay, *island*
Acarsaid, *anchorage*
Ach, *field*
Aird, àirde, *a quarter of the heavens*
Aline, *beautiful*
Ard *or* àird, *a prefix denoting height*
Ardnamurchan, *point of the ocean*
Aros, *home*
Ayr, *sand*

BAL *or* balla, *for* baile, *a town;* [balla *means "a wall"*]
Balloch, *for* bealach, *a pass, mountain-pass*
Bàn, *white, whitish*
Beg, *for* beag; vic, *for* bhig; *little*
Bo *or* bogha, *a bow, or bend*
Bodha, *a sunken rock*
Bost, *farm*
Braon (*not* broom), *means rain, drizzle, a shower*
Buidhe, *yellow*

CAMUS, *bay*
Caol *or* kyle, *strait*
Clach, *a stone*
Clachan, *a church-building, village, burying-ground*
Cuan, *ocean*

DEARG, *red*
Dor *or* dorus, *door*
Drum, *for* druim, *the ridge of a hill*
Dubh *or* dhu, *black*
Dun, *fort*

EIGG, *ridge*
Eilean, *island*
Eynort, *windy*

GAIR, *for* geàrr, *short*
Garave, *for* garbh, *thick, rough, of unequal surface;* [sgarbh, *not garbh, is a cormorant*]
Gaul *or* gall, *stranger*
Glas, *grey*

HOURN, *hell*

INCH, *island*
Inver, *mouth of*

KAMES *or* camus, *bay*
Kil, *for* cill *and* cille, *a churchyard, burial-ground, a chapel*
Kin, *for* ceann, *head*
Knock, *for* cnoc, *a rock, an eminence, a little hill*
Kyle, *strait.* (Kyle Akin, *Hacon's strait*)

LAG *or* laig, *hollow*
Leven *or* Lomond, *elm-tree*
Lin, *for* linne, *gulf, pool*
Lismore, *great garden*

MADDY, *dog*
Mor, mhor, more, *or* vore, *big*
Muck, *Pig Island*

NEVIS, *heaven*

ORNSAY, *or* Oronsay, *St. Oran's Isle*

PORTREE, *king's port*

RONA, *Seal Island*
Ru, *for* rudha, *a promontory*

SHIANT, *perhaps for* seunta, *enchanted, defended by enchantments or charms, blessed, fortunate, lucky*

TARBERT = *draw-boat; i. e.* a low isthmus across which a boat can be carried
Tobermory, *Well of Mary*

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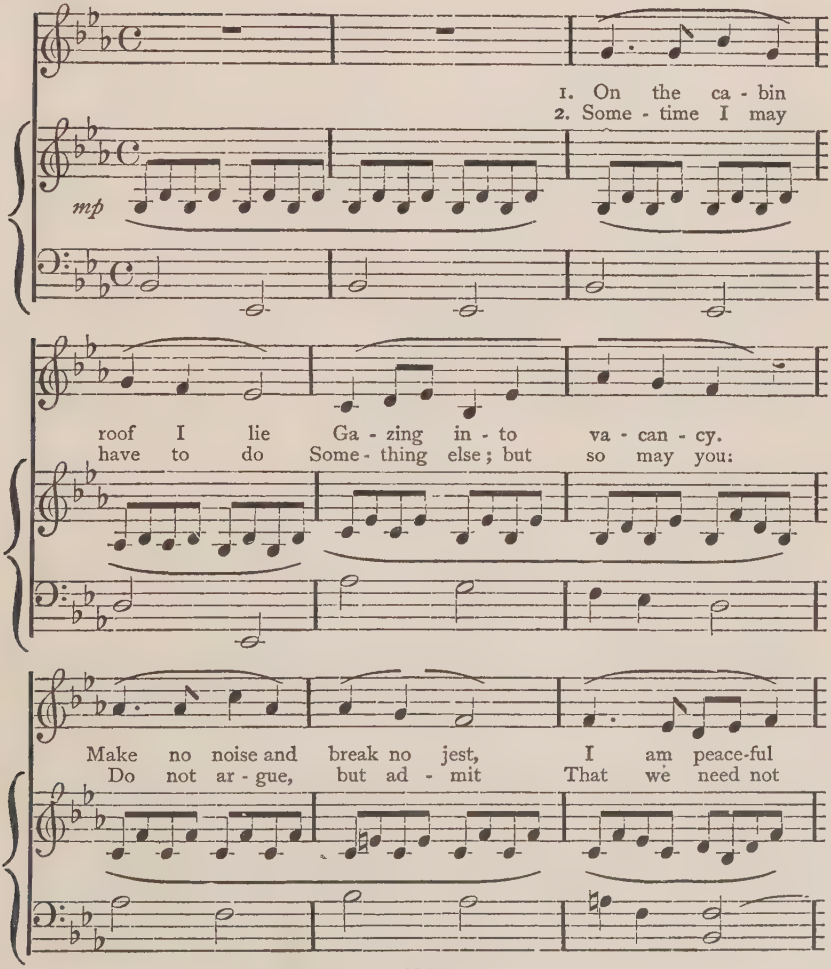
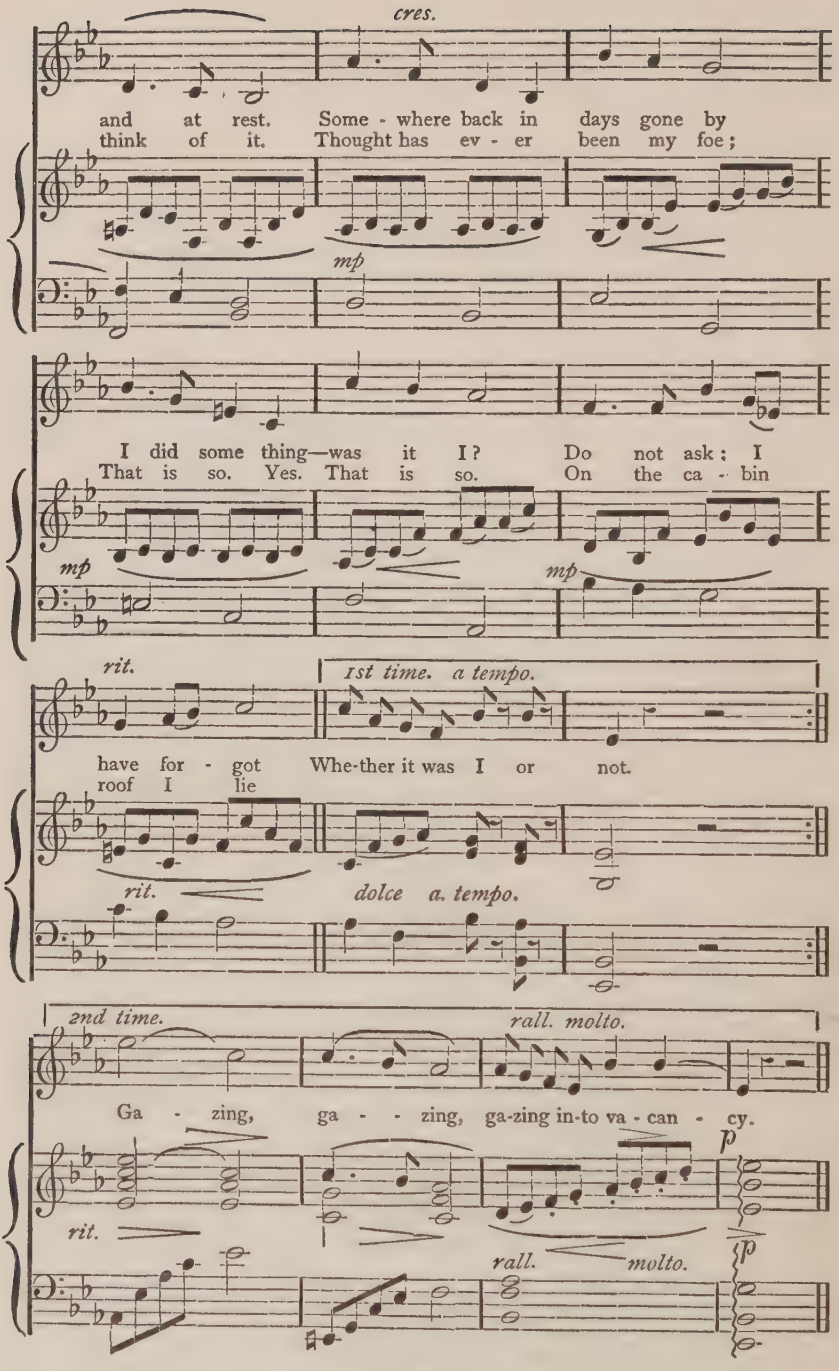

1. On the ca - bin
2. Some - time I may
mp
roof I lie Ga - zing in - to va - can - cy.
have to do Some - thing else; but so may you:
Make no noise and break no jest, I am peace-ful
Do not ar - gue, but ad - mit That we need not


cres.
and at rest. Some - where back in days gone by
think of it. Thought has ev - er been my foe;
mp
I did some thing—was it I? Do not ask; I
That is so. Yes. That is so. On the ca - bin
mp
mp
rit.
1st time. a tempo.
have for - got Whe-ther it was I or not.
roof I lie
rit.
dolce a. tempo.
2nd time.
rall. molto.
Ga - zing, ga - - zing, ga-zing in-to va - can - cy.
p
rit.
rall. molto.
p

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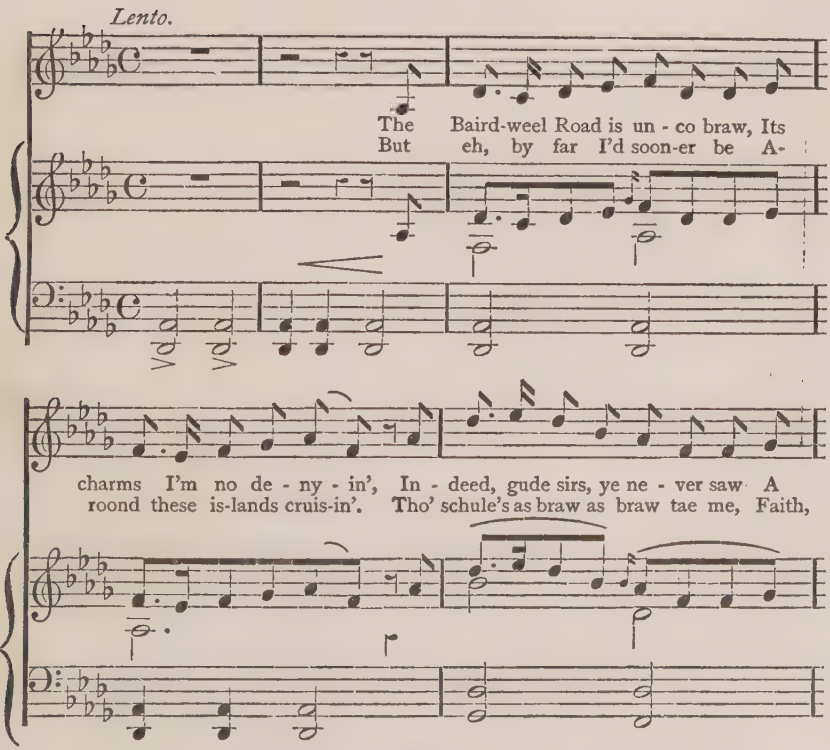
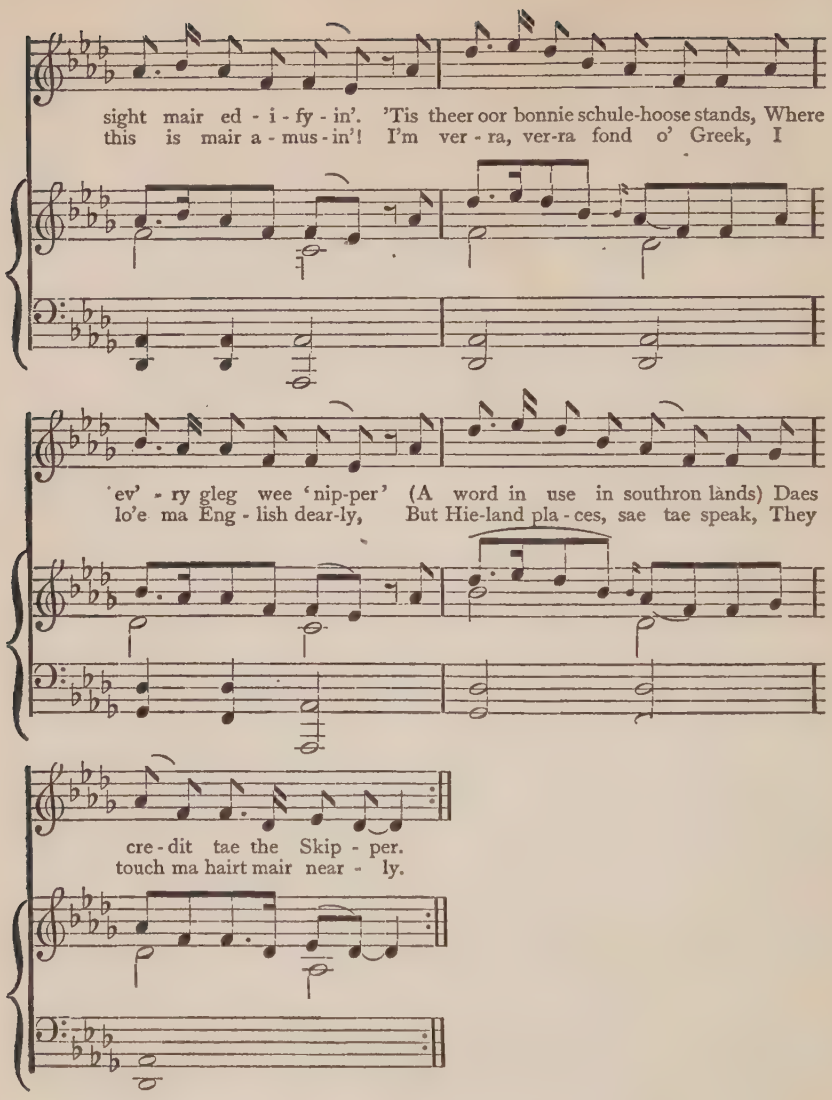
By a Saxon Chiel

And an attempt at a Scots Tune

By A. N. Other


Lento.
The Baird-weel Road is un - co braw, Its
But eh, by far I'd soon-er be A-
charms I'm no de - ny - in', In - deed, gude sirs, ye ne - ver saw A
roond these is-lands cruis-in'. Tho' schule's as braw as braw tae me, Faith,


sight mair ed - i - fy - in'. 'Tis theer oor bonnie schule-hoose stands, Where
this is mair a - mus - in'! I'm ver - ra, ver-ra fond o' Greek, I
'ev' - ry gleg wee 'nip-per' (A word in use in southron lands) Daes
lo'e ma Eng - lish dear-ly, But Hie-land pla - ces, sae tae speak, They
cre - dit tae the Skip - per.
touch ma hairt mair near - ly.

Dagont! I wud the Autumn Term
Was nae sae quick i' comin'.
One's schule-days crawl like ony worm;
One's holidays are hummin'.
Sae need we leave the bonnie sea
For books and vain endeavour?
Nay, Skipper, let me sail wi' ye
For ever and for ever!

WITHDRAWN
REPLACEMENT - YES / NO